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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.¹

IX.

In the morning Dr. Mulbridge drove back to Corbitant, and in the evening Libby came over from New Leyden with Maynard, in a hired wagon. Maynard was a day later than his wife had computed, but, as she appeared to have reflected, she had left the intervening Sunday out of her calculation; for this was one of the few things she taxed herself to say. For the rest, she seemed to be hoarding her strength against his coming.

Grace met him at a little distance from the house, whither she had walked with Bella, for a breath of the fresh air after her long day in the sick-room, and did not find him the boisterous and jovial Hoosier she had imagined him. It was, in fact, hardly the moment for the expression of Western humor. He arrived a sleep-broken, travel-creased figure, with more than the Western man's usual indifference to dress; with sad, dull eyes, and an untrimmed beard that hung in points and tags, and thinly hid the corners of a large mouth. He took her hand laxly in his, and bowing over her from his lank height listened to her report of his wife's state, while he held his little girl on his left arm, and the child fondly pressed her cheek against his bearded face, to which he had quiet-

ly lifted her as soon as he alighted from Libby's buggy. Libby introduced her as Dr. Breen, and drove on, and Maynard gave her the title whenever he addressed her, with a perfect effect of single-mindedness in his gravity, as if it were an every-day thing with him to meet young ladies who were physicians. He had a certain neighborly manner of having known her a long time, and of being on good terms with her; and somewhere there resided in his loosely knit organism a powerful energy. She had almost to run in keeping at his side, as he walked on to the house, carrying his little girl on his arm, and glancing about him; and she was not sure at last that she had succeeded in making him understand how serious the case had been.

"I don't know whether I ought to let you go in," she said, "without preparing her."

"She's been expecting me, hasn't she?" he asked.

"Yes, but" —

"And she's awake?"

"Yes" —

"Then I'll just go in and prepare her myself. I'm a pretty good hand at preparing people to meet me. You've a beautiful location, here, Dr. Breen; and your town has a chance to grow. I like to see a town have some chance,"

he added, with a sadness past tears in his melancholy eyes. "Bella can show me the way to the room, I reckon," he said, setting the little one down on the piazza, and following her in-doors; and when Grace ventured, later, to knock at the door, Maynard's voice bade her come in.

He sat beside his wife's pillow, with her hand in his left; on his right arm perched the little girl, and rested her head on his shoulder. They did not seem to have been talking, and they did not move when Grace entered the room. But, apparently, Mrs. Maynard had known how to behave to George Maynard, and peace was visibly between them.

"Now, you tell me about the medicines, Dr. Breen, and then you go and get some rest," said Maynard, in his mild, caressing voice. "I used to understand Mrs. Maynard's ways pretty well, and I can take care of her. Libby told me all about *you* and your doings, and I know you must feel as pale as you look."

"But you can't have had any sleep, on the way," Grace began.

"Sleep?" Maynard repeated, looking wanly at her. "I never sleep. I'd as soon think of digesting."

After she had given him the needed instructions, he rose from the rocking-chair in which he had been softly swinging to and fro, and followed her out into the corridor, caressing with his large hand the child that lay on his shoulder. "Of course," she said, "Mrs. Maynard is still very sick, and needs the greatest care and attention."

"Yes, I understand that. But I reckon it will come out all right in the end," he said, with the optimistic fatalism which is the real religion of our orientalizing West. "Good-night, doctor."

She went away, feeling suddenly alone in this exclusion from the cares that had absorbed her. There was no one

on the piazza, which the moonlight printed with the shadows of the posts and the fanciful jig-saw work of the arches between them. She heard a step on the sandy walk round the corner, and waited wistfully.

It was Barlow who came in sight, as she knew at once, but she asked, "Mr. Barlow?"

"Yes 'm," said Barlow. "What can I do for *you*?"

"Nothing. I thought it might be Mr. Libby at first. Do you know where he is?"

"Well, I know where he *ain't*," said Barlow; and having ineffectually waited to be questioned farther, he added, "He ain't *here*, for *one* place. He's gone back to Leyden. He had to take that horse back."

"Oh!" she said.

"'n' I guess he's goin' to stay."

"To stay? Where?"

"Well, there you've got me, again. All I know is, I've got to drive that mare of his'n over to-morrow, if I can git off, and next day if I can't. Did n't you know he was goin'?" asked Barlow, willing to recompense himself for the information he had given. "Well!" he added sympathetically, at a little hesitation of hers.

Then she said, "I knew he must go. Good-night, Mr. Barlow," and went in-doors. She remembered that he had said he would go as soon as Maynard came, and that she had consented that this would be best. But his going now seemed abrupt, though she approved it. She thought that she had something more to say to him, which might console him or reconcile him; she could not think what this was; but it left an indefinite longing, an unsatisfied purpose, in her heart; and there was somewhere a tremulous sense of support withdrawn. Perhaps this was a mechanical effect of the cessation of her anxiety for Mrs. Maynard, which had been a support as well as a burden. The house was

strangely quiet, as if some great noise had just been hushed, and it seemed empty. She felt timid, in her room, but she dreaded the next day more than the dark. Her life was changed, and the future, which she had once planned so clearly, and had felt so strong to encounter, had fallen to a ruin, in which she vainly endeavored to find some clew or motive of the past. She felt remanded to the conditions of the girlhood that she fancied she had altogether outlived; she turned her face upon her pillow in a grief of bewildered aspiration and broken pride, and shed tears scarcely predicable of a doctor of medicine.

But there is no lapse or aberration of character which can be half so surprising to others as it is to one's self. She had resented Libby's treating her upon a theory, but she treated herself upon a theory, and we all treat ourselves upon a theory. We proceed, each of us, upon the theory that we are very brave, or generous, or gentle, or liberal, or truthful, or loyal, or just. We may have the defects of our virtues, but nothing is more certain than that we have our virtues, till there comes a fatal juncture, not at all like the juncture in which we had often imagined ourselves triumphing against temptation. It passes, and the hero finds, to his dismay and horror, that he has run away; the generous man has been niggard; the gentleman has behaved like a ruffian and the liberal like a bigot; the champion of truth has foolishly and vainly lied; the steadfast friend has betrayed his neighbor, the just person has oppressed him. This is the fruitful moment, apparently so sterile, in which character may spring and flower anew; but the mood of abject humility in which the theorist of his own character is plunged and struggles for his lost self-respect is full of deceit for others. It cannot last; it may end in disowning and retrieving the error, or it may end in justifying it, and building it into the reconstructed

character, as something upon the whole unexpectedly fine; but it must end, for after all, it is only a mood. In such a mood, in the anguish of her disappointment at herself, a woman clings to whatever support offers; and it is at his own risk that the man who chances to be this support accepts the weight with which she casts herself upon him as the measure of her dependence, though he may make himself necessary to her, if he has the grace or strength to do it.

Without being able to understand fully the causes of the dejection in which this girl seemed to appeal to him, Mulbridge might well have believed himself the man to turn it in his favor. If he did not sympathize with her distress, or even clearly divine it, still his bold generalizations, he found, always had their effect with women, whose natures are often to themselves such unknown territory that a man who assumes to know them has gone far to master them. He saw that a rude moral force alone seemed to have a charm with his lady patients, women who had been bred to ease and wealth, and who had cultivated, if not very disciplined minds. Their intellectual dissipation had apparently made them a different race from the simpler-hearted womenkind of his neighbors, apt to judge men in a sharp ignorance of what is fascinating in heroes; and it would not be strange if he included Grace in the sort of contemptuous amusement with which he regarded these flatteringly dependent and submissive invalids. He at least did not conceive of her as she conceived of herself; but this may be impossible to any man with regard to any woman.

With his experience of other women's explicit and even eager obedience, the resistance which he had at first encountered in Grace gave zest to her final submission. Since he had demolished the position she had attempted to hold against him, he liked her for having imagined she could hold it; and she

had continued to pique and interest him. He relished all her scruples and misgivings, and the remorse she had tried to confide to him; and if his enjoyment of these foibles of hers took too little account of her pain, it was never his characteristic to be tender of people in good health. He was, indeed, as alien to her Puritan spirit as if he had been born in Naples, instead of Corbitant. He came of one of those families which one finds in nearly every New England community, as thoroughly New England in race as the rest, but flourishing in a hardy skepticism and contempt of the general sense. Whatever relation such people held to the old Puritan commonwealth when Puritanism was absolute, they must later have taken an active part in its disintegration, and were probably always a destructive force at its heart.

Mulbridge's grandfather was one of the last captains who sailed a slaver from Corbitant. When this commerce became precarious, he retired from the seas, took a young wife in second marriage, and passed his declining days in robust inebriety. He lived to cast a dying vote for General Jackson, and his son, the first Dr. Mulbridge, survived to illustrate the magnanimity of his fellow-townsmen during the first year of the civil war, as a tolerated copperhead. Then he died, and his son, who was in the West, looking up a location for practice, was known to have gone out as surgeon with one of the regiments there. It was not supposed that he went from patriotism, but when he came back, a year before the end of the struggle, and settled in his native place, his service in the army was accepted among his old neighbors as evidence of a better disposition of some sort than had hitherto been attributable to any of his name.

In fact, the lazy, good-natured boy, whom they chiefly remembered before his college days, had always been well enough liked among those who had since

grown to be first mates and ship captains in the little port where he was born and grew up. They had now all retired from the sea, and, having survived its manifold perils, were patiently waiting to be drowned in sail-boats on the bay. They were of the second generation of ships' captains still living in Corbitant; but they would be the last. The commerce of the little port had changed into the whaling trade in their time; this had ceased in turn, and the wharves had rotted away. Dr. Mulbridge found little practice among them; while attending their appointed fate, they were so thoroughly salted against decay as to preserve even their families. But he gradually gathered into his hands, from the clairvoyant and the Indian doctor, the business which they had shared between them since his father's death. There was here and there a tragical case of consumption among the farming families along the coast, and now and then a frightful accident among the fishermen; the spring and autumn brought their typhoid; the city people who came down to the neighboring hotels were mostly sick, or fell sick; and with the small property his father had left, he and his mother contrived to live.

They dwelt very harmoniously together; for his mother, who had passed more than quarter of a century in strong resistance to her husband's will, had succumbed, as not uncommonly happens with such women, to the authority of her son, whom she had no particular pleasure or advantage in thwarting. In the phrase and belief of his neighbors, he took after her, rather than his father; but there was something ironical and baffling in him, which the local experts could not trace to either the Mulbridges or the Gardiners. They had a quiet, indifferent faith in his ability to make himself a position and name anywhere; but they were not surprised that he had come back to live in Corbitant, which

was so manifestly the best place in the world, and which, if somewhat lacking in opportunity, was ample in the leisure they believed more congenial to him than success. Some of his lady patients at the hotels, who felt at times that they could not live without him, would have carried him back to the city with them by a gentle violence; but there was nothing in anything he said or did that betrayed ambition on his part. He liked to hear them talk, especially of their ideas of progress, as they called them, at which, with the ready adaptability of their sex, they joined him in laughing when they found that he could not take them seriously.

The social, the emotional expression of the new scientific civilization struck him as droll, particularly in respect to the emancipation of women; and he sometimes gave these ladies the impression that he did not value woman's intellect at its true worth. He was far from light treatment of them; he was considerate of the distances that should be guarded; but he conveyed the sense of his skepticism as to their fitness for some things to which the boldest of them aspired.

His mother would have been willing to have him go to the city if he wished, but she was too ignorant of the world outside of Corbitant to guess at his possibilities in it, and such people as she had seen from it had not pleased her with it. Those summer-boarding lady patients who came to see him were sometimes suffered to wait with her till he came in, and they used to tell her how happy she must be to keep such a son with her, and twittered their patronage of her and her nice old-fashioned parlor, and their praises of his skill, in such wise against her echoless silence that she conceived a strong repugnance for all their tribe, in which she naturally included Grace when she appeared. She had decided the girl to be particularly forthputting, from something

prompt and self-reliant in her manner that day; and she viewed with tacit disgust her son's toleration of a handsome young woman who had taken up a man's profession. They were not people who gossiped together, or confided in each other, and she would have known nothing and asked nothing from him about her, further than she had seen for herself; but Barlow had folks, as he called them, at Corbitant, and without her own connivance she had heard from them of all that was passing at Jocelyn's.

It was her fashion to approach any subject upon which she wished her son to talk as if they had already talked of it, and he accepted this convention with a perfect understanding that she thus expressed at once her deference to him and her resolution to speak whether he liked it or not. She had not asked him about Mrs. Maynard's sickness, or shown any interest in it; but after she learned from the Barlows that she was no longer in danger, she said to her son one morning, before he drove away upon his daily visit, "Is her husband going to stay with her, or is he going back?"

"I don't know, really," he answered, glancing at her where she sat erect across the table from him, with her hand on the lid of the coffee-pot, and her eyes downcast; it was the face of silent determination not to be put off, which he knew. "I don't suppose you care, mother," he added, pleasantly.

"She's nothing to me," she assented. "What's that friend of hers going to do?"

"Which friend?"

"You know. The one that came after you."

"Oh! Dr. Breen. Yes. What did you think of her?"

"I don't see why you call her doctor."

"Oh, I do it out of politeness. Besides, she is one sort of doctor. Little pills," he added, with an enjoyment of his mother's grimness on this point.

"I should like to see a daughter of mine pretending to be a doctor," said Mrs. Mulbridge.

"Then you would n't like Dr. Breen for a daughter?" returned her son, in the same tone as before.

"She would n't like me for a mother," Mrs. Mulbridge retorted.

Her son laughed, and helped himself to more baked beans and a fresh slice of rye-and-indian. He had the homely tastes and the strong digestion of the people from whom he sprung; and he handed his cup to be filled with his mother's strong coffee in easy defiance of consequences. As he took it back from her he said, "I should like to see you and Mrs. Breen together. You would make a strong team." He buttered his bread, with another laugh in appreciation of his conceit. "If you happened to pull the same way. If you did n't, something would break. Mrs. Breen is a lady of powerful convictions. She thinks you ought to be good, and you ought to be very sorry for it, but not so sorry as you ought to be for being happy. I don't think she has given her daughter any reason to complain on the last score." He broke into his laugh again, and watched his mother's frown with interest. "I suspect that she does n't like me very well. You could meet on common ground, there: you don't like her daughter."

"They must be a pair of them!" said Mrs. Mulbridge immovably. "Did her mother like her studying for a doctor?"

"Yes, I understand so. Her mother is progressive: she believes in the advancement of women; she thinks the men would oppress them if they got a chance."

"If one half the bold things that are running about the country had masters, it would be the best thing," said Mrs. Mulbridge, opening the lid of the coffee-pot, and clapping it to with force, after a glance inside.

"That's where Mrs. Breen would n't agree with you. Perhaps because it would make the bold things happy to have masters; though she does n't say so. Probably she wants the women to have women doctors so they won't be so well, and can have more time to think whether they have been good or not. You ought to hear some of the ladies over there talk, mother."

"I have heard enough of their talk."

"Well, you ought to hear Miss Gleason. There are very few things that Miss Gleason does n't think can be done with cut-flowers, from a wedding to a funeral."

Mrs. Mulbridge perceived that her son was speaking figuratively of Miss Gleason's sentimentality, but she was not very patient with the sketch he enjoyed giving of her. "Is she a friend of that Breen girl's?" she interrupted, to ask.

"She's an humble friend, an admirer, a worshiper. The Breen girl is her ideal woman. She thinks the Breen girl is so superior to any man living that she would like to make a match for her." His mother glanced sharply at him, but he went on in the tone of easy generalization, and with a certain pleasure in the projection of these strange figures against her distorting imagination: "You see, mother, that the most advanced thinkers among those ladies are not so very different, after all, from you old-fashioned people. When they try to think of the greatest good fortune that can befall an ideal woman, it is to have her married. The only trouble is to find a man good enough; and if they can't find one, they're apt to invent one. They have strong imaginations."

"I should think they would make you sick, amongst them," said his mother. "Are you going to have anything more to eat?" she asked, with a house-keeper's latent impatience to get her table cleared away.

"Yes," said Dr. Mulbridge; "I have n't finished yet. And I'm in no hurry, this morning. Sit still, mother; I want you to hear something more about my lady friends at Jocelyn's. Dr. Breen's mother and Miss Gleason don't feel alike about her. Her mother thinks she was weak in giving up Mrs. Maynard's case to me; but Miss Gleason told me about their discussion, and she thinks it is the great heroic act of Dr. Breen's life."

"It showed some sense, at least," Mrs. Mulbridge replied. She had tacitly offered to release her son from telling her anything when she had made her motion to rise; if he chose to go on now, it was his own affair. She handed him the plate of biscuit, and he took one.

"It showed inspiration, Miss Gleason says. The tears came into her eyes; I understood her to say it was godlike. 'And only to think, doctor,'" he continued, with a clumsy, but unmistakable suggestion of Miss Gleason's perfervid manner, "'that *such* a girl should be dragged down by her own mother to the level of petty, every-day cares and duties, and should be blamed for the most beautiful act of self-sacrifice! *Isn't* it too bad?'"

"Rufus, Rufus!" cried his mother, "I can't *stan'* it! Stop!"

"Oh, Dr. Breen is n't so bad — not half so divine as Miss Gleason thinks her. And Mrs. Maynard does n't consider her surrendering the case an act of self-sacrifice at all."

"I should hope not!" said Mrs. Mulbridge. "I guess *she* would n't have been alive to tell the tale, if it had n't been for you."

"Oh, you can't be sure of that. You must n't believe too much in doctors, mother. Mrs. Maynard is pretty tough. And she's had wonderfully good nursing. You've only heard the Barlow side of the matter," said her son, betraying now for the first time that he had

been aware of any knowledge of it on her part. That was their way: though they seldom told each other anything, and went on as if they knew nothing of each other's affairs, yet when they recognized this knowledge it was without surprise on either side. "I could tell you a different story. She's a very fine girl, mother; cool and careful under instruction, and perfectly tractable and intelligent. She's as different from those other women you've seen as — you are. You would like her!" He had suddenly grown earnest, and crushing the crust of a biscuit in the strong left hand which he rested on the table, he gazed keenly at her undemonstrative face. "She's no baby, either. She's got a will and a temper of her own. She's the only one of them I ever saw that was worth her salt."

"I thought you did n't like self-willed women," said his mother, impassively.

"She knows when to give up," he answered, with unrelaxed scrutiny.

His mother did not lift her eyes, yet. "How long shall you have to visit over there?"

"I've made my last professional visit."

"Where are you going this morning?"

"To Jocelyn's."

Mrs. Mulbridge now looked up, and met her son's eye. "What makes you think she'll have you?"

He did not shrink at her coming straight to the point the moment the way was clear. He had intended it, and he liked it. But he frowned a little as he said, "Because I want her to have me, for one thing." His jaw closed heavily, but his face lost a certain brutal look almost as quickly as it had assumed it. "I guess," he said, with a smile, "that it's the only reason I've got."

"You no need to say that," said his mother, resenting the implication that any woman would not have him.

"Oh, I'm not pretty to look at, mother, and I'm not particularly young; and for a while I thought there might be some one else."

"Who?"

"The young fellow that came with her, that day."

"That whipper-snapper?"

Dr. Mulbridge assented by his silence. "But I guess I was mistaken. I guess he's tried, and missed it. The field is clear, for all I can see. And she's made a failure in one way, and then you know a woman is in the humor to try it in another. She wants a good excuse for giving up. That's what I think."

"Well," said his mother, "I presume you know what you're about, Rufus."

She took up the coffee-pot, on the lid of which she had been keeping her hand, and went into the kitchen with it. She removed the dishes, and left him sitting before the empty table-cloth. When she came for that, he took hold of her hand, and looked up into her face, over which a scarcely discernible tremor passed.

"Well, mother?"

"It's what I always knew I had got to come to, first or last. And I suppose I ought to feel glad enough I did n't have to come to it at first."

"No," said her son. "I'm not a stripling any longer." He laughed, keeping his mother's hand.

She freed it, and taking up the table-cloth folded it lengthwise and then across, and laid it neatly away in the cupboard. "I sha'n't interfere with you, nor any woman that you bring here to be your wife. I've had my day, and I'm not one of the old fools that think they're going to have and to hold forever. You've always been a good boy to me, and I guess you hain't ever had to complain of your mother stan'in' in your way. I sha'n't now. But I *did* think" —

She stopped, and shut her lips firmly.

"Speak up, mother!" he cried.

"I guess I better not," she answered, setting her chair back against the wall.

"I know what you mean. You mean about my laughing at women that try to take men's places in the world. Well, I did laugh at them. They're ridiculous. I don't want to marry this girl because she's a doctor. That was the principal drawback, in my mind. But it doesn't make any difference, and wouldn't now, if she was a dozen doctors."

His mother let down the leaves of the table, and pushed it against the wall, and he rose from the chair in which he was left sitting in the middle of the room. "I presume," she said, with her back toward him, as she straightened the table accurately against the mopboard, "that you can let me have the little house at Grant's Corner."

"Why, mother!" he cried. "You don't suppose I should ever let you be turned out of house and home? You can stay here as long as you live. But it has n't come to that, yet. I don't know that she cares anything about me. But there are chances, and there are signs. The chances are that she won't have the courage to take up her plan of life again, and that she'll consider any other that's pressed home upon her. And I take it for a good sign that she's sent that fellow adrift. If her mind had n't been set on some one else, she'd have taken him, in this broken-up state of hers. Besides, she has formed the habit of doing what I say, and there's a great deal in mere continuity of habit. It will be easier for her to say yes than to say no; it would be very hard for her to say no."

While he eagerly pressed these arguments his mother listened stonily, without apparent interest or sympathy. But at the end she asked, "How are you going to support a wife? Your practice here won't do it. Has *she* got anything?"

"She has property, I believe," re-

plied her son. "She seems to have been brought up in that way."

"She won't want to come and live here, then. She'll have notions of her own. If she's like the rest of them, she'll never have you."

"If she were like the rest of them, I'd never have her. But she is n't. As far as I'm concerned, it's nothing against her that she's studied medicine. She did n't do it from vanity, or ambition, or any abnormal love of it. She did it, so far as I can find out, because she wished to do good, that way. She's been a little notional; she's had her head addled by women's talk, and she's in a queer freak; but it's only a girl's freak, after all; you can't say anything worse of her. She's a splendid woman, and her property's neither here nor there. I could suppose her."

"I presume," replied his mother, "that she's been used to ways that ain't like our ways. I've always stuck up for you, Rufus, stiff enough, I guess; but I ain't agoin' to deny that you're country born and bred. I can see that, and she can see it, too. It makes a great difference with girls. I don't know as she'd call you what they call a gentleman."

Dr. Mulbridge flushed angrily; every American, of whatever standing or breeding, thinks of himself as a gentleman, and nothing can gall him more than the insinuation that he is less. "What do you mean, mother?"

"You hain't ever been in such lady's society as hers in the same way. I know that they all think the world of you, and flatter you up, and they're as biddable as you please, when you're doctorin' 'em; but I guess it would be different if you was to set up for one of their own kind amongst 'em."

"There is n't one of them," he retorted, "that I don't believe I could have for the turn of my hand, especially if it was doubled into a fist. They like force."

"Oh, you've only seen the sick married ones; I guess you'll find a well *girl* is another thing."

"They're all alike. And I think I should be something of a relief if I was n't like what she's been used to hearing called a gentleman; she'd prefer me on that account. But if you come to blood, I guess the Mulbridges and Gardiners can hold up their heads with the best, *anywhere*."

"Yes, like the Camfers and Rafflins." These were people of ancestral consequence and local history, who had gone up to Boston from Corbitant, and had succeeded severally as green-grocers and retail dry-goods men, with the naturally attendant social distinction.

"Pshaw!" cried her son. "If she cares for me at all, she won't care for the cut of my clothes, or my table manners."

"Yes, that's so. 'Tain't on my account that I want you should make sure she *doos* care."

He looked hard at her immovable face, with its fallen eyes, and then went out of the room. He never quarreled with his mother, because his anger, like her own, was dumb, and silenced him as it mounted. Her misgivings had stung him deeply, and at the bottom of his indolence and indifference was a fiery pride, not easily kindled, but unquenchable. He flung the harness upon his old, unkempt horse, and tackled him to the mud-encrusted buggy, for whose shabbiness he had never cared before. He was tempted to go back into the house, and change his uncouth Canada homespun coat for the broadcloth frock which he wore when he went to Boston; but he scornfully resisted, and drove off in his accustomed figure.

His mother's last words repeated themselves to him, and in that dialogue, in which he continued to dramatize their different feelings, he kept replying, "Well, the way to find out whether she cares is to ask her."

X.

During her convalescence Mrs. Maynard had the time and inclination to give Grace some good advice. She said that she had thought a great deal about it throughout her sickness, and she had come to the conclusion that Grace was throwing away her life.

"You're not fit to be a doctor, Grace," she said. "You're too nervous, and you're too conscientious. It is n't merely your want of experience. No matter how much experience you had, if you saw a case going wrong in your hands, you'd want to call in some one else to set it right. Do you suppose Dr. Mulbridge would have given me up to another doctor because he was afraid he could n't cure me? No, indeed! He'd have let me die first, and I should n't have blamed him. Of course I know what pressure I brought to bear upon you, but you had no business to mind me. You ought n't to have minded my talk any more than the buzzing of a mosquito, and no real doctor would. If he wants to be a success, he must be hard-hearted; as hard-hearted as" — she paused for a comparison, and failing any other added — "as all possessed." To the like large-minded and impartial effect, she ran on at great length. "No, Grace," she concluded, "what you want to do is to get married. You would be a good wife, and you would be a good mother. The only trouble is that I don't know any man worthy of you, or half worthy. No, I don't!"

Now that her recovery was assured, Mrs. Maynard was very forgiving and sweet and kind with every one. The ladies who came in to talk with her said that she was a changed creature; she gave them all the best advice, and she had absolutely no shame whatever for the inconsistency involved by her reconciliation with her husband. She rather flaunted the happiness of her reunion

in the face of the public, and she vouchsafed an explanation to no one. There had never been anything definite in her charges against him, even to Grace, and her tacit withdrawal of them succeeded perfectly well. The ladies, after some cynical tittering, forgot them, and rejoiced in the spectacle of conjugal harmony afforded them: women are generous creatures, and there is hardly any offense which they are not willing another woman should forgive her husband, when once they have said that they do not see how she could ever forgive him.

Mrs. Maynard's silence seemed insufficient to none but Mrs. Breen and her own husband. The former vigorously denounced its want of logic to Grace as all but criminal, though she had no objection to Mr. Maynard. He, in fact, treated her with a filial respect which went far to efface her preconceptions; and he did what he could to retrieve himself from the disgrace of a separation in Grace's eyes. Perhaps he thought that the late situation was known to her alone, when he casually suggested, one day, that Mrs. Maynard was peculiar.

"Yes," said Grace, mercifully; "but she has been out of health so long. That makes a great difference. She's going to be better, now."

"Oh, it's going to come out all right in the end," he said, with his unbuoyant hopefulness, "and I reckon I've got to help it along. Why, I suppose every man's a trial at times, doctor?"

"I dare say. I know that every woman is," said the girl.

"Is that so? Well, may be you're partly right. But you don't suppose but what a man generally begins it, do you? There was Adam, you know. He did n't pull the apple; but he fell off into that sleep, and woke up with one of his ribs dislocated, and that's what *really* commenced the trouble. If it had n't been for Adam, there would n't

have been any woman, you know ; and you could n't blame her for what happened, after she got going ?" There was no gleam of insinuation in his melancholy eye, and Grace listened without quite knowing what to make of it all. "And then I suppose he was n't punctual at meals, and stood round talking politics at night, when he ought to have been at home with his family ?"

"Who ?" asked Grace.

"Adam," replied Mr. Maynard, lifelessly. "Well, they got along pretty well outside," he continued. "Some of the children did n't turn out just what you might have expected ; but raising children is mighty uncertain business. Yes, *they* got along." He ended his parable with a sort of weary sigh, as if oppressed by experience. Grace looked at his slovenly figure, his smoky complexion, and the shaggy outline made by his untrimmed hair and beard, and she wondered how Louise could marry him ; but she liked him, and she was willing to accept for all reason the cause of unhappiness at which he further hinted. "You see, doctor, an incompatibility is a pretty hard thing to manage. You can't forgive it, like a real grievance. You have to try other things, and find out that there are worse things, and then you come back to it and stand it. We're talking Wyoming and cattle range, now, and Mrs. Maynard is all for the new deal ; it's going to make us healthy, wealthy, and wise. Well, I suppose the air *will* be good for her, out there. You doctors are sending lots of your patients our way, now." The gravity with which he always assumed that Grace was a physician in full and regular practice would have had its edge of satire, coming from another, but from him, if it was ironical, it was also caressing, and she did not resent it. "I've had some talk with your colleague, here, Dr. Mulbridge, and he seems to think it will be the best thing for her. I suppose you agree with him ?"

"Oh, yes," said Grace, "his opinion would be of great value. It would n't be at all essential that I should agree with him."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Maynard. "I reckon he thinks a good deal of your agreeing with him. I've been talking with him about settling, out our way. We've got a magnificent country, and there's bound to be plenty of sickness there, sooner or later. Why, doctor, it would be a good opening for *you* ! It's just the place for you. You're off here in a corner, in New England, and you have n't got any sort of scope ; but at Cheyenne you'd have the whole field to yourself ; there is n't another lady doctor in Cheyenne. Now, you come out with us. Bring your mother with you, and grow up with the country. Your mother would like it ; there's enough moral obliquity in Cheyenne to keep her conscience in a state of healthful activity all the time. Yes, you'd get along, out there."

Grace laughed, and shook her head. It was part of the joke which life seemed to be with Mr. Maynard that the inhabitants of New England were all eager to escape from their native section, and that they ought to be pitied and abetted in this desire. As soon as his wife's convalescence released him from constant attendance upon her, he began an inspection of the region from the compassionate point of view. The small, frugal husbandry appealed to his commiseration, and he professed to have found the use of canvas caps upon the haycocks intolerably pathetic. "Why, I'm told," he said, "that they have to blanket the apple-trees while the fruit is setting ; and they kill off our Colorado bugs by turning them loose, one at a time, on the potato-patches : the bug starves to death in forty-eight hours. But you've got plenty of school-houses, doctor ; it does beat all, about the school-houses. And it's an awful pity that there are no children to go to school in

them. Why, of course the people go West as fast as they can; but they ought to be helped; the government ought to do something. They're good people; make first-rate citizens when you get them waked up, out there. But they ought all to be got away, and let somebody run New England as a summer resort. It's pretty, and it's cool and pleasant, and the fishing is excellent; milk, eggs, and all kinds of berries and historical associations on the premises; and it could be made very attractive three months of the year; but my goodness! you ought n't to ask anybody to *live* here. You come out with us, doctor, and see that country, and you'll know what I mean."

His boasts were always uttered with a wan, lack-lustre irony, as if he were burlesquing the conventional Western brag and enjoying the mystification of his listener, whose feeble sense of humor often failed to seize his intention, and to whom any depreciation of New England was naturally unintelligible. She had not come to her final liking for him without a season of serious misgiving, but after that she rested in peace upon what every one knowing him felt to be his essential neighborliness. Her wonder had then come to be how he could marry Louise, when they sat together on the seaward piazza, and he poured out his easy talk, unwearied and unwearying, while with one long, lank leg crossed upon the other he swung his unblacked, thin-soled boot to and fro.

"Well, he was this kind of a fellow: when we were in Switzerland, he was always climbing some mountain or other. They could n't have hired me to climb one of their mountains if they'd given me all their scenery, and thrown their goitres in. I used to tell him that the side of a house was good enough for me. But nothing but the tallest mountains would do *him*; and one day when he was up there on the comb of the roof somewhere, tied with a rope round

his waist to the guide and a Frenchman, the guide's foot slipped, and he commenced going down. The Frenchman was just going to cut the rope and let the guide play it alone, but he knocked the knife out of his hand with his long-handled axe, and when the jerk came he was on the other side of the comb, where he could brace himself, and brought them both up standing. Well, he's got muscles like bunches of steel wire. Did n't he ever tell you about it?"

"No," said Grace, sadly.

"Well, somebody ought to expose Libby. I don't suppose I should ever have known about it myself, if I had n't happened to see the guide's friends and relations crying over him next day as if he was the guide's funeral. Hello! There's the doctor." He unlimbered his lank legs, and rose with an effect of opening his person like a pocket-knife. "As I understand it, this is an unprofessional visit, and the doctor is here among us as a guest. I don't know exactly what to do under the circumstances,—whether we ought to talk about Mrs. Maynard's health or the opera,—but I reckon if we show our good intentions it will come out all right in the end."

He went forward to meet the doctor, who came up to shake hands with Grace, and then followed him in-doors to see Mrs. Maynard. Grace remained in her place, and she was still sitting there when Dr. Mulbridge returned without him. He came directly to her, and said, "I want to speak with you, Miss Breen. Can I see you alone?"

"Is — is Mrs. Maynard worse?" she asked, rising in a little trepidation.

"No; it has nothing to do with her. She's practically well, now; I can remand the case to you. I wish to see you — about yourself." She hesitated at this peculiar summons, but some pressure was upon her to obey Dr. Mulbridge, as there was upon most people

whom he wished to obey him. "I want to talk with you," he added, "about what you are going to do,—about your future. Will you come?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; and she suffered him to lead the way down from the piazza, and out upon one of the sandy avenues toward the woods, in which it presently lost itself. "But there will be very little to talk about," she continued, as they moved away, "if you confine yourself to *my* future. I have none."

"I don't see how you've got rid of it," he rejoined. "You've got a future as much as you have a past, and there's this advantage,—that you can do something with your future."

"Do you think so?" she asked, with a little bitterness. "That hasn't been my experience."

"It's been mine," he said, "and you can make it yours. Come, I want to talk with you about your future, because I have been thinking very seriously about my own. I want to ask your advice, and to give you mine. I'll commence by asking yours. What do you think of me as a physician? I know you are able to judge."

She was flattered, in spite of herself. There were long arrears of cool indifference to her own claims in that direction, which she might very well have resented; but she did not. There was that flattery in his question which the junior in any vocation feels in the appeal of his senior; and there was the flattery which any woman feels in a man's recourse to her judgment. Still, she contrived to parry it with a little thrust. "I don't suppose the opinion of a mere homœopathist can be of any value to a regular practitioner."

He laughed. "You have been a regular practitioner yourself for the last three weeks. What do you think of my management of the case?"

"I have never abandoned my principles," she began.

"Oh, I know all about that! What do you think of me as a doctor?" he persisted.

"Of course I admire you. Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I wished to know. And because I wished to ask you something else. You have been brought up in a city, and I have always lived here in the country, except the two years I was out with the army. Do you think I should succeed, if I pulled up here and settled in Boston?"

"I have not lived in Boston," she answered. "My opinion would n't be worth much on that point."

"Yes, it would. You know city people, and what they are. I have seen a good deal of them in my practice at the hotels about here, and some of the ladies—when they happened to feel more comfortable—have advised me to come to Boston." His derision seemed to throw contempt on all her sex; but he turned to her, and asked again, earnestly, "What do you think? Some of the profession know me there. When I left the school, some of the faculty urged me to try my chance in the city."

She waited a moment before she answered. "You know that I must respect your skill, and I believe that you could succeed anywhere. I judge your fitness by my own deficiency. The first time I saw you with Mrs. Maynard, I saw that you had everything that I had n't. I saw that I was a failure, and why, and that it would be foolish for me to keep up the struggle."

"Do you mean that you have given it up?" he demanded, with a triumph in which there was no sympathy.

"It has given me up. I never liked it,—I told you that before,—and I never took it up from any ambitious motive. It seemed a shame for me to be of no use in the world; and I hoped that I might do something in a way that seemed natural for women. And I don't give up because I'm unfit as a

woman. I might be a man, and still be impulsive, and timid, and nervous, and everything that I thought I was not."

"Yes, you might be all that, and be a man; but you'd be an exceptional man, and I don't think you're an exceptional woman. If you've failed, it is n't your temperament that's to blame."

"I think it is. The wrong is somewhere in me individually. I know it is."

Dr. Mulbridge, walking beside her, with his hands clasped behind him, threw up his head and laughed. "Well, have it your own way, Miss Breen. Only, I don't agree with you. Why should you wish to spare your sex at your own expense? But that's the way with some ladies, I've noticed. They approve of what women attempt because women attempt it, and they believe the attempt reflects honor on them. It's tremendous to think what men could accomplish for their sex, if they only hung together as women do. But they can't. They have n't the generosity."

"I think you don't understand me," said Grace, with a severity that amused him. "I wished to regard myself, in taking up this profession, entirely as I believed a man would have regarded himself."

"And were you able to do it?"

"No," she unintentionally replied to this unexpected question.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed Dr. Mulbridge at her helpless candor. "And are you sure that you give it up as a man would?"

"I don't know how you mean," she said, vexed and bewildered.

"Do you do it, fairly and squarely, because you believe that you're a failure, or because you partly feel that you have n't been fairly dealt with?"

"I believe that if Mrs. Maynard had had the same confidence in me that she would have had in any man, I should

not have failed. But every woman physician has a double disadvantage that I had n't the strength to overcome, — her own inexperience and the distrust of other women."

"Well, whose fault is that?"

"Not the men's. It is the men alone who give women any chance. They are kind, and generous, and liberal-minded. I have no blame for them, and I have no patience with women who want to treat them as the enemies of women's advancement. Women can't move a step forwards without their sufferance and help. Dr. Mulbridge!" she cried, "I wish to apologize for the hasty and silly words I used to you the day I came to ask you to consult with me. I ought to have been grateful to you for consenting at first, and when you took back your consent I ought to have considered your position. You were entirely right. We had no common ground to meet on, and I behaved like a petulant, foolish, vulgar girl!"

"No, no," he protested, laughing in recollection of the scene. "You were all right, and I was in a fix, and if your own fears had n't come to the rescue, I don't know how I should have got out of it. It would have been disgraceful, would n't it, to refuse a lady's request? You don't know how near I was to giving way. I can tell you, now that it's all over. I had never seen a lady of our profession before," he added hastily, "and my curiosity was up. I always had my doubts about the thoroughness of women's study, and I should have liked to see where your training failed. I must say I found it very good, — I've told you that. You would n't fail individually; you would fail because you are a woman."

"I don't believe that," said Grace.

"Well, then, because your patients are women. It's all one. What will you do?"

"I shall not do anything. I shall give it all up."

"But what shall you do, then?"

"I — don't know."

"What are you going to be? A fashionable woman? Or are you going to Europe, and settle down there with the other American failures? I've heard about them, — in Rome, and Florence, and Paris. Are you going to throw away the study you've put into this profession? You took it up because you wanted to do good. Don't you want to do good any more? Has the human race turned out unworthy?"

She cowered at this arraignment, in which she could not separate the mocking from the justice. "What do you advise me to do? Do you think I could ever succeed?"

"You could never succeed alone."

"Yes, I know that; I felt that from the first. But I have planned to unite with a woman physician older than myself" —

"And double your deficiency. Sit down here," he said; "I wish to talk business." They had entered the border of the woods encompassing Jocelyn's, and he pointed to a stump, beside which lay the fallen tree. She obeyed mechanically, and he remained standing near her, with one foot lifted to the log; he leaned forward over her, and seemed to seize a physical advantage in the posture. "From your own point of view, you would have no right to give up your undertaking, if there was a chance of success in it. You would have no more right to give up than a woman who had gone out as a missionary."

"I don't pretend to compare myself with such a woman; but I should have no more right to give up," she answered, helpless against the logic of her fate, which he had somehow divined.

"Well, then, listen to me. I can give you this chance. Are you satisfied that with my advice you could have succeeded in Mrs. Maynard's case?"

"Yes, I think so. But what" —

"I think so, too. Don't rise!" His

will overcame the impulse that had betrayed itself, and she sank back to her seat. "I offer you my advice from this time forward; I offer you my help."

"That is very good of you," she murmured; "and I appreciate your generosity more than I can say. I know the prejudice you must have had to overcome in regard to women physicians before you could bring yourself to do this; and I know how you must have despised me for failing in my attempt, and giving myself up to my feeble temperament. But" —

"Oh, we won't speak of all that," he interrupted. "Of course I felt the prejudice against women entering the profession which we all feel; it was ridiculous and disgusting to me till I saw you. I won't urge you from any personal motive to accept my offer. But I know that if you do you can realize all your hopes of usefulness; and I ask you to consider that certainly. But you know the only way it could be done."

She looked him in the eyes with dismay in her growing intelligence.

"What — what do you mean?"

"I mean that I ask you to let me help you carry out your plan of life, and to save all you have done and all you have hoped, from waste, as your husband. Think" —

She struggled to her feet as if he were opposing a palpable resistance, so strongly she felt the pressure of his will.

"It can't be, Dr. Mulbridge. Oh, it can't, indeed! Let us go back; I wish to go back!"

But he had planted himself in her way, and blocked her advance, unless she chose to make it a flight.

"I expected this," he said, with a smile, as if her wild trepidation interested him as an anticipated symptom. "The whole idea is new and startling to you. But I know you won't dismiss it abruptly, and I won't be discouraged."

"Yes, yes; you must! I will not

think of it! I can't! I do dismiss it at once. Let me go!"

"Then you really choose to be like the rest,—a thing of hysterical impulses, without conscience or reason! I supposed the weakest woman would be equal to an offer of marriage. And you had dreamt of being a physician and useful!"

"I tell you," she cried, half quelled by his derision, "that I have found out that I am not fit for it,—that I am a failure and a disgrace; and you had no right to expect me to be anything else."

"You are no failure, and I had a right to expect anything of you, after the endurance and the discretion you have shown in the last three weeks. Without your help I should have failed myself. You owe it to other women to go on."

"They must take care of themselves," she said. "If my weakness throws shame on them, they must bear it. I thank you for what you say. I believe you mean it. But if I was of any use to you, I did n't know it" —

"It was probably inspiration, then," he interrupted, coolly. "Come, this is n't a thing to be frightened at. You're not obliged to do what I say. But I think you ought to hear me out. I have n't spoke without serious thought, and I did n't suppose you would reject me without a reason."

"Reason?" she repeated. "There is no reason in it."

"There ought to be. There is, on my side. I have all kinds of reasons for asking you to be my wife: I believe that I can make you happy in the fulfillment of your plans; I admire you and respect you more than any other woman I ever saw; and I love you."

"I don't love you, and that is reason enough."

"Yes, between boys and girls. But between men and women it is n't enough. Do you dislike me?"

"No."

"Am I repulsive in any way?"

"No, no!"

"I know that I am not very young, and that I am not very good-looking."

"It is n't that at all."

"Of course I know that such things weigh with women, and that personal traits and habits are important in an affair like this. I am slovenly and indifferent about my dress; but it's only because I have lived where every sort of spirit and ambition were useless. I don't know about city ways, but I could pick up all of them that were worth while. I spoke of going to Boston; but I would go anywhere else with you, East or West, that you chose, and I know that I should succeed. I have n't done what I might have done with myself, because I've never had an object in life. I've always lived in the one little place, and I've never been out of it except when I was in the army. I've always liked my profession; but nothing has seemed worth while. You were a revelation to me; you have put ambition and hope into me. I never saw any woman before that I would have turned my hand to have. They always seemed to me fit to be the companions of fools, or the playthings of men. But, of all the simpletons, the women who were trying to do something for woman, as they called it, trying to exemplify and illustrate a cause, were the silliest that I came across. I never happened to have met a woman doctor before you came to me; but I had imagined them, and I could n't believe in you when I saw you. You were not supersensitive, you were not presumptuous, and you gave up not because you distrusted yourself, but because your patient distrusted you. That was right; I should have done the same thing myself. Under my direction, you have shown yourself faithful, docile, patient, intelligent, beyond anything I have seen. I have watched you, and I know; and I know what your peculiar trials have been from that

woman. You have taught me a lesson, — I'm not ashamed to say it; and you've given me a motive. I was wrong to ask you to marry me so that you might carry out your plans; that was no way to appeal to *you*. What I meant was that I might make your plans my own, and that we might carry them out together. I don't care for making money; I have always been poor, and I had always expected to be so; and I am not afraid of hard work. There is n't any self-sacrifice you've dreamed of that I would n't gladly and proudly share with you. You can't do anything by yourself, but we could do anything together. If you have any scruple about giving up your theory of medicine, you need n't do it; and the State Medical Association may go to the devil. I've said my say. What do you say?"

She looked all round, as if seeking escape from a mesh suddenly flung about her, and then she looked imploringly up at him. "I have nothing to say," she whispered huskily. "I can't answer you."

"Well, that's all I ask," he said, moving a few steps away, and suffering her to rise. "Don't answer me now. Take time, — all the time you want, all the time there is."

"No," she said, rising, and gathering some strength from the sense of being on foot again. "I don't mean that. I mean that I don't — I can't consent."

"You don't believe in me? You don't think I would do it?"

"I don't believe in myself. I have no right to doubt you. I know that I ought to honor you for what you propose."

"I don't think it calls for any great honor. Of course I should n't propose it to every lady physician." He smiled with entire serenity and self-possession. "Tell me one thing: was there ever a time when you would have consented?" She did not answer. "Then you will consent yet?"

"No! Don't deceive yourself. I shall never consent."

"I'll leave that to the logic of your own conscience. You will do what seems your duty."

"You must n't trust to my conscience. I fling it away! I won't have anything to do with it. I've been tortured enough by it. There is no sense or justice in it!"

He laughed easily at her vehemence. "I'll trust your conscience. But I won't stay to worry you now. I'm coming again day after to-morrow, and I'm not afraid of what you will say then."

He turned and left her, tearing his way through the sweet-fern and low blackberry vines, with long strides, a shape of uncouth force. After he was out of sight, she followed, scared and trembling at herself, as if she had blasphemed.

W. D. Howells.

AMONG LOWELL MILL-GIRLS: A REMINISCENCE.

THE scenery of the Merrimack at Lowell, while lacking the grandeur of the hill region whence the river issues, has a quiet attractiveness of its own. The slaty cliffs at Pawtucket Falls bear lingering footmarks of aboriginal history, and wear the charm of remembered

beauty for those who wandered in childhood and early youth among their overhanging hemlocks and nestling wild flowers, before the picturesqueness of the place was sacrificed to manufacturing exigencies.

The country slopes gently toward the

river in every direction. The principal descent of water at the Falls is about thirty feet perpendicular, after which the stream foams and tumbles over a half mile or so of winding rapids, expands into a smooth, lake-like sheet, and then, joining the slower waters of the Concord, narrows itself again between wooded hills into a less abrupt succession of falls and rapids.

The level between the upper and lower rapids was the site chosen for a town, in the year 1821, by a company of gentlemen who were in search of a spot suitable for the building of cotton mills on an extensive scale. The first of these — the Merrimack Mills — went into operation in the year 1823. The town of Lowell was incorporated in 1826. A city government was adopted in 1836; and in twenty years after the first mills were started, there were twelve manufacturing companies organized, with a capital of between thirteen and fourteen millions of dollars, and employing between thirteen and fourteen thousand persons.

The place was named for Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell, whose improvements of the power-loom were such as to make him practically its inventor, and who was the originator of the cotton cloth manufacture, as now carried on in America. It is interesting to think of the cultivated Boston gentleman in the seclusion of the room he had taken for his work, in Broad Street, perfecting the details of his loom, and at the same time developing plans by which this new branch of industry should be made pleasant and remunerative to his countrymen, but more especially to his countrywomen, whose assistance he looked for in carrying out his project. In this connection arose questions which a man of large-hearted humanity, like Mr. Lowell, could not but weigh with utmost care, as they concerned the well-being of those he meant to employ. While he must have foreseen how immensely the

material interests of the country would be advanced by his enterprise, he could not have regarded it as a public benefaction, nor should we now look upon him as wise and humane in undertaking it, if he had given no thought to the personal good of those who were to carry it on; if, indeed, he had not made that a matter of chief importance in his plans.

Mr. Nathan Appleton, who was closely associated with Mr. Lowell, thus reports the result of their conferences on a point which justly gave them some anxiety: —

“Here was in New England a fund of labor, well educated and virtuous.

“The operatives in the manufacturing cities of Europe were notoriously of the lowest character for intelligence and morals. The question, therefore, arose, and was deeply considered, whether this degradation was the result of the peculiar occupation, or of other and distinct causes. We could not perceive why this peculiar description of labor should vary, in its effects upon character, from all other occupations.”

The “fund of labor,” referred to by Mr. Appleton, meant the younger people of the rural districts, scattered abroad in villages and lonely farm-houses, who were, he says, “induced to come to these mills for a temporary period.” They were chiefly the young women of the land, who had been brought up to earn their own living in the fear and love of God, as their fathers and mothers had done before them. The fertile prairies of the West were already attracting the more energetic young men, but their sisters remained at home, and the family burdens often pressed upon them very heavily. A girl’s opportunities for earning money were few, and the amount received was small for such employments as straw-braiding, binding shoes, dressmaking, and domestic labor. An occupation as easy as any of these, with a larger compensation, could now

be offered her, and the project seemed to promise benefit to all concerned, while it would undoubtedly give the business of the country an unprecedented impetus.

The processes of carding cotton, of spinning yarn, and of weaving cloth, carried on in the old fashion, at the farmer's fireside, were necessary and not disagreeable employments. It was absurd to think that, as employments, their character could be intrinsically changed by the use of machinery, or by the bringing together of numerous worthy young women from country homesteads to pursue them socially in the mills.

The important thing would be, to keep the surroundings of any community thus formed free from all that could be harmful to personal character, and to leave it open in every direction to pure and healthful influences.

So Mr. Lowell probably reasoned; and having assured himself that there was nothing in the cloth manufacture which could be injurious to those who might engage in it, his first care was to place such guards around the every-day life of these young countrywomen of his as they would naturally find in their own homes. The corporation boarding system was to be established upon this idea. The houses were to be rented to matrons of assured respectability, many of whom would bring their own daughters with them, and so would be interested in other daughters who were away from their parents' oversight.

The fullest arrangements were to be made for religious worship, and it was expected that all would attend Sabbath services somewhere.

Boarding-house keepers and overseers were to be held responsible to a superintendent—who of necessity must be a person of character and dignity—for the general welfare of those under their charge; and no immoral person was to be admitted to employment in the mills.

In brief, these young girls were to be assured of an unobjectionable occupation, the privileges and wholesome restrictions of home, and a moral atmosphere as clear and bracing as that of the mountains from whose breezy slopes many of them were to come. Beyond these arrangements, nothing was necessary; their native intelligence and conscientiousness might be depended upon for the rest.

Mr. Lowell died in the year 1817, before a location had been decided upon for the city which bears his name. But he may well be regarded as its founder, since the credit is his for whatever is peculiar in the manufacturing system there established, and out of which the prosperity of the place has grown. The new power-loom had been successfully tested at Waltham, but more room was needed, and a larger water-power; and so on the banks of the Merrimack arose the "city of spindles."

The cotton mill itself, as known in this country, was an original idea with Mr. Lowell. In Great Britain, the weaving, spinning, and so forth were done each as a separate business. His plan, adopted everywhere, was to have the raw cotton taken in from the picker on the lower floor of the mill, ascend in regular order through the processes of carding, spinning, and dressing, and come out of the weaving-room in the upper story, finished cloth.

The whole thing seems to have been comprehensive in its originator's mind: a profitable investment for both labor and capital; the method of cloth-making better systematized; a new industry for American women, offering them an opportunity for self-support with self-respect, the guarded freedom of a home, and a social atmosphere wherein heart and soul might healthfully breathe.

If anything special were done for the education of those employed in the mills, and it is said that Mr. Lowell's family always took a deep interest in the wel-

fare of the young town, it must have been only during the very earliest years of the place. There is no record of anything of the kind, beyond a provision for the children of mill-people who came with their families; which provision the establishment of common schools soon rendered unnecessary. There could have been only evening classes for the girls employed in the mills; and as they worked from twelve to fourteen hours, and were forbidden to have books at their work, much could not have been expected of them. In later years they did manage to do considerable studying, but they paid for whatever instruction they received.

When we talk about "the working-classes," we are using very modern language, which those who formed the great mass of our population forty or fifty years ago would have found it difficult to understand. The term "working-people" was then seldom used, because everybody worked. The minister and the doctor had usually worked with their hands, to defray their college expenses; and they often continued their labors afterwards, to eke out a scanty income. The mistress of a family did her own sewing and housework, or, if it was too much for her, called in a neighbor or a relative as "help." Young girls were glad of an opportunity to earn money for themselves in this way, or by means of any handicraft they could learn, or by teaching the district school through the summer months; all these employments being considered equally respectable. The children of that generation were brought up to endure hardness. They expected to make something of themselves and of life, but not easily, not without constant exertion. The energy and the earnestness through which their fathers had subdued the savage forces of nature on this continent still lingered in the air, a moral exhilaration.

Children born half a century ago

grew up penetrated through every fibre of thought with the idea that idleness is disgrace. It was taught with the alphabet and the spelling-book; it was enforced by precept and example, at home and abroad; and it is to be confessed that it did sometimes haunt the childish imagination almost mercilessly. I know that Dr. Watts's

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,"

and King Solomon's "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, . . . and be wise," filled one child's mind with a dislike of bees and ants that amounted almost to hatred; they ran and flew and buzzed about her like accusing spirits that left her no peace in her beautiful day-dreams. It was a great relief to see a bee loiter in the air around the flowers, as if he enjoyed the lazy motion. As for the ants, — those little black pagans, — they overdid the business by working just as hard on Sundays as on any other day. It surely was not proper to follow *their* example!

But there is no doubt that human nature is always sufficiently indolent; and probably no one ever grew up to regret having been taught in childhood that waste of time is a sin. Certainly it was the universal prevalence of thrifty and industrious habits that gave our first great manufacturing city its honorable early reputation.

The condition of working-people in our large manufacturing communities, and the present tendencies of those communities, are among the most important social questions of the day. A discussion of these questions forms no part of the writer's purpose; but a sketch of her early experience at Lowell, while it was a young and growing city, may not be without suggestions for those who make our national interests a study.

It is hardly possible to narrate circumstances into which one's own life has been woven, without writing autobiographically; and I may be excused for

using the first person in attempting to describe a phase of womanly toil, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was."

To show how it came about that ten years or more of my childhood and youth were passed at Lowell, it is necessary to go a little back of my mother's removal there, which was not far from the period of its transition from a town to a city.

Pleasant Beverly, one of the oldest and most picturesque of our Massachusetts seaboard towns, holds my infantile memories. All the associations of our family were with the sea, more especially through my father, who had been a captain in the merchant service, during the early years of the century. A happy home, with stories of the ocean echoing around the fireside, and songs of the ocean blending with prayer and hymn in the twilight lullaby, have left the memory of life's beginning like a wild and tender waft of *Æolian* melody. The seriousness of the earlier Puritanism still brooded over the landscape, and penetrated daily life; but childhood is childhood everywhere, and its light-heartedness only felt the grave contrasts into which it was born as the playful treble might feel the solemnity of the sustaining bass.

"Are we poor, or rich?" was the question over which we innocently puzzled first ourselves and then our parents, when somebody had been spoken of as at one extreme of the social scale. We were sent for our answer to the prayer of Agur, in the book of Proverbs, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me;" with the assurance that we were where he wished to be, in the most desirable of earthly conditions.

And, indeed, outside of the larger towns, the extremes of riches and poverty were then seldom seen. Living in the golden mean of general education and of comfort won from labor and

thrift, the average child of the commonwealth had to learn the signification of the words "rich" and "poor" chiefly from English story books.

My mother's widowhood was the occasion of her removal to Lowell. Left without means of maintenance for her large family, the youngest being but four years of age, she bethought herself of the new manufacturing town, which had for some years been wondered about all over the country. Seeing no other plain opening, she decided, in two or three years after my father's death, to go there and take charge of one of the boarding-houses belonging to a new corporation, named for its projectors, the Messrs. Lawrence, of Boston. A good report had come to her of the public schools, where she had reason to believe that her little girls would be at least as well educated as they could be in their native place. But what she had heard of the excellent kind of people who came to Lowell, and of the high standard there in matters of morals and religion, influenced her decision more than all other considerations.

The fact that Beverly was the first place in the country where a cotton-mill had been built had interested the older inhabitants in the subject of manufactures, and may have led my mother's thoughts in that direction. That mill, which was erected in 1788, proved a failure, probably from unsuitability of time and place. Certainly the little sea-fed river could have furnished no adequate water-power. The starting of cotton factories in Rhode Island, soon after, left the one in Beverly stranded as a business enterprise, and the town lapsed into its original quietness, lulled to sleep by wind and wave.

My mother took with her to Lowell only her three or four younger children, the rest remaining among friends, or at occupations they had chosen for themselves.

It was a morning never to be forgot-

ten, when the Salem and Lowell stage-coach came rumbling over the bridge, and up the long main street of the town, turning into our very lane and stopping at our very door, on purpose to take us children off on a journey, the first journey of our lives.

Moving is one of the romances of childhood. We felt as if there were some magic about it. This might be Cinderella's coach that we were riding away in, to some fairy-land of our dreams. Yet the dear old town had never seemed so beautiful to us as it did now that we were leaving it behind. The fishing-schooners at the wharves, the light-houses on Baker's Island far out at sea, our own Bass River, running down with its tidal waters from the inland hills, against which the steeples of Danvers gleamed with a misty whiteness, all seemed beckoning us back; and a little shiver of regret ran through our anticipations, as we rolled over the bridge. But after that, when we had passed through the streets of Salem, closely lined with dignified, reticent-looking mansions, and were out in the open country, everything was invitingly new. How softly the fields slid down from the lap of the hills! greener fields and hills than we had ever seen, untouched by the east wind's chill! What unknown birds sang around us! What strange flowers bloomed by the roadside! Then came the halt for relay on the sunny slopes of Andover, the ride through the farm-lands of Tewksbury, and at last the Merrimack, shining in the distance; and at its side, dropped in a wide-brimmed bowl of hills, the little city that was to be our home.

The romance of our journey came to an abrupt termination before a green door in a red brick block with green window-blinds, the third in a row of four brick blocks, each the exact counterpart of the other. But our childish enthusiasm was not checked; it rooted itself even in the sandy soil of the small

back yard, where we persuaded morning-glories to veil the kitchen windows; and it blossomed afresh with the discovery of harebells in abundance on the cliffs by the river, — the real "bluebells of Scotland," which we had hitherto known only in stories and poems.

With the river itself we claimed comradeship at once, — a companion that overtook us unexpectedly in our rambles, always our playmate and our friend. Its loving, lingering, following ways became dearer to us than the uncertain moods of the sea.

Children are natural explorers, and it was not long before we knew the geography of all the roads winding up and out into the country from the banks of the Merrimack. Vivid as if it were but yesterday, the memory remains to me of one Saturday afternoon holiday, when three little girls of us carried out a long-pondered plan of walking from the lower to the upper bridge, along the brow of the hills on the Dracut side of the river, an excursion of several miles. Beautiful indeed they were, those "fields beyond the swelling flood." It had been a time of rain and freshet, and the April grass was like velvet upon all the sunlit slopes; but an undreamed-of wonder awaited us: at a turn in the road, we caught our first glimpse of mountains. Stretched in a broken opaline chain along the cool northern horizon, softly daz- zling and infinitely far away, Wachusett, Monadnock, the Uncannoonsucks, by whatever unbaptized names they were known, they glimmered upon our vision like the precious stones in the walls of the New Jerusalem. At a moment like this the universe widens, as if by magic, upon a child's imagination. Henceforth, the mountains were in my world not as boundary-lines upon a map, but as stepping-stones into the splendor of an illimitable realm beyond their peaks; and when, soon afterward, I began to toil at the spindles, with the river rippling past my windows, it brought me

more than its own music and beauty ; it was a messenger from the hills, from summits touched with the radiance of an invisible heaven.

We younger girls entered upon the usual routine of grammar-school study at Lowell, and were nearly prepared for the high school, when it was found necessary that one or more of us should take up our share of the domestic burdens, which my mother had found too heavy to bear alone. I, being larger for my years, and apparently stronger than my sisters nearest me in age, was taken from school and began to work in the mill in my twelfth year.

Before this time, however, we had become well acquainted with the young people around us ; and there was nothing but pleasure in the thought of a working companionship with those we had loved as housemates or neighbors. It was a widening of life to us children, to whom our tradition-haunted corner of Massachusetts had seemed like the centre of the universe,—all this brisk youth and intelligence that poured in upon us from the remotest nooks of New England. It would have taken many journeys to give us as true an idea of our countrywomen as we thus obtained. To grow up with the notion that natural refinement and aspiration after mental and moral development are ever provincially exclusive was, under the circumstances, impossible for us.

A few young girls had followed my mother from our own neighborhood, but most who lived with us were natives of Vermont or New Hampshire or Maine. We found in our bright, breezy, wide-awake boarders a source of perpetual interest. Our Zilphas and Florillas and Dianas and Rosannas seemed to bring down to us the rustling of forest-leaves and the rushing of mountain waterfalls. We used to think "our girls" a choice company ; fancying that no neighbor's household could be quite as pleasant as

our own. But this was a fancy only ; for while there was a natural grouping into families through sympathy of tastes, there was always a large preponderance in the community of intelligent and interesting young women. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The trustworthy, the energetic, and the well trained were more likely than others to go and try a new experience of toil among strangers, whether of their own accord, or by permission of relatives.

The home life of the mill-girls as I knew it in my mother's family was nearly like this :—

Work began at five o'clock on summer mornings, and at daylight in the winter. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight, during the cold weather ; in summer, an interval of half an hour was allowed for it, between seven and eight o'clock. The time given for the noon meal was from a half to three quarters of an hour. The only hours of leisure were from half past seven or eight to ten in the evening, the mills closing a little earlier on Saturdays. It was an imperative regulation that lights should be out at ten. During those two evening hours, when it was too cold for the girls to sit in their own rooms, the dining-room was used as a sitting-room, where they gathered around the tables, and sewed, and read, and wrote, and studied. It seems a wonder, to look back upon it, how they accomplished so much as they did, in their limited allowance of time. They made and mended their own clothing, often doing a good deal of unnecessary fancy-work besides. They subscribed for periodicals ; took books from the libraries ; went to singing-schools, conference meetings, concerts, and lectures ; watched at night by a sick girl's bedside, and did double work for her in the mill, if necessary ; and on Sundays they were at church, not differing in appearance from other well-dressed and decorous young women. Strangers who had been sitting beside

them in a house of worship were often heard to ask, on coming out, "But where were the factory-girls?"

Lowell was eminently a church-going place, and the hush of the old-fashioned Sabbath had there a peculiar charm, by contrast with the week-day noise. The mill-girls not only cheerfully paid their pew-rents, but gave their earnings to be built into the walls of new churches, as the population increased. Their contributions to social and foreign charities also were noticeably liberal. What they did for their own families — keeping a little sister at school, sending a brother to college, lifting the burden of a homestead debt from a parent's old age — was done so frequently and so quietly as to pass without comment. Their independence was as marked as their generosity. While they were ready with sisterly help for one another whenever it was needed, nothing would have been more intolerable to most of them than the pauper spirit into which women who look to relatives or friends for support so easily subside. Perhaps they erred in the direction of a too resolute self-reliance. That trait, however, is a part of the common New England inheritance; and there was, indeed, nothing peculiar about the Lowell mill-girls, except that they were New England girls of the older and harder stock.

Amusements were not thought a necessity, in those days; and even if they had been furnished without charge, they might not have been patronized; for these young women had many ways of occupying and entertaining themselves, in their brief hours of leisure. Evening classes of various kinds were formed, which were well attended, and gladly paid for by the pupils, who enjoyed what they learned, as they did other things, the better for having earned it. A desire for knowledge, and the mental activity resulting therefrom, made themselves felt everywhere.

While yet a child, I used to consider

it special good fortune that my home was at Lowell. There was a frank friendliness and sincerity in the social atmosphere that wrought upon me unconsciously, and made the place pleasant to live in. People moved about their every-day duties with purpose and zest, and were genuinely interested in one another; while in the towns on the seaboard it sometimes was as if every man's house was his castle in almost a feudal sense, where the family shut themselves in, on the defensive against intruders. Passing through the streets of my native place, after the first absence of a year or two, the shut-up and swept-up and silent look of everything struck me as something funereal. Possibly there were people in the houses, behind the closed blinds, but they kept themselves invisible. Nothing except the east wind was astir. I appeared to my child-self to be wandering in a dream through

"A land in which it seemed always afternoon;

A land where all things always seemed the same."

But it was an excellent thing for us growing little ones that we had a foothold by the sea-side, as well as on the banks of the Merrimack. We loved the very pebbles in the still, untraveled lanes and roads of our native town, the very grass that grew by the way-side, with a love such as children naturally have for the one spot of earth — not unmeaningly called Mother Earth — where they were born. And the change from the clatter of shuttles and spindles to that quietness of solitary shore scenery did us more good than we could guess.

We returned often, and made long visits; and when once let loose upon the stretch of picturesque coast known as Beverly Farms, we were like young princesses roaming over their ancestral domain. For our right to the soil was, by inheritance, second only to that of the aboriginal occupants, though we

limited our special claim to the landscape alone.

Never, it seemed to us, was there so wonderful a wood as that which hid a certain familiar homestead from the main road,—a dense entanglement of boughs and bird-carolings above, a fragrant jungle of checkerberry and bayberry and sweet fern and wild roses underneath, penetrated by a single wagon-track, which at a sudden magical turn, always unexpected, brought into view a lovely picture: a gambrel-roofed cottage amid garden-beds, orchards, and many-tinted grain fields, which sloped away from half-inclosing hills toward sparkling distances of sea. Here our great-grandfathers had settled themselves at about the time of the Salem witchcraft, and had combined the toils of the farmer and the fisherman in their hardy lives; here had been the home of our father's boyhood; and here an uncle still lived, whose fruit orchards were the marvel of the neighborhood, and to us the very gardens of the Hesperides. Simple fare and old-fashioned ways harmonized well with the stubborn rocks and untamable wastes of ocean; and the blood tingled proudly in our veins, remembering that we belonged to those who had won from savage nature a home at once so wild and so beautiful.

If an excuse is needed for recurring to the scenery of my childhood, it may be said that with most of us nature is only next to religion and the ties of friendship and kindred as a shaping element of life. Certainly the young girls with whom I toiled had no less enthusiasm for their mountain homes than I for mine by the sea. Our lives thus stood out before one another against a romantic background. Many a dull hour grew brighter as we pictured, for our companions, the haunts of our earliest years.

That children should be set to toil for their daily bread is always a pity; but in the case of my little work-mates and

myself there were imperative reasons, and we were not too young to understand them. And the regret with which those who loved us best consented to such an arrangement only made us more anxious to show that we really were capable of doing something for them and for ourselves. The novelty of trying to "earn our own living" took our childish fancy; the work given us was light, and for a few weeks it seemed like beginning a new game with a new set of playmates. Replacing the full spools or bobbins with empty ones on the spinning-frames was the usual employment given to children. It was a process which required quickness, but left unoccupied intervals of a half or three quarters of an hour, sometimes of a whole hour, during which we were frequently allowed to run home; or, if that was not permitted, we gathered around a merry gray-haired waste-picker in the corner,—an Irish-woman was a rare sight in the mills at that time,—to listen to her funny brogue stories of old Erin; or we climbed into a wide window-seat, and repeated verses and sang songs and told fairy-tales; or some piously-disposed elder girl ranged us in a class, and heard us recite the Shorter Catechism, with which many of us were as familiar as we were with the alphabet. We were always rather petted by these older ones, who had not forgotten their own little sisters at home; and we, in turn, had usually each of us some chosen divinity among them, whom we worshiped from afar for her real or imagined gifts. The object of my especial admiration was at one time a young beauty, who attracted me by her resemblance to a figure on a porcelain mug brought from over the seas, a family heir-loom which had been the delight of my infancy. I never thought of speaking to my idol; she seemed to me as unapproachable as her painted prototype on china, a lady in pink, to whom a stiff gentleman in queue and knee-breeches painfully knelt with a basket of

flowers ; but I watched her light movements and the changes of her transparent complexion with dazzled fascination. My devotion was chilled, however, by the discovery that she was capable of playing with the affections of a very foolish young man employed in the room, whom they called the "third hand."

No child was continuously kept at work in the mills. The rule requiring all under thirteen years of age to go to school three months in the year was strictly enforced ; and parents were advised by the superintendent's not to put their children to work at all, under that age. It did not often occur to us that we were having a hard time ; but confinement within brick walls and the constant mingling with many people is not good for children, however willing they may be to assume grown-up cares. Childhood is short enough, at best ; and any abridgment of its freedom is always to be regretted. Still, it used to be thought that a little girl was pretty well grown up at thirteen. We were never unkindly treated. We had homes and careful guardianship ; none of us knew what real poverty meant ; and everything about us was educating us to become true children of the republic.

Charlotte Elizabeth's stories were then among the most popular Sunday-school books, and we read them with deep interest. The cruel hardships of children in the collieries and factories of Great Britain we silently wept over, wishing we might do something to relieve their miseries. Later, Mrs. Brownning's *Cry of the Children* wrung our hearts with a like pity for sufferings we could with difficulty understand, though the oldest and the youngest of us often wearied of the long work-day, and of the continuous moan and clatter of machinery, and could well echo the imploring call, —

"O ye wheels,
Stop, be silent for to-day!"

But the unillumined darkness of those

poor English children's lot seemed as remote from us as what we had read of heathen nations that sacrificed their little ones to idols ; and some of us may have wondered why missionaries were not sent to England as well as to India.

However, there was so little of child labor at Lowell during those distant years that, except as a fact of my own experience, it is scarcely worth while to speak of it at all. It is the story of the young women who worked in the mills which is more especially to be related. Their life in their boarding-houses has been touched upon ; the details of their various occupations need be only incidentally given.

Remuneration for work was generally proportioned to its difficulty, and those most anxious to earn money rapidly undertook the hardest. More was usually earned at weaving than in any other way. Two dollars a week, exclusive of board, was rather a large average of the wages received by those who worked by the week. Weavers, who usually worked by the piece, could earn much more than this. And among them were some who did double or treble work, increasing their earnings accordingly. There were always "spare hands" in the different rooms, those who were learning, and who were glad to supply any place made vacant for a time by illness or other cause of absence. The price of board was one dollar and a quarter a week, and the rent rates of the corporation boarding-houses were proportionably low.

Work in the "dressing-room" was liked for its cleanly quietness ; and here, also, one might have wider spaces of leisure. A near relative of mine, who had a taste for rather abstruse studies, used to keep a mathematical problem or two pinned up on a post of her dressing-frame, which she and her companions solved as they paced up and down, mending the broken threads of the warp. It has already been said that books were

prohibited in the mills, but no objection was made to bits of printed paper ; and this same young girl, not wishing to break a rule, took to pieces her half-worn-out copy of Locke on the Understanding, and carried the leaves about with her at her work, until she had fixed the contents of the whole connectively in her mind. She also, in the same way, made herself mistress of the argument of one of Saint Paul's difficult Epistles. It was a common thing for a girl to have a page or two of the Bible beside her thus, committing its verses to memory while her hands went on with their mechanical occupation. Sometimes it was the fragment of a dilapidated hymn-book, from which she learned a hymn to sing to herself, unheard within the deep solitude of unceasing sound.

Not unfrequently a girl was going on with the study of French, or of one of the ancient languages, begun in some country academy, and would get excused from her work for an hour twice or thrice a week, to recite to a teacher outside. Others, again, after having earned extra money enough, went to some private school in the city for three or six months ; sometimes paying for their board, meanwhile, by domestic assistance performed in their landlady's house. Many taught school in their native districts during the summer months, and came to the mills to work only in the winter. The ranks of the primary and grammar school teachers in Lowell were frequently replenished from among the mill-girls. A leading clergyman of the place, one not given to jesting or exaggeration, was at one time asked, by a person interested in the establishment of good common schools in the Western States, how many competent teachers he thought could be furnished from the young women employed in the mills. He replied without hesitation, "Probably about five hundred." This proportion will not seem large to those who were intimately acquainted with Lowell

working-girls, — suggests one fact which must not be overlooked, — that among these thousands there were hundreds who cared for books or for study ; who were busily working on, as they would have done at the family sewing, or at any household toil at home ; who were preparing an outfit, perhaps, for a little cottage of their own, which somebody was building for them, back among the hills ; or who were merely putting something by for themselves against a rainy day. Yet the studious ones were often also the most domestic ; for in those days all girls were taught whatever they would need to do as women, — house-work first and most thoroughly.

But, whatever their tastes, there was mutual tolerance, when sympathy was lacking. No one was thought better for her fondness for literary pursuits, or worse for her indifference to them. Goodness of character was the one attainment universally honored and emulated. There, as everywhere, those sympathetic beings whose life it is to do kindnesses were the best beloved ; and among so many, opportunities were never wanting. And they who had always a cheering word for the lonely or depressed were pretty likely to be the first called into service when a sick girl needed a watcher, no matter on how dark a night or in how distant a part of the city. These sisters of charity were usually persons well known in their widely differing sects for the earnestness of their Christian consecration.

The church life in many parishes was like that of a family. Ministers who came to Lowell and remained were attracted by the wide opportunity for self-denying usefulness ; and their ministry and that of the members of their congregations to one another was a united work. If a girl was homesick at her boarding-house, at the church or Sunday-school she could always find friends, and something to do for others.

The young mill-girl was often herself a Sunday-school teacher, and was likely to have in her infant-class the children of her pastor or of her mill-superintendent; whence arose relations of mutual confidence and esteem. The religious spirit was unquestionably the most widely pervading influence among the mill-girls. With many it was the inspiration of every effort; all felt its uplifting power.

Among children of the Puritans, the reading of good books was a matter of course. Almost every girl had brought with her, laid beside her Bible in some safe corner of the worn hair-trunk, at least a little *Daily Food*, with its verse and text for every morning; and miniature gift books, made up of selections from Fénelon, Thomas á Kempis, and other devotional writers, were a fashion of the day. With the *Pilgrim's Progress* many of us had been from infancy as familiar as we were with the road from our own door-stone to the meeting-house. Christian was an old friend, whose opportunities for travel and adventure we had often coveted, thinking it would be far pleasanter to get up some fine morning and set out on a pilgrimage, than just to stay at home and try in a humdrum way to be good. The older people pored over Baxter and Doddridge, and recommended them to us; but the *Saints' Rest* and the *Rise and Progress* could not delight juvenile hearts like Bunyan's *Pilgrim* and his *Holy War*.

Milton also had the charm of a great story-teller; and the *Paradise Lost*, being a religious book, was to be found in most home libraries that contained more than a dozen volumes, a large number for those days. I recall my own earliest acquaintance with the great epic, made in a child's manner, catching at the gorgeous threads of narrative here and there, and skipping all the discussions and dialogues. But it was among a group of Lowell mill-girls that I learned to read it with a better appreciation.

Dean Stanley says that "the study of the most famous authors, even the minute detail, even line by line and word by word, is amongst the most nourishing of mental repasts." It was one of the old fashions in country schools to use some standard poem for parsing exercises: the *Task*, the *Seasons*, the *Essay on Man*, or *Paradise Lost*; and we reviewed the latter in this way, at a winter evening class. The choice had been left to us by our teacher, and we chose Milton. We often forgot that we were examining the relations of one part of speech to another, lost in the poet's magnificence of language and imagery. The debates of the fallen angels, the arch-fiend's flight across the wastes of chaos, the walls of the luridly splendid palace that "rose like an exhalation," and the picture of the two sinless ones in their yet uninvaded *Paradise*, even now often seem to blend themselves with the blackboards and writing-desks of a certain well-remembered school-room, as thought goes back to the companion students of those years. Some of us planned the reading of the British essayists together, — it was considered the thing to do in a regular "course," — and it was among my Lowell workmates that I became acquainted with Macaulay and Carlyle. The latter had a small audience among us, yet proportionably as large as he found in most other communities. Some passages from *Hero Worship* and *Sartor Resartus* always come back to me as an echo from those days, when, amidst our toil, we were reminded of "Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting upon eternity;" when our hearts kindled in response to the noble sentiment that embodied the spirit of the religious teachings under which we had been reared: "There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof take blessedness."

The New England girl, wherever you find her, is a reader; and the

no greater mistake than to suppose that there is less taste for standard literature in country towns and villages than elsewhere, if we may judge the present by the past, or the rural districts by those young women who represented them at Lowell. They had read fewer books, perhaps, than those who lived nearer educational centres, but they had read thoroughly and to good purpose. Standard English works were more generally accessible among them than others. These were indeed almost the only books within reach. The young reader had not the thickets of modern miscellaneous literature to lose herself in, and so be turned aside from the trees that bore fruit of known excellence. Not that we were wholly unbeguiled by modern authors, however. While Irving was hardly done writing, while we had Dickens and George Borrow and Miss Bremer to read, and while Mrs. Stowe's first stories were coming before the public, we did not lack a mingling of the agreeable with the useful, which we heartily appreciated.

And there were the poets besides, Bryant's verse, and the earlier songs of Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier, to delight ourselves with; while Burns and Cowper and Scott and Wordsworth had long been dear and honored names to us, as to all the poetry-reading world.

Few girls grow up without some liking for poetry, and ours was as often for the lighter as for the loftier kinds. Slips cut from the "poet's corner" of a newspaper, sometimes the verses of an anonymous author, sometimes of one well known, were frequently seen pasted up and down the sides of the window recess, where a girl sat watching her work between thinking and dreaming. One such I remember, where I used to sit, a very young spinner, refreshing myself alternately with the blue river and the lovely landscape beyond, and with some scrap of poetry upon the wall beside me, which was also another window,

an opening into the unseen. Now and then a breath of roses or a waft of geranium scents came from a neighboring window, where a lover of flowers tended plants that flourished wonderfully in the warm air. It was as if the woodland sweet-brier waved beside me, while birds sang in the boughs above me; for the verses that caught my eye—I could repeat some of them now—hinted of mists that climbed the kalmia-wreathed hillside, of blue distances glimpsed beyond the mountain-tops, of sunset clouds, and palaces built upon their airy bases. No matter how simple the melody, if it breathed of nature or of heaven, it sank into my heart with a blessing.

Far more vivid recollections remain to me, from that early period, of the conscious joy—somewhat too subdued and serious for my years, perhaps—of living in a fresh, beautiful, poetical world, than of any details of the employment that occupied my hands. It was, after all, quite another than the world of my toil that I really lived in. And I am sure, with regard to my companions and myself, that our work never suffered, but was made easier to us, for our improvised escapes of the imagination.

There were also other loop-holes of thought; one of mine was through a lead pencil and a bit of paper. I used to write verses—it had been an amusement to do so almost from babyhood—which my uncritical audience, composed chiefly of my mother and sisters, dignified with the name of poetry. Of course I felt flattered, and went on with my harmless rhyming. It took the place of brisker juvenile pastimes from which I was debarred, during those first years of toil among shafts and pulleys and flying spindles.

This propensity for scribbling having shown itself to be somewhat contagious among us younger ones, a motherly elder sister devised a plan for making a mutual entertainment for us out of it. She started a little paper, in which our

stories and verses were collected, having been dropped very privately by us into a box, of which she held the key. It was great fun to us to listen to the semi-weekly evening reading, and guess at the carefully concealed authorship.

Our little journal was called *The Diving Bell*; and we were not critical enough to perceive any incongruity between its title and its motto:—

“T is here young mind her untried strength shall
 prove,
 And onward, upward, she ‘ll forever move.”

Certainly we felt delightfully free to plunge or soar at will; our thoughts made amusing ventures in almost every direction.

The manuscript file of *The Diving Bell*, twelve numbers, yellow and thumb-worn, is still in existence. It is not unlikely that it was the germ from which the *Lowell Offering* blossomed. For, at about this time, a group of young mill-girls, of whom the elder sister just mentioned was one, formed themselves into what they called an *Improvement Circle*, the object of which was the writing and reading of their own literary compositions, with mutual criticism. An enlarged *Improvement Circle* grew out of this; and from the material there collected, the first numbers of the *Lowell Offering* were made up and published.

Opportunity for study was by many of us more eagerly desired than anything else. This I, for one, found after a few years at a lighter employment, in the “cloth-room,” where the work was clean and quite noiseless, occupying the few of us who were needed to do it not more than eight hours a day. Here we might use books while waiting for the cloth from the mills, which was to be measured and recorded. And here, besides reviewing several English studies, some of us struck boldly into the German language, having found an enthusiastic native teacher, under whom we conquered the gutturals and the dif-

ficult irregular conjugations, wrote exercises in the queer “*Deutsch*” characters, and, beginner-like, fearlessly attempted translations from Jean Paul, from Goethe, and from Schiller.

One little group studied Moral Science under our pastor’s direction, with Wayland’s treatise on the subject for a textbook; and still another group—I mention only the classes of which I was a member; there were many besides—were learning something about botany, having for a guide a lady from Rhode Island, whose book was afterward somewhat used in the schools. Our botanical researches led to many excursions into the fields, and we gained thus not only a tolerable knowledge of the flora of the Merrimack Valley, but many a life-giving breath of air from forest and hill, that sweetened the long, close working-day.

A mill-girl’s studies had to be of a desultory kind, but they were usually pursued with an eye to something more systematic in the future. Those who worked fewer hours earned less money than others; but there were many who cared far more for knowledge than for money. The spirit of accumulating for the sake of accumulation was by no means general. While there were uses enough for all that any of us could earn,—while there were some who had needs involving the comfort of dear ones at home, for whom they would have been willing to toil night and day, nearly all would have been thankful indeed for a working-day only ten hours long. Time—time of our own, time to read and study in, to do what we pleased with—was dreamed of as the greatest of possible luxuries. The world looked so much larger when there were long hours of sunshine out under the open sky to see it by!

Yet life never seemed contracted, for during the day there was much to think about, and the winter evening always held something pleasant to anticipate.

Lyceum lectures were in those days listened to for instruction more than for entertainment, and many distinguished persons came to lecture at Lowell, who spoke to crowded audiences, two thirds of which must usually have been working-girls.

Mr. Emerson came over from Concord,—it may have been several times; one time I especially remember, because some of us were eagerly expecting to find out what “transcendentalism” meant. A bewildered discussion followed as to whether we had understood, or only imagined we understood, what the lecture was about. We were sure we had had a glimpse of something grand beyond us, though nobody could tell exactly what.

We often heard the Brook Farm community talked of, and were curious about it, as an experiment at air-castle building by intellectual people who had time to indulge their tastes. The strong home ties which held most of us were our centripetal attraction. They gave us a purpose which we felt it no sacrifice to concentrate our energies upon, in the clearness of which a project like this was subdued to a far-off visionary glimmer, that only faintly reached our path. Perhaps we were conservative,—they say that woman naturally is so; perhaps we cared too much for what was already ours, to desire pullings-down and reconstructions; and perhaps some of us dimly felt, with Aurora Leigh, that

“Your Fouriers failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within.”

Whatever influence stirred the country deeply, moved us also. In the anti-slavery reform, especially, many were intensely interested. Petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia grew to yards in length, as they circulated through the mills. With some of the older ones, the question now and then pressed close, whether it was right to be at work upon material

so entirely the product of slave labor as cotton. But since the cloth woven from it was supposed to be worn by the most zealous antislavery agitators, the question was allowed to pass as one too complicated for us to decide.

At one memorable time the “free-soil” movement brought the poet Whittier to the city, to edit a paper in the interest of that cause during a political campaign. Not very many of us knew or cared enough about party issues to sympathize with the protest occasionally heard from the lips of a masculine acquaintance, that it was “too bad for those free soilers to be trying to break up the whig party.” That the poet of the Merrimack, already for years hailed as such by the popular heart, was with us for any purpose was reason for delight and mutual congratulation. Our faith in the man was as great as our enthusiasm for the minstrel, and we were predisposed to believe in any cause he might engage in, as a wise and worthy one.

We who wrote for the Offering sometimes met Mr. Whittier at the literary circle, which held semi-weekly meetings at the rooms of its editor, a townswoman of his. The words of appreciation and encouragement he gave our youthful efforts can never be forgotten. It was an era in our lives; to some, the beginning of a life-long friendship. Mr. Whittier wrote his impressions of Lowell in several brief essays, since brought together, with papers on other subjects, in his collected prose works.

The Lowell Offering was a good deal spoken of in its day, and perhaps deserves a few words here. It had its origin, as has already been said, in a literary circle formed among the mill-girls, but the idea of printing the papers read at these meetings did not occur to the girls themselves; probably they did not think what they wrote of sufficient value. The suggestion was made to them by a gentleman who undertook

the first management of the little magazine. It began its life as a regular periodical in April, 1841, and continued in existence five years, during which time it attracted much attention, more probably in England than in our own country.

A volume compiled from its contents, and entitled *Mind Among the Spindles*, was printed by Mr. Knight, in London; and another volume, called *American Factories and their Female Operatives*, incorporating large extracts from the *Offering*, was published by Dr. Scoresby, of Bradford, England, as a record of his personal observations, and with the hope of giving mental stimulus to those employed in British manufactories.

Miss Martineau, having received the bound volumes of the *Lowell Offering*, a joint gift from three of its contributors bearing with her the Christian name of Harriet, writes thus in her letter of acknowledgment:—

“In my respect for labor I am a true republican; and nothing vexes me more in American writings than to see any question whatever about this, any jealousy about station or dress as determined by labor, any need of self-assertion on the part of factory-girls, etc.

“It strikes me that the *Offering* improves as it goes on; that the short reflective articles are better, and the tone of all freer and richer. You can scarcely imagine the pleasure to me, an invalid prisoner, confined to the sofa, of reviving the images of American life; of seeing again, as I read, the New England farm-house or cottage, the mill or the village church. I thank you heartily for this pleasure.”

Elsewhere, Miss Martineau speaks of the impression left upon her by the mill-girls of Waltham, as she saw them when visiting this country many years before:—

“Twice the wages and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw happy and healthy, without that culti-

vation of mind which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment, and motive for activity. Their minds were so open to fresh ideas as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns.”

During the last three years of its life, the magazine was written, edited, and published by mill-girls. From its editorials, we find that prominent educators and philanthropists had become interested in it, as suggesting what might be done by and for women in various ways. I did not myself write for the *Offering* until it was in its third year, and previous to that time I knew only one or two of its contributors, most of them being older than myself, and residing in another part of the city. I looked up to these unknown *Offering* writers as wonderfully wise and mature, and I think I was not altogether mistaken. Certainly others thought so, too, for distant newspaper critics insisted that the papers in the little magazine must be the work of “Lowell lawyers.” My own crude verses had been given to another magazine of the kind in our more immediate neighborhood, which magazine afterwards was incorporated with the *Offering*. The whole number of contributors to the *Offering* is mentioned as about seventy. Great latitude was permitted in choosing subjects, the only restriction being against the admission of anything “sectarian.” From Miss Martineau’s letter one can judge what the themes usually were,—memories of home-life, work, and the thoughts and fancies which came to the worker at her toil.

To a girl of active mind and ready expression, writing was almost a necessity; for the hours passed in the midst of monotonous noise, which drowned the sound of human voices, brought with them a sense of isolation such as one feels in the loneliest wilderness. One’s thoughts had to be accepted for company; the only alternative was blank

solitude. It was often, therefore, a real pleasure to try to put reflection or fancy into form.

Most of the contributions were probably written by way of recreation. It is not likely that the magazine was ever, so far as money goes, a paying investment to anybody. As an outgrowth of these mill-girls' life, it was "its own excuse for being;" and its name, *The Offering*, indicates what it was to its writers, — a handful of flowers tended during moments of leisure, and gathered and given for the simple pleasure of giving. It was discontinued for want of pecuniary support, but its five years of life were long enough to remind the world that working and thinking may and do go on together.

One of the pleasantest things the *Offering* brought its contributors was the meeting, previously alluded to, in the editor's parlor, where some of the accepted articles were read before publication, and where the writers were introduced to one another and to guests invited in for the evening, persons of literary taste in the city, or strangers whose interest in the place and the people had brought them there from long distances.

Lowell was one of the towns a foreign traveler in New England usually visited, as a matter of course. Charles Dickens came there in 1842, and made a report of his observations in the *American Notes*. The contrast between life in Lowell and in the great manufacturing towns of England he speaks of as the contrast "between the good and evil, the living light and deepest shadow." To the latter he alludes as "those great haunts of desperate misery," which the British nation ought "to purge of their suffering and danger." He mentions three things about the mill-girls at Lowell which he thought would strike his countrymen as remarkable: that some of them had pianos in their boarding-houses, that they subscribed to circulat-

ing libraries, and that they published a magazine among themselves, filled with original articles, — statements which he supposed might even seem "preposterous" to many of his English readers.

Mr. Dickens was pleased with his visit, and writes, —

"I solemnly declare that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labor of her hands, I would have removed from those works, if I had the power."

He afterwards adds a paragraph which contains the one significant fact in the life of the Lowell mill-girls: —

"There is no manufacturing population in Lowell, so to speak; for these girls come from other States, remain a few years in the mills, and then go home for good."

And so it was. The girls always looked upon their life in the mills as a temporary one. The idea of remaining there beyond a brief period of years came to very few in the shape of a possibility.

In an *Offering* editorial this paragraph occurs: —

"One of our contributors, upon being asked to furnish a story of factory life, replied, 'I never think of factory life as distinct from other life, or of factory operatives as distinct from other laborers. We are just like others. We come here and stay awhile, and then go back to the little world, or little out-of-the-world, from which we came. Our hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows are those to which all are subject.'"

This feeling, that they were at work in the mills for a little while, only to accomplish some special purpose, gave them contentment, without any sacrifice of independence. Rumors of intended reduction of wages would often bring

rumors of intended "strikes;" but the quiet, steady-going ones formed a large majority, who gave no aid or sympathy to violent measures, and the murmur of disaffection soon died away. What reason had these young girls for nursing a sense of injuries, with all New England beckoning them back to their native hills, to the homes that were missing them, and that would overflow with rejoicing when the absent sister or daughter should see for herself that it was no longer worth while for her to stay away?

Mr. Dickens said very truly of Lowell that there was no "manufacturing class" there. In a country like ours, "classes," in the Old World sense, cannot exist; the use of the word in that way is an absurdity. The woman who must support herself may take up, at different times in her life, a dozen different employments. She cannot be named for them all, without receiving as many prefixes as are given to a royal infant at its christening.

To the appellation "mill-girl," or "factory-girl," there is no objection, as indicating an occupation for the time being. The word "operative," however, may be objected to, as dehumanizing. An operative is not necessarily a person; it may mean a wheel, or a shaft, as well; and it is not good for us to think of men or women merely as part of the machinery they tend.

The young girls at work in the Lowell mills certainly were not "a class." If any one had wished to study New England women in every variety, excepting that of the small minority reared in affluence, — some even of these, however, occasionally strayed thither, through reverse of fortune, — nowhere else could a better opportunity have been found. Coming to their work neither unintelligent nor uninstructed, all that they worthily accomplished beyond that work was the outgrowth of tastes and aspirations born with them, and

brought with them from their homes, but here rekindled and strengthened by congenial associations. Whatever was remarkable in their life was due to the womanhood it represented; and the roots of that womanhood were fed by the keen intelligence and deep religious faith of the country's earliest settlers.

These young women have been spoken of as chiefly farmers' daughters, and perhaps they were the most vigorous among us, in body and mind. But others were children of clergymen or physicians, or of men of business, left orphans, or deprived in various ways of pecuniary support. In the simple life of the country, hamlet people are drawn together by their mutual needs; they cannot afford to classify themselves as to their daily callings; and at Lowell there was a closer personal contact and a larger mutual need. Most of the young women there had grown up without any idea of the social distinctions which paradoxically creep even into republican communities, when they become old enough or rich enough. They met, with sincere sympathy, on a common ground of toil and aspiration.

With the report of the taste for reading and study among the mill-girls, and particularly after the publication of the *Offering*, the mistaken impression went abroad that a paradise of work had at last been found. Romantic young women came from a distance, with rose-colored pictures in their minds of labor turned to pastime, which were doomed to be sadly blurred by disappointment.

Certainly we mill-girls did not regard our own lot as an easy one, but we had accepted its fatigues and discomforts as unavoidable, and could forget them in struggling forward to what was before us. The charm of our life was that it had both outlook and outlet. We trod a path full of commonplace obstructions, but there were no difficulties in it we could not hope to overcome, and the effort to conquer them was in itself a

pleasure. There was many a bright spot in our life, but its chief illumination came from the wider regions into which it opened and led. Our toil was lightened by many uplifting influences: the freshness of nature about us, beautiful friendships, and the lofty inspirations of religion, influences that shape the permanent possessions of life for us all.

Those middle years of the century were full of stimulus. Vistas opened in every direction. New horizons were lifted before our eyes. The untrodden peaks, the unexplored forests, the prairies untraversed, were all around, just far enough off to give scope to the most inclosed landscape. There was boundless breathing-room for everybody. There were the hopes and possibilities which are more to the imaginative seeker than attainment. The simple phrase, "the far West," was like a talisman, rich with suggestions and beckonings. All these influences were as an atmosphere surrounding the toiler, in which soul and body were free to move,—an atmosphere that poured in at the mill-windows, invigorating those who went forth to new experiences.

The later history of that busy girlhood at Lowell it would be well-nigh impossible to unwind, so closely has it become wrought into the home life of the nation. There were those who became teachers, missionaries, artists, authors. There were those who returned to the quiet life of daughter or sister in the farm-house on the mountain-side. Many more were married, and are the mothers of the men and women who inhabit our wide continent to-day.

It is more than thirty years since I knew much of the working-girls in the Lowell mills. I have written only what I remember, what others can substantiate. It is but an outline, which might be filled in with pages of matter equally to the point. There are always as many views of a situation as there are per-

sons to fill it; and some, doubtless, did not enjoy, but only endured, their life at the looms or spindles. To me, having had most of the time, it is true, the advantage of living in my mother's house, my childhood and youth at Lowell are among my pleasantest early memories, and I count the years spent there among the most valuable years in my life.

The world's workers, however humble their toil, are a more honorable company than its idlers. Refined employments, when pursued without inspiration, are no more elevating than coarser ones; for occupations, like bodies, receive their value from the soul that animates them. We have all seen how the homeliest labor may be glorified by a great motive, or by that sympathy of toiler with toiler, through which the human flower comes often to its richest perfection in lowliest situations.

To be identified with those who have won from a commonplace industry the means of making themselves and others happier, wiser, and better is reason for gratitude not unmixed with pride. But they who now accept the contingencies of factory labor, and through it find way to a worthy human development, deserve far greater credit than those who made similar efforts at the same kind of work, amid pleasant companionships, and stimulated by mutual aspirations after mental cultivation and moral excellence. No credit, indeed, can be deserved for having made only a fair use of good opportunities.

Foreigners, with paralyzing caste-ideas crushed into them, now form a large proportion of those employed in cotton-mills: and this makes the toil of the New England woman there every year more difficult and more disagreeable. For her the prospect is not encouraging. But the members of a republic like ours owe it to one another that every kind of useful labor shall be held respectable, and also that the moral sur-

roundings of the laborer shall be so looked after that he or she may be able to keep both work and personality worthy of respect.

With especial emphasis, in a Christian republic, should womanhood mean sisterhood. Every woman among us owes every other woman who is seeking an honorable maintenance at least such sympathy as she would wish for herself, in like circumstances.

A truism is a truth gone to seed, and perhaps this one is ripe for replanting: that the only just standard by which the worth of any woman's life can be measured is to be found, not in the more or less favorable accidents of her condition, nor yet in the visible amount of labor she may or may not have accomplished, but in the loyalty of her womanhood to the most ennobling instincts and principles of our common humanity.

Lucy Larcom.

WHEN DID THE PILGRIM FATHERS LAND AT PLYMOUTH?

In his latest historical work, in which there is, perhaps, more learning to the page than is often crowded into a single volume, Dr. Freeman says that "in the case of the smaller dates, those which do not mark the great epochs of history, nothing is easier than to get wrong by a year or so." As he thought it worth while to show how these errors sometimes occur, and to declare that he could give a reason for his own choice in disputed cases; and as he adds he shall be "deeply thankful" to any one who will point out "any mistakes, or seeming mistakes," that he may have made; the implication is that smaller dates being, in Dr. Freeman's opinion, worthy of so much consideration, those which mark great epochs of history cannot be regarded as unimportant.

If this may be accepted as true on the authority of this distinguished historiographer, or if it may be accepted as a self-evident truth, then this paper needs no further apology. For its subject is the accuracy of the date of an interesting and important event, which is usually considered one of the "great epochs" in American history.

Yet, doubtless, there are persons who do not consider it of the least moment to anybody whether the Pilgrim Fathers

landed at Plymouth on the 21st or the 22d of December, 1620, or whether they did not land there on either of those days. But if that be true, and the question is of no real importance; if we may continue to consider either one or the other date of an alleged incident as correct, because, heretofore, sometimes one, and sometimes the other, has been so considered; then the step from unconscious historical inaccuracy to conscious historical falsehood is not a long one. On the other hand, putting aside any question of historical conscientiousness, if it has been worth while, for more than a century, to commemorate the event on each recurring year, is it not worth while to know, if that custom is to be continued, whether the date of the event is fixed on a right or a wrong day?

The question, however, has been thought already of importance enough to be carefully discussed. It is not seriously disputed now that the well-known New England Society of New York is out of its reckoning by a day on its annual gathering. It eats its anniversary dinner on the 22d of December, to solemnize the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on what an irreverent Irishman, at one of those dinners, called

"the Blarney Stone" of New England. But dinners are perishable things, as we all know to our sorrow, nor do they make history. And now that a similar body of faithful and pious pilgrims on the other bank of the East River, in Brooklyn, assemble on the 21st of December, with their shoes also full of boiled peas, to testify their veneration of the austere virtues of the Fathers, it will lead to no serious confusion if the New York brethren shall adhere to an anniversary which is a day behindhand. No great harm, indeed, would be done, if the day may be adjusted to the dinner rather than the dinner to the day, should the older society insist that, for the sake of the unities and the sentimentalities, "Forefathers' Day" must fall hereafter on the 19th of April or the 17th of June. But when they set up in Central Park the monument they are talking about, it would then be as well that the faithful and enduring stone should not be besmirched with blunders.

This error of a single day the later historians have corrected with more or less emphasis. Are there more blunders behind? If it shall appear that there is a mistake as to the alleged event, as well as a mistake as to the alleged date on which the alleged event (which may never have happened) is alleged to have happened, — are not these also worth looking into?

It was, probably, the late Judge John Davis, of Boston, then president of that venerable and, if history is worth anything, useful body, the Massachusetts Historical Society, who first observed this erroneous date in the reputed landing at Plymouth of the founders of New England. More than a hundred years ago, in 1769, the Old Colony Club of Plymouth was formed, and its members resolved to do reverence to their ancestors by an annual dinner. The day fixed upon was the 22d of December. The first course of the first dinner was

"pudding." They wished, says the historian of Plymouth, that "all appearance of luxury and extravagance be avoided, in imitation of our ancestors, whose memory we shall ever respect." Here is the precedent which the New York gentlemen who trace their lineage so unerringly to the passengers of the Mayflower insist upon following, — the precedent, that is, as to the day of the month; whether they are equally tenacious of the whortleberry pudding, typically or literally, does not appear in the reports.

Judge Davis's suggestion was that the mistake was made by adding eleven days instead of ten to December 11th, Old Style, to make it conform to New Style. But as the Gregorian calendar had been only a few years before adopted by England, it seems incredible that the principal citizens of one of the chief towns of the best educated colony in America could have made such a blunder. Such men could hardly have failed to understand why the Gregorian calendar was adopted, and that to change Old Style into New ten days only should be added to the day of the month in the seventeenth century.

How, then, could the mistake have occurred? It may have been a perfectly natural one. The antiquary of the Old Colony Club may have turned to a copy of Mourt's Relation, if one could be found in Plymouth, — which was not in the least unlikely a hundred years ago, rare as original copies of the book now are, — to verify the date of the day it was proposed to commemorate. The careful man would seek for an original authority, and there was then no other available than the Relation. Mr. Charles Deane was not yet born, and Bradford's History, which he, a few years since, gave to the world, was still hidden away somewhere in manuscript, — perhaps in the library then kept in the tower of the Old South Church in Boston. The Relation is a journal of the voyage of the

Mayflower and of the planting of the colony, kept day by day, probably by William Bradford and Edward Winslow. It was printed in London in 1622, and it was not the fault of the writers if the blunders of the printer led a Plymouth gentleman, a hundred and fifty years afterward, into mistaking one date for another.

This journal records that on Wednesday, the 6th of December (Old Style), Bradford and Winslow, with others, left the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor, and went in the ship's shallop to search, as had already been done several times before, for a fitting place for disembarkation and settlement. Two days later, — Friday, the 8th, — they were driven by a storm upon Clark's Island, in Plymouth harbor, where none of them had ever been before. Now let us look at the exact words of the journal, with the punctuation of the original edition, and see what the Plymouth researcher of 1769 would very likely make of it. The record is, "and here wee made our Randevous all that day, being Saturday, 10. of December, on the Sabbath day wee rested, and on Munday we sounded the Harbour, & found it a very good Harbour for our shipping, we marched also into the Land, & found divers corne fields, & little running brookes, a place very good for scituation," etc.

A careless reader would be easily misled by this sentence. At a glance, it is evident that he must correct the punctuation, and the construction seems to imply that there should be a semicolon after December, — "all that day, being Saturday, 10. of December," — instead of a comma. If, then, Saturday was the 10th of the month, Monday, when they "marched into the land," was the 12th. The addition of the ten days requisite to change Old Style to New would give the 22d as Forefathers' Day; which is wrong.

But it is not the journal which is re-

sponsible. The printer blundered in punctuation, and the reader does no better who puts a semicolon after December. For at the beginning of the narrative of this expedition in the shallop the journal says, "Wednesday the sixt of December wee set out;" and in the next paragraph to that, which the careless reader may read "Saturday, 10. of December," the journal records Friday of the next week as "the fifteenth," and the next day as "being Saturday the 16." Reading the passage, then, as undoubtedly it was written, and supplying the proper punctuation, this is what we learn: "and here wee made our Randevous all that day, being Saturday; 10. of December on the Sabbath day wee rested; and on Munday we sounded the Harbour." Monday, therefore, was the 11th, as the context of the dates of the diary shows, — as a calculation will show to any one who may think it worth while to make it; and Monday in New Style would be the 21st.

Whether the Plymouth Club, a hundred and twelve years ago, made a mistake in the way here suggested, it is certainly a curious fact that if they had gone to the only original authority then probably accessible for the date they sought, they might very easily have been led into the very error they committed. At any rate, that the mistake was made few now dispute, directly or indirectly. Yet only about twenty years ago Dr. Palfrey said, "The *twenty-second* day of December has taken a firm hold on the local thought and literature, which the *twenty-first* will scarcely displace." It appears already that on this point he was mistaken. The correction has become gradually accepted among intelligent people.

Now, the day being fixed, will it be thought an impertinent question whether there is any doubt as to what really happened on that day? Mr. Bancroft's assertion is very categorical. He says that "on Monday, the eleventh day of Decem-

ber, Old Style, the exploring party of the forefathers land at Plymouth. A grateful posterity has marked the rock which first received their footsteps." Dr. Palfrey says, "A trustworthy tradition has preserved the knowledge of the landing-place. . . . It was PLYMOUTH ROCK." But, more cautious than Mr. Bancroft, he adds presently, "The tradition does not appear to have unequivocally determined who it was that landed on the rock, whether the exploring party of ten men who went on shore at Plymouth December 11th (Old Style), or the whole company who came into Plymouth harbor in the Mayflower on Saturday, December 16th, and who, or a part of whom, 'went a land' two days after."

Here is confusion enough to arrest attention. Is tradition the only evidence of the landing upon the Rock? In that case, does tradition refer to the landing of the exploring party only on the 11th; or to the landing of all, or part, of the Mayflower's passengers on the 16th; or to both? Is there any evidence to show that the tradition cannot refer to the exploring party? And is there any evidence to show that the other passengers did not land on the Rock on the 16th, but some days later? Then, if the tradition does not refer to the ten explorers; and as the Mayflower was safely at anchor, with all the other passengers on board, twenty miles or so away, in Provincetown harbor, on the 11th; is it probable that anybody landed on the Rock on that day?

But the popular belief, no doubt, is that on that day the whole company was disembarked. Before me is an elaborately illustrated certificate of membership of "The Pilgrim Society, instituted at Plymouth, Mass., A. D. 1820, in grateful remembrance of the First Settlers of New England, who landed at that place December 21, 1620." The grateful remembrance must be of the whole company, not of ten men in a shallop. This certificate is duly attested

by president and secretary, and was issued, years ago, to all who would pay in return a certain sum of money, to be used in the erection of a monument at Plymouth. Whether there is any such monument I do not know; but the document, coming from an eminently respectable society in Plymouth, is good evidence of the belief there of what the memorable event was that took place on the 21st of December, 1620. Probably there is hardly a Northern State where, on the anniversary of that day, the landing of the Pilgrims — meaning the whole of them — is not, in some way, commemorated by those who came, or whose ancestors came, from Massachusetts.

It ought to be possible to clear away all this confusion. The simple fact is that two events have been confounded: the presence of ten of the Mayflower's passengers, with some of the ship's company, in Plymouth harbor for a few hours on the 11th (21st) of December; and the landing of all the colonists at Plymouth a fortnight later.

Mr. Bancroft asserts positively that the exploring party landed on Plymouth Rock on the 11th. But there is no historical authority for this assertion. Turning again to the contemporary narrative in Mourt's Relation, we learn only that "we sounded the Harbour, & found it a very good Harbour for our shipping, we marched also into the Land, & found divers corne fields, & little running brookes, a place very good for scituation, so we returned to our Ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts." In his History of Plymouth Plantation, — first published only five and twenty years ago, — Bradford, who was one of the exploring party, says, in almost the same words, but with a significant addition, "On Munday they sounded y^e harbor, and founde it fitt for shipping; and marched into y^e land & found diverse corn-fields, & litle

runing brooks, a place (as they supposed) fitt for situation; at least it was y^e best they could find, and y^e season, & their presente necessitie, made them glad to accepte of it. So they returned to their shipp againe with this news to y^e rest of their people, which did much comforte their harts."

Of what these men did that day this is all the direct evidence. And one can hardly read it, with a Plymouth map before him, without regarding it as very circumstantial evidence also. He will hardly escape the conclusion that the harbor they sounded was the harbor all about them surrounding Clark's Island; that the land they "marched into" was the nearest main-land right opposite, straight across the harbor, — now Duxbury and Kingston, — where corn-fields would be sure to be found, and where along the shore half a dozen little brooks are still loitering on their way to the sea. Then how plain it is, from Bradford's narrative, that they were in a great hurry, and therefore, it may be presumed, sounded the nearest waters, and examined the nearest shores, that they might return that day, as apparently they did, to the impatient company on board the ship. What possible reason is there for supposing that men so pressed for time, whose sole object there was to find if there was water enough about them to float a ship, and a neighboring country which seemed fit for a colony, — what possible reason could they have for sailing three miles or more along a coast utterly unknown to them, and presenting everywhere the same features, before they went ashore? That would have been to go, going and coming, six miles, at least, out of their way to learn what could be learned as well within a mile or two; to delay just so much, for no reasonable purpose whatever, their return to the ship, where ninety-two men, women, and children were as anxious that winter quarters should be found for them as the cap-

tain of the Mayflower was anxious to be rid of them, that he might escape the winter storms and get back to England. Taking the statements of the actors themselves; considering them in the light of the probabilities of the case, and putting aside for the moment a misunderstood tradition; the probability amounts almost to a certainty that the exploring party did not go within miles of Plymouth Rock.

To come, then, to the tradition. Traditions are, in the first place, uncertain things. They are often founded in error; and often they become by accretion something very different from the original story. So far from being exempt from the difficulties of ordinary evidence, as they are usually supposed to be, they are the more subject to them, for, from the nature of the case, there is no possibility of sifting out the truth by cross-examination. But the tradition in regard to the landing at Plymouth — or rather the traditions, for there are three of them, each bearing upon the other — is, as Dr. Palfrey says, "trustworthy." But it is trustworthy partly because it is verified by evidence, and is limited by it.

That to which Dr. Palfrey refers is the assertion of Elder Faunce, of Plymouth, an aged man, who, when the Rock was about to be covered by a wharf in 1741, declared that he knew, from his father and others of the first settlers, that it was on that spot they landed. Mrs. White, a venerable lady, who died in 1810, at the age of ninety-five, and Deacon Spooner, who died in 1818, at the age of eighty-three, had heard the Elder make this statement; and this oral testimony was recorded by the late Judge Davis and by the late Dr. Thacher, the historian of Plymouth. It is seldom that a tradition can be traced so directly from mouth to mouth of known and responsible persons for two hundred years.

But for all that the tradition is not

quite clear, because it may be made, and has been made, to apply to two distinct events. Elder Faunce did not, as Dr. Palfrey has pointed out, say to which of two possible disembarkations the tradition refers. Was it to that of ten men, who may have been at Plymouth for a little while on the 21st of December? Or was it to that of the whole body of one hundred and two men, women, and children on board the *Mayflower*, who, at a subsequent date, landed upon Plymouth Rock, and landed to stay?

It is more than probable that no such question ever entered the mind of Elder Faunce. The venerable narrators from whom he heard the story could certainly have been in no doubt as to what they were talking about. Faunce was born in 1646: if he were ten or fifteen years old before he became enough impressed with the story to remember it, only thirty-five to forty years had passed even then since the event. No confusion could have arisen in that short period as to what was meant by the landing upon Plymouth Rock. Those who talked of it as an event within their memory knew who landed there, and when they landed; and, naturally, it would not occur to them, nor to the children who listened to them, that they could be understood as meaning the landing of somebody else at some other time.

There certainly was a day when all the passengers of the *Mayflower* left the ship, and landed upon Plymouth Rock. It was the last step by which they left the Old World behind them forever; it was the first step of the whole company into the New World, from which there could be no retreat, the important consequences of which were visible enough now after thirty or forty years. Surely this was the event so vividly remembered, — the event which they would wish to impress upon the minds of their children, to be handed

down to the latest posterity. There was no overweening self-consciousness in this feeling that attached importance to what they all did together, rather than to what a few of them did alone. It was to the final disembarkation of the whole company at the foot of that hill where, before three months were over, half of them were resting quietly in their graves that memory clung with so tender and melancholy an interest; not the casual visit to that spot — even if that occurred — of a few of their number some days before. And it is the universal sympathy with this feeling that has fixed the popular belief that on the 21st of December the *Mayflower* rode at anchor in Plymouth harbor, and her one hundred and two passengers landed on that day upon Plymouth Rock.

But this popular belief, we know, is a popular error. The Faunce tradition, no doubt, refers to that event, but it does not refer the event to that date. Putting aside the probabilities as to what particular landing it was that the first settlers loved to remember and talk about, the Faunce tradition may be tested by two other traditions, and by such facts as can be gathered from the contemporary journal.

It has been handed down through the descendants of two sisters, Mary and Susanna Chilton, that the first person to spring from the boat to the rock was Mary. Another tradition, cherished by the descendants of John Alden, claim that honor for their ancestor. It may be that both are, in a sense, trustworthy; that Mary Chilton was the first woman, and John Alden the first man, to make the leap. At any rate, the three traditions evidently point to the same event; for there could not have been two separate and distinct landings which the Pilgrims thought should be remembered as an era in their history. But these family traditions, it is plain, do not point to anything that could have happened on the 21st of December;

for Mary Chilton and John Alden — “that hopfull yong man,” as Bradford calls him, without intending an allusion to his legs — were, on that day, with the other passengers on board the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor, quietly awaiting the return of the exploring party from their voyage of discovery in the shallop. As the Faunce tradition, then, gives no particular date, and as the Chilton and Alden traditions cannot possibly refer to the 21st, the logical conclusion must be that, as all three clearly commemorate the same event, that event must have occurred at some time subsequent to the 21st. When was it? If we can fix that, we shall get at the true Forefathers’ Day as the forefathers themselves remembered it. As tradition is exhausted, something may be learned from history.

The exploring party returned to the ship at Provincetown on Monday, the 21st, or Tuesday, the 22d, and made their report. On Friday the Mayflower sailed for the newly discovered bay, and the next day, Saturday, the 26th, arrived in Plymouth harbor. On Monday a boat-load “went a land;” that is, a new exploring party went ashore, and “marched along the coast in the woods, some 7 or 8 mile,” to search now for a fitting place on which to plant the colony. They found none to suit them, and therefore, “the next morning,” continues the Relation, “being Tuesday the 19. [29th N. S.] of December wee went againe to discover further. Some went on Land, & some in the Shallop.” Both the harbor and its shores were again examined. Some of them had “a goode minde, for safety to plant on the greater Ile,” — Clark’s Island; others “went vp three English myles a very pleasant river,” — Jones’s River in Kingston, as it was named afterward; and this, also, says the journal, “we had a great liking to plant in, but that it was so farre from our fishing, our principall profit;” that is, it was

about six miles from the open sea of Cape Cod Bay.

They had now been four or five days in the harbor, including Sunday; three of them had been spent by some of the company in diligent observation along its shores, for half a dozen miles or more; while most of the passengers still remained on board the Mayflower, waiting in irksome and anxious impatience to know when and where they were at last to land. When the explorers returned to the ship on Tuesday evening, the 29th, it was resolved “the next morning to settle [agree] on some of those places” which they had examined. Accordingly, the next morning, the 30th, “after we had,” continues the journal, “called on God for direction, we came to this resolution, to goe presently ashore againe, & to take a better view of two places, which wee thought most fitting for vs, for we could not now take time for further search or consideration, our victuals being much spent, especially our Beere.” This “better view” was taken; the site of Plymouth was one of the two designated places, and, “by most voices,” that was preferred.

From that day, the 30th, this spot was permanently occupied. “So there we made our Randevous,” says the Relation, “& a place for some of our people about twentie, resolving in the morning to come all ashore & to build houses.” Is it not to do violence to common sense, and to all the rules of evidence, to assume that this very place had been visited and selected as the best for the new home by an exploring party more than a week before? Days had been spent in roaming along the coast for miles; different places had been examined and compared; only two days before some had “a goode minde” that the settlement should be made upon Clark’s Island, while others “had a great liking to plant” on the pleasant bank of Jones’s River; and at the last, there was still a question between Plymouth

and another place, nine days after the alleged visit and the alleged selection of Plymouth by ten of the company.

But not even yet have we come to the probable day which was to be marked as forever memorable by the Faunce tradition, — marked more distinctly by the last gleam of vivid color that shines out of that sad and sombre winter in the merry and good-natured rivalry between Mary Chilton and John Alden. Poor little Puritan maiden! to be all alone presently, with tears, and not laughter, for her share; for her sister Susanna had been left behind in England, and the father and mother were among the first to be laid away at the foot of the hill into whose shadow Mary sprang as she leaped upon the Rock.

Up to the 29th it had been all uncertainty; and in the records there is nowhere the least allusion to any place having been selected, or to any particular spot having been visited, by that party in the shallop. History and tradition seem to be in entire accord. Some other date, then, than the 21st must be looked for as the date of the landing.

That memorable day was not this Wednesday, the 30th, when possession was taken of Plymouth, and twenty of the people remained there. "The next morning," says the careful journalist, "being Thursday the 21. [31st N. S.] of December, it was stormie & wett, that wee could not goe ashore." But this is a qualification only of the preceding statement in the same sentence of the resolution of the night before, — "resolving in the morning to come all ashore & to build houses." That "wee could not goe ashore" does not mean that nobody did so, but that the purpose of a general landing was frustrated by the bad weather; for before noon of this day, as we are told before the paragraph is finished, "the Shallop went off with much adoe with provision" from the ship. On Friday even this was impossible; but on Saturday the

storm abated, and then "so many of vs as could went on shore, felled and carried tymber to provide themselves stuffe for building."

So many as could, but not the whole. This careful and reiterated distinction between the whole and a part can hardly have been without a purpose; but whether it was or not, we get at the exact fact, — the appointment of a time for the disembarkation of the whole company, and its delay from day to day by the storm. The event which tradition perpetuates, the journalist, whether he meant to or not, carefully distinguishes — the landing of all the Pilgrim Fathers, not a part of them, upon Plymouth Rock.

Turn once more to Mourt's Relation: "Monday the 25. day, we went on shore, some to fell tymber, some to saw, some to rive [rive], & some to carry; so no man rested all that day." Here "we" means the whole company; all on that day landed upon the Rock; all, for the first time, took part in the building of the new home; "no man rested all that day." Turn then to Bradford's History. He relates succinctly the sailing from Provincetown harbor, and the arrival in Plymouth bay. "And afterwards," he continues, they "tooke better view of y^e place, and resolved wher to pitch their dwelling: and y^e 25 day, begane to erecte y^e first house for comone use to receive them and their goods." It was "they," the whole body of the colonists, who "resolved wher to pitch their dwellings," after coming from Provincetown harbor; not a pioneer party who visited the bay before. And surely Bradford knew, for he was one of that party in the shallop. Indeed, it is probably Bradford who wrote the Relation as well as the History.

This, then, was the day which, thirty or forty years afterward, the boy Faunce heard the old men talk about as the day they landed from the Mayflower upon Plymouth Rock; it was the distinction

of being the first to leap ashore on this day, when for the first time the women seem to have left the ship at Plymouth, that is given by tradition to Mary Chilton and John Alden, — the 25th of De-

cember, 1620, which in New Style falls upon the 4th of January, 1621.

Who, then, landed on Plymouth Rock on the 21st of December, 1620? Nobody.

S. H. Gay.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

L.

As the Countess Gemini was not acquainted with the ancient monuments, Isabel occasionally offered to introduce her to these interesting relics, and to give their afternoon drive an antiquarian aim. The countess, who professed to think her sister-in-law a prodigy of learning, never made an objection, and gazed at masses of Roman brickwork as patiently as if they had been mounds of modern drapery. She was not an antiquarian; but she was so delighted to be in Rome that she only desired to float with the current. She would gladly have passed an hour every day in the damp darkness of the Baths of Titus, if it had been a condition of her remaining at the Palazzo Roccanera. Isabel, however, was not a severe *cicerone*; she used to visit the ruins chiefly because they offered an excuse for talking about other matters than the love affairs of the ladies of Florence, as to which her companion was never weary of offering information. It must be added that during these visits the countess was not very active; her preference was to sit in the carriage and exclaim that everything was most interesting. It was in this manner that she had hitherto examined the Coliseum, to the infinite regret of her niece, who, with all the respect that she owed her, could not see why she should not descend from the vehicle and enter the building. Pansy had so little chance to ramble

that her view of the case was not wholly disinterested; it may be divined that she had a secret hope that, once inside, her aunt might be induced to climb to the upper tiers. There came a day when the countess announced her willingness to undertake this feat, — a mild afternoon in March, when the windy month expressed itself in occasional puffs of spring. The three ladies went into the Coliseum together, but Isabel left her companions to wander over the place. She had often ascended to those desolate ledges from which the Roman crowd used to bellow applause, and where now the wild flowers (when they are allowed) bloom in the deep crevices; and to-day she felt weary, and preferred to sit in the despoiled arena. It made an intermission, too, for the countess often asked more from one's attention than she gave in return; and Isabel believed that when she was alone with her niece she let the dust gather for a moment upon the ancient scandals of Florence. She remained below, therefore, while Pansy guided her indiscriminating aunt to the steep brick staircase, at the foot of which the custodian unlocks the tall wooden gate. The great inclosure was half in shadow; the western sun brought out the pale red tone of the great blocks of travertine, — the latent color which is the only living element in the immense ruin. Here and there wandered a peasant or a tourist, looking up at the far sky-line where, in the clear stillness, a multitude

of swallows kept circling and plunging. Isabel presently became aware that one of the other visitors, planted in the middle of the arena, had turned his attention to her own person, and was looking at her with a certain little poise of the head, which she had some weeks before perceived to be characteristic of baffled but indestructible purpose. Such an attitude, to-day, could belong only to Mr. Edward Rosier; and this gentleman proved, in fact, to have been considering the question of speaking to her. When he had assured himself that she was unaccompanied, he drew near, remarking that, although she would not answer his letters, she would perhaps not wholly close her ears to his spoken eloquence. She replied that her stepdaughter was close at hand, and she could only give him five minutes; whereupon he took out his watch and sat down upon a broken block.

"It's very soon told," said Edward Rosier. "I have sold all my *bibelots*!"

Isabel gave, instinctively, an exclamation of horror; it was as if he had told her he had had all his teeth drawn.

"I have sold them by auction at the Hôtel Drouot," he went on. "The sale took place three days ago, and they have telegraphed me the result. It's magnificent."

"I am glad to hear it; but I wish you had kept your pretty things."

"I have the money instead, — forty thousand dollars. Will Mr. Osmond think me rich enough now?"

"Is it for that you did it?" Isabel asked, gently.

"For what else in the world could it be? That is the only thing I think of. I went to Paris and made my arrangements. I could n't stop for the sale; I could n't have seen them going off; I think it would have killed me. But I put them into good hands, and they brought high prices. I should tell you I have kept my enamels. Now I have got the money in my pocket, and he

can't say I'm poor!" the young man exclaimed defiantly.

"He will say now that you are not wise," said Isabel, as if Gilbert Osmond had never said this before.

Rosier gave her a sharp look.

"Do you mean that without my *bibelots* I am nothing? Do you mean that they were the best thing about me? That's what they told me in Paris; oh, they were very frank about it. But they had n't seen *her*!"

"My dear friend, you deserve to succeed," said Isabel, very kindly.

"You say that so sadly that it's the same as if you said I should n't;" and he questioned her eye with the clear trepidation of his own. He had the air of a man who knows he has been the talk of Paris for a week, and is full half a head taller in consequence; but who also has a painful suspicion that in spite of this increase of stature one or two persons still have the perversity to think him diminutive. "I know what happened here while I was away," he went on. "What does Mr. Osmond expect, after she has refused Lord Warburton?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"That she will marry another nobleman."

"What other nobleman?"

"One that he will pick out."

Rosier slowly got up, putting his watch into his waistcoat pocket.

"You are laughing at some one; but this time I don't think it's at me."

"I did n't mean to laugh," said Isabel. "I laugh very seldom. Now you had better go away."

"I feel very safe!" Rosier declared, without moving. This might be; but it evidently made him feel more so to make the announcement in rather a loud voice, balancing himself a little, complacently, on his toes, and looking all round the Coliseum, as if it were filled with an audience. Suddenly Isabel saw him change color; there was more of an

audience than he had suspected. She turned, and perceived that her two companions had returned from their excursion.

"You must really go away," she said quickly.

"Ah, my dear lady, pity me!" Edward Rosier murmured, in a voice strangely at variance with the announcement I have just quoted. And then he added, eagerly, like a man who in the midst of his misery is seized by a happy thought, "Is that lady the Countess Gemini? I have a great desire to be presented to her."

Isabel looked at him a moment.

"She has no influence with her brother."

"Ah, what a monster you make him out!" Rosier exclaimed, glancing at the countess, who advanced, in front of Pansy, with an animation partly due, perhaps, to the fact that she perceived her sister-in-law to be engaged in conversation with a very pretty young man.

"I am glad you have kept your enameled!" Isabel exclaimed, leaving him. She went straight to Pansy, who, on seeing Edward Rosier, had stopped short, with lowered eyes. "We will go back to the carriage," said Isabel, gently.

"Yes, it is getting late," Pansy answered, more gently still. And she went on without a murmur, without faltering or glancing back.

Isabel, however, allowed herself this last liberty, and saw that a meeting had immediately taken place between the countess and Mr. Rosier. He had removed his hat, and was bowing and smiling; he had evidently introduced himself; while the countess's expressive back displayed to Isabel's eye a gracious inclination. These facts, however, were presently lost to sight, for Isabel and Pansy took their places again in the carriage. Pansy, who faced her step-mother, at first kept her eyes fixed on her lap; then she raised them and rested them on Isabel's. There shone out of

each of them a little melancholy ray, a spark of timid passion which touched Isabel to the heart. At the same time a wave of envy passed over her soul, as she compared the tremulous longing, the definite ideal, of the young girl with her own dry despair.

"Poor little Pansy!" she said, affectionately.

"Oh, never mind!" Pansy answered, in the tone of eager apology.

And then there was a silence; the countess was a long time coming.

"Did you show your aunt everything, and did she enjoy it?" Isabel asked at last.

"Yes, I showed her everything. I think she was very much pleased."

"And you are not tired, I hope."

"Oh no, thank you, I am not tired."

The countess still remained behind, so that Isabel requested the footman to go into the Coliseum and tell her that they were waiting. He presently returned with the announcement that the Signora Contessa begged them not to wait; she would come home in a cab!

About a week after this lady's quick sympathies had enlisted themselves with Mr. Rosier, Isabel, going rather late to dress for dinner, found Pansy sitting in her room. The girl seemed to have been waiting for her; she got up from her low chair.

"Excuse my taking the liberty," she said, in a low voice. "It will be the last—for some time."

Her voice was strange, and her eyes, widely opened, had an excited, frightened look. "You are not going away!" Isabel exclaimed.

"I am going to the convent."

"To the convent?"

Pansy drew nearer, till she was near enough to put her arms round Isabel and rest her head on her shoulder. She stood this way a moment, perfectly still; but Isabel could feel her trembling. The tremor of her little body expressed everything that she was unable to say.

Nevertheless, Isabel went on in a moment:—

“Why are you going to the convent?”

“Because papa thinks it best. He says a young girl is better, every now and then, for making a little retreat. He says the world, always the world, is very bad for a young girl. This is just a chance for a little seclusion, — a little reflection.” Pansy spoke in short, detached sentences, as if she could not trust herself. And then she added, with a triumph of self-control, “I think papa is right; I have been so much in the world this winter.”

Her announcement had a strange effect upon Isabel; it seemed to carry a larger meaning than the girl herself knew.

“When was this decided?” she asked. “I have heard nothing of it.”

“Papa told me half an hour ago; he thought it better it should n’t be too much talked about in advance. Madame Catherine is to come for me at a quarter past seven, and I am only to take two dresses. It is only for a few weeks; I am sure it will be very good. I shall find all those ladies who used to be so kind to me, and I shall see the little girls who are being educated. I am very fond of little girls,” said Pansy, with a sort of diminutive grandeur. “And I am also very fond of Mother Catherine. I shall be very quiet, and think a great deal.”

Isabel listened to her, holding her breath; she was almost awe-struck.

“Think of *me*, sometimes,” she said.

“Ah, come and see me soon!” cried Pansy; and the cry was very different from the heroic remarks of which she had just delivered herself.

Isabel could say nothing more; she understood nothing; she only felt that she did not know her husband yet. Her answer to Pansy was a long, tender kiss.

Half an hour later she learned from her maid that Madame Catherine had

arrived in a cab, and had departed again with the signorina. On going to the drawing-room before dinner, she found the Countess Gemini alone, and this lady characterized the incident by exclaiming, with a wonderful toss of the head, “*En voilà, ma chère, une pose!*” But if it was an affectation, she was at a loss to see what her husband affected. She could only dimly perceive that he had more traditions than she supposed. It had become her habit to be so careful as to what she said to him that, strange as it may appear, she hesitated, for several minutes after he had come in, to allude to his daughter’s sudden departure; she spoke of it only after they were seated at table. But she had forbidden herself ever to ask Osmond a question. All she could do was to make a declaration, and there was one that came very naturally.

“I shall miss Pansy very much.”

Osmond looked at a while, with his head inclined a little, at the basket of flowers in the middle of the table.

“Ah, yes,” he said at last. “I had thought of that. You must go and see her, you know; but not too often. I dare say you wonder why I sent her to the good sisters; but I doubt whether I can make you understand. It does n’t matter; don’t trouble yourself about it. That’s why I had not spoken of it. I did n’t believe you would enter into it. But I have always had the idea; I have always thought it a part of the education of a young girl. A young girl should be fresh and fair; she should be innocent and gentle. With the manners of the present time she is liable to become so dusty and crumpled! Pansy is a little dusty, a little disheveled; she has knocked about too much. This bustling, pushing rabble, that calls itself society, — one should take her out of it occasionally. Convents are very quiet, very convenient, very salutary. I like to think of her there, in the old garden, under the arcade, among those tran-

quilt, virtuous women. Many of them are gentlewomen born. She will have her books and her drawing; she will have her piano. I have made the most liberal arrangements. There is to be nothing ascetic; there is just to be a certain little feeling. She will have time to think, and there is something I want her to think about." Osmond spoke deliberately, reasonably, still with his head on one side, as if he were looking at the basket of flowers. His tone, however, was that of a man not so much offering an explanation as putting a thing into words — almost into pictures — to see, himself, how it would look. He contemplated a while the picture he had evoked, and seemed greatly pleased with it. And then he went on, "The Catholics are very wise, after all. The convent is a great institution; we can't do without it; it corresponds to an essential need in families, in society. It's a school of good manners; it's a school of repose. Oh, I don't want to detach my daughter from the world," he added; "I don't want to make her fix her thoughts on the other one. This one is very well, after all, and she may think of it as much as she chooses. Only she must think of it in the right way."

Isabel gave an extreme attention to this little sketch; she found it, indeed, intensely interesting. It seemed to show her how far her husband's desire to be effective was capable of going, — to the point of playing picturesque tricks upon the delicate organism of his daughter. She could not understand his purpose, — no, not wholly; but she understood it better than he supposed or desired, inasmuch as she was convinced that the whole proceeding was an elaborate mystification, addressed to herself and destined to act upon her imagination. He wished to do something sudden and arbitrary, something unexpected and refined; to mark the difference between his sympathies and her own; and to show that if he regarded

his daughter as a precious work of art, it was natural he should be more and more careful about the finishing touches. If he wished to be effective he had succeeded; the incident struck a chill into Isabel's heart. Pansy had known the convent in her childhood, and had found a happy home there; she was fond of the good sisters, who were very fond of her, and there was therefore, for the moment, no definite hardship in her lot. But, all the same, the girl had taken fright; the impression her father wanted to make would evidently be sharp enough. The old Protestant tradition had never faded from Isabel's imagination, and as her thoughts attached themselves to this striking example of her husband's genius she sat looking, like him, at the basket of flowers; poor little Pansy became the heroine of a tragedy. Osmond wished it to be known that he shrank from nothing, and Isabel found it hard to pretend to eat her dinner. There was a certain relief, presently, in hearing the high, bright voice of her sister-in-law. The countess, too, apparently, had been thinking the thing out; but she had arrived at a different conclusion from Isabel.

"It is very absurd, my dear Osmond," she said, "to invent so many pretty reasons for poor Pansy's banishment. Why don't you say at once that you want to get her out of my way? Haven't you discovered that I think very well of Mr. Rosier? I do, indeed; he seems to me a delightful young man. He has made me believe in true love; I never did before! Of course you have made up your mind that with those convictions I am dreadful company for Pansy."

Osmond took a sip of a glass of wine; he looked perfectly good-humored.

"My dear Amy," he answered, smiling as if he were uttering a piece of gallantry, "I don't know anything about your convictions; but if I suspected that they interfere with mine it would be much simpler to banish you."

LI.

The countess was not banished, but she felt the insecurity of her tenure of her brother's hospitality. A week after this incident Isabel received a telegram from England, dated from Gardencourt, and bearing the stamp of Mrs. Touchett's authorship. "Ralph cannot last many days," it ran, "and if convenient would like to see you. Wishes me to say that you must come only if you have not other duties. Say, for myself, that you used to talk a good deal about your duty, and to wonder what it was; shall be curious to see whether you have found out. Ralph is dying, and there is no other company." Isabel was prepared for this news, having received from Henrietta Stackpole a detailed account of her journey to England with her appreciative patient. Ralph had arrived more dead than alive, but she had managed to convey him to Gardencourt, where he had taken to his bed, which, as Miss Stackpole wrote, he evidently would never leave again. "I like him much better sick than when he used to be well," said Henrietta, who, it will be remembered, had taken a few years before a skeptical view of Ralph's disabilities. She added that she had really had two patients on her hands instead of one, for that Mr. Goodwood, who had been of no earthly use, was quite as sick, in a different way, as Mr. Touchett. Afterwards she wrote that she had been obliged to surrender the field to Mrs. Touchett, who had just returned from America, and had promptly given her to understand that she did n't wish any interviewing at Gardencourt. Isabel had written to her aunt shortly after Ralph came to Rome, letting her know of his critical condition, and suggesting that she should lose no time in returning to Europe. Mrs. Touchett had telegraphed an acknowledgment of this admonition, and the only fur-

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ther news Isabel received from her was the second telegram, which I have just quoted.

Isabel stood a moment looking at the latter missive; then, thrusting it into her pocket, she went straight to the door of her husband's study. Here she again paused an instant, after which she opened the door and went in. Osmond was seated at the table near the window with a folio volume before him, propped against a pile of books. This volume was open at a page of small colored plates, and Isabel presently saw that he had been copying from it the drawing of a precious antique coin. A box of water-colors and fine brushes lay before him, and he had already transferred to a sheet of immaculate paper the delicate, finely-tinted disk. His back was turned to the door, but without looking round he recognized his wife.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said.

"When I come to your room I always knock," he answered, going on with his work.

"I forgot; I had something else to think of. My cousin is dying."

"Ah, I don't believe that," said Osmond, looking at his drawing through a magnifying-glass. "He was dying when we married; he will outlive us all."

Isabel gave herself no time, no thought, to appreciate the careful cynicism of this declaration; she simply went on quickly, full of her own intention.

"My aunt has telegraphed to me; I must go to Gardencourt."

"Why must you go to Gardencourt?" Osmond asked, in a tone of impartial curiosity.

"To see Ralph before he dies."

To this, for some time, Osmond made no rejoinder; he continued to give his chief attention to his work, which was of a sort that would brook no negligence.

"I don't see the need of it," he said

at last. "He came to see you here. I did n't like that; I thought his being in Rome a great mistake. But I tolerated it, because it was to be the last time you should see him. Now you tell me it is not to have been the last. Ah, you are not grateful!"

"What am I to be grateful for?"

Gilbert Osmond laid down his little implements, blew a speck of dust from his drawing, slowly got up, and for the first time looked at his wife.

"For my not having interfered while he was here."

"Oh yes, I am. I remember perfectly how distinctly you let me know you did n't like it. I was very glad when he went away."

"Leave him alone, then. Don't run after him."

Isabel turned her eyes away from him; they rested upon his little drawing.

"I must go to England," she said, with a full consciousness that her tone might strike an irritable man of taste as stupidly obstinate.

"I shall not like it if you do," Osmond remarked.

"Why should I mind that? You won't like it if I don't. You like nothing I do or don't do. You pretend to think I lie."

Osmond turned slightly pale. He gave a cold smile.

"That's why you must go, then, — not to see your cousin, but to take a revenge on me?"

"I know nothing about revenge."

"I do," said Osmond. "Don't give me an occasion."

"You are only too eager to take one. You wish immensely that I would commit some folly."

"I shall be gratified, then, if you disobey me."

"If I disobey you?" said Isabel, in a low tone, which had the effect of gentleness.

"Let it be clear: if you leave Rome

to-day it will be a piece of the most deliberate, the most calculated opposition."

"How can you call it calculated? I received my aunt's telegram but three minutes ago."

"You calculate rapidly; it's a great accomplishment. I don't see why we should prolong our discussion; you know my wish." And he stood there as if he expected to see her withdraw.

But she never moved; she could n't move, strange as it may seem; she still wished to justify herself; he had the power, in an extraordinary degree, of making her feel this need. There was something in her imagination that he could always appeal to against her judgment.

"You have no reason for such a wish," said Isabel, "and I have every reason for going. I can't tell you how unjust you seem to me. But I think you know. It is your own opposition that is calculated. It is malignant."

She had never uttered her worst thought to her husband before, and the sensation of hearing it was evidently new to Osmond. But he showed no surprise, and his coolness was apparently a proof that he had believed his wife would in fact be unable to resist forever his ingenious endeavor to draw her out.

"It is all the more intense, then," he answered. And he added, almost as if he were giving her a friendly counsel, "This is a very important matter." She recognized this; she was fully conscious of the weight of the occasion; she knew that between them they had arrived at a crisis. Its gravity made her careful; she said nothing, and he went on: "You say I have no reason? I have the very best. I dislike from the bottom of my soul what you intend to do. It's dishonorable; it's indelicate; it's indecent. Your cousin is nothing whatever to me, and I am under no obligation to make concessions to him. I have already made the very handsomest. Your

relations with him, while he was here, kept me on pins and needles ; but I let that pass, because from week to week I expected him to go. I have never liked him, and he has never liked me. That's why you like him, — because he hates me," said Osmond, with a quick, barely audible tremor in his voice. "I have an ideal of what my wife should do and should not do. She should not travel across Europe alone, in defiance of my deepest desire, to sit at the bedside of other men. Your cousin is nothing to you ; he is nothing to us. You smile most expressively when I talk about *us* ; but I assure you that *we, we*, is all that I see. I take our marriage seriously ; you appear to have found a way of not doing so. I am not aware that we are divorced or separated ; for me we are indissolubly united. You are nearer to me than any human creature, and I am nearer to you. It may be a disagreeable proximity ; it's one, at any rate, of our own deliberate making. You don't like to be reminded of that, I know ; but I am perfectly willing, because — because" — and Osmond paused a moment, looking as if he had something to say which would be very much to the point — "because I think we should accept the consequences of our actions, and what I value most in life is the honor of a thing!"

He spoke gravely and almost gently ; the accent of sarcasm had dropped out of his tone. It had a gravity which checked his wife's quick emotion ; the resolution with which she had entered the room found itself caught in a mesh of fine threads. His last words were not a command ; they constituted a kind of appeal ; and though she felt that the expression of respect, on Osmond's part, for whatever it might be, could only be a refinement of egotism, they represented something transcendent and absolute, like the sign of the cross or the flag of one's country. He spoke in the name of something sacred and precious, — the

observance of a magnificent form. They were as perfectly apart in feeling as two disillusioned lovers had ever been ; but they had never yet separated in act. Isabel had not changed ; her old passion for justice still abode within her ; and now, in the very thick of her sense of her husband's blasphemous sophistry, it began to throb to a tune which for a moment promised him the victory. It came over her that in his wish to preserve appearances he was after all sincere, and that this, as far as it went, was a merit. Ten minutes before, she had felt all the joy of irreflective action, — a joy to which she had so long been a stranger ; but action had been suddenly changed to slow renunciation, transformed by the blight of her husband's touch. If she must renounce, however, she would let him know that she was a victim rather than a dupe. "I know you are a master of the art of mockery," she said. "How can you speak of an indissoluble union ? How can you speak of your being contented ? Where is our union, when you accuse me of falsity ? Where is your contentment, when you have nothing but hideous suspicion in your heart ?"

"It is in our living decently together, in spite of such drawbacks."

"We don't live decently together !" Isabel cried.

"Indeed we don't, if you go to England !"

"That's very little ; that's nothing. I might do much more."

Osmond raised his eyebrows and even his shoulders a little ; he had lived long enough in Italy to catch this trick. "Ah, if you have come to threaten me, I prefer my drawing," he said, walking back to his table, where he took up the sheet of paper on which he had been working, and stood a moment examining his work.

"I suppose that if I go you will not expect me to come back," said Isabel.

He turned quickly round, and she

could see that this movement, at least, was not studied. He looked at her a little, and then, "Are you out of your mind?" he inquired.

"How can it be anything but a rupture," she went on, "especially if all you say is true?" She was unable to see how it could be anything but a rupture; she sincerely wished to know what else it might be.

Osmond sat down before his table. "I really can't argue with you on the hypothesis of your defying me," he said. And he took up one of his little brushes again.

Isabel lingered but a moment longer, — long enough to embrace with her eye his whole deliberately indifferent, yet most expressive figure; after which she quickly left the room. Her faculties, her energy, her passion, were all dispersed again; she felt as if a cold, dank mist had suddenly encompassed her. Osmond possessed in a supreme degree the art of eliciting one's weakness.

On her way back to her room she found the Countess Gemini standing in the open door-way of a little parlor in which a small collection of books had been arranged. The countess had an open volume in her hand; she appeared to have been glancing down a page which failed to strike her as interesting. At the sound of Isabel's step she raised her head.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "you who are so literary, do tell me some amusing book to read! Everything here is so fearfully edifying. Do you think this would do me any good?"

Isabel glanced at the title of the volume she held out, but without reading or understanding it. "I am afraid I can't advise you. I have had bad news. My cousin, Ralph Touchett, is dying."

The countess threw down her book. "Ah, he was so nice! I am sorry for you," she said.

"You would be sorrier still if you knew."

"What is there to know? You look very badly," the countess added. "You must have been with Osmond."

Half an hour before, Isabel would have listened very coldly to an intimation that she should ever feel a desire for the sympathy of her sister-in-law, and there can be no better proof of her present embarrassment than the fact that she almost clutched at this lady's fluttering attention. "I have been with Osmond," she said, while the countess's bright eyes glittered at her.

"I am sure he has been odious!" the countess cried. "Did he say he was glad poor Mr. Touchett is dying?"

"He said it is impossible I should go to England."

The countess's mind, when her interests were concerned, was agile; she already foresaw the extinction of any further brightness in her visit to Rome. Ralph Touchett would die, Isabel would go into mourning, and then there would be no more dinner-parties. Such a prospect produced for a moment in her countenance an expressive grimace; but this rapid, picturesque play of feature was her only tribute to disappointment. After all, she reflected, the game was almost played; she had already outstayed her invitation. And then she cared enough for Isabel's trouble to forget her own, and she saw that Isabel's trouble was deep. It seemed deeper than the mere death of a cousin, and the countess had no hesitation in connecting her exasperating brother with the expression of her sister-in-law's eyes. Her heart beat with an almost joyous expectation; for if she had wished to see Osmond overtopped, the conditions looked favorable now. Of course, if Isabel should go to England, she herself would immediately leave the Palazzo Roccanera; nothing would induce her to remain there with Osmond. Nevertheless, she felt an immense desire to hear that Isabel would go to England. "Nothing is impossible for

you, my dear," she said caressingly. "Why else are you rich and clever and good?"

"Why, indeed? I feel stupidly weak."

"Why does Osmond say it's impossible?" the countess asked, in a tone which sufficiently declared that she could not imagine.

From the moment that she began to question her, however, Isabel drew back; she disengaged her hand, which the countess had affectionately taken. But she answered this inquiry with frank bitterness: "Because we are so happy together that we cannot separate even for a fortnight."

"Ah," cried the countess, while Isabel turned away, "when I want to make a journey my husband simply tells me I can have no money!"

Isabel went to her own room, where she walked up and down for an hour. It may seem to some readers that she took things very hard, and it is certain that for a woman of a high spirit she had allowed herself easily to be arrested. It seemed to her that only now she fully measured the great undertaking of matrimony. Marriage meant that in such a case as this, when one had to choose, one chose as a matter of course for one's husband. "I am afraid, — yes, I am afraid," she said to herself more than once, stopping short in her walk. But what she was afraid of was not her husband, — his displeasure, his hatred, his revenge; it was not even her own later judgment of her conduct, — a consideration which had often held her in check; it was simply the violence there would be in going when Osmond wished her to remain. A gulf of difference had opened between them, but nevertheless it was his desire that she should stay; it was a horror to him that she should go. She knew the nervous fineness with which he could feel an objection. What he thought of her she knew; what he was capable of saying

to her she had felt; yet they were married, for all that, and married meant that a woman should abide with her husband. She sank down on her sofa at last, and buried her head in a pile of cushions.

When she raised her head again, the Countess Gemini stood before her. She had come in noiselessly, unperceived; she had a strange smile on her thin lips, and a still stranger glitter in her small dark eye.

"I knocked," she said, "but you did not answer me. So I ventured in. I have been looking at you for the last five minutes. You are very unhappy."

"Yes; but I don't think you can comfort me."

"Will you give me leave to try?" And the countess sat down on the sofa beside her. She continued to smile, and there was something communicative and exultant in her expression. She appeared to have something to say, and it occurred to Isabel for the first time that her sister-in-law might say something important. She fixed her brilliant eyes upon Isabel, who found at last a disagreeable fascination in her gaze. "After all," the countess went on, "I must tell you, to begin with, that I don't understand your state of mind. You seem to have so many scruples, so many reasons, so many ties. When I discovered, ten years ago, that my husband's dearest wish was to make me miserable, — of late he has simply let me alone, — ah, it was a wonderful simplification! My poor Isabel, you are not simple enough."

"No, I am not simple enough," said Isabel.

"There is something I want you to know," the countess declared, — "because I think you ought to know it. Perhaps you do; perhaps you have guessed it. But if you have, all I can say is that I understand still less why you should not do as you like."

"What do you wish me to know?"

Isabel felt a foreboding which made her heart beat. The countess was about to justify herself, and this alone was portentous.

But the countess seemed disposed to play a little with her subject. "In your place I should have guessed it ages ago. Have you never really suspected?"

"I have guessed nothing. What should I have suspected? I don't know what you mean."

"That's because you have got such a pure mind. I never saw a woman with such a pure mind!" cried the countess.

Isabel slowly got up. "You are going to tell me something horrible."

"You can call it by whatever name you will!" And the countess rose also, while the sharp animation of her bright, capricious face emitted a kind of flash. She stood a moment looking at Isabel, and then she said, "My first sister-in-law had no children!"

Isabel stared back at her; the announcement was an anti-climax. "Your first sister-in-law?" she murmured.

"I suppose you know that Osmond has been married before? I have never spoken to you of his wife; I did n't suppose it was proper. But others, less particular, must have done so. The poor little woman lived but two years, and died childless. It was after her death that Pansy made her appearance."

Isabel's brow had gathered itself into a frown; her lips were parted in pale, vague wonder. She was trying to follow; there seemed to be more to follow than she could see. "Pansy is not my husband's child, then?"

"Your husband's — in perfection! But no one else's husband's. Some one else's wife's. Ah, my good Isabel," cried the countess, "with you one must dot one's *i's*!"

"I don't understand; whose wife's?" said Isabel.

"The wife of a horrid little Swiss, who died twelve years ago. He never

recognized Miss Pansy, and there was no reason he should. Osmond did, and that was better."

Isabel stayed the name which rose in a sudden question to her lips; she sank down on her seat again, hanging her head. "Why have you told me this?" she asked, in a voice which the countess hardly recognized.

"Because I was so tired of your not knowing! I was tired of not having told you. It seemed to me so dull. It's not a lie, you know; it's exactly as I say."

"I never knew," said Isabel, looking up at her, simply.

"So I believed, though it was hard to believe! Has it never occurred to you that he has been her lover?"

"I don't know. Something has occurred to me. Perhaps it was that!"

"She has been wonderfully clever about Pansy!" cried the countess.

"That thing has never occurred to me," said Isabel. "And as it is — I don't understand."

She spoke in a low, thoughtful tone, and the poor countess was equally surprised and disappointed at the effect of her revelation. She had expected to kindle a conflagration, and as yet she had barely extracted a flash. Isabel seemed more awe-stricken than anything else.

"Don't you perceive that the child could never pass for her husband's?" the countess asked. "They had been separated too long for that, and M. Merle had gone to some far country; I think to South America. If she had ever had children — which I am not sure of — she had lost them. On the other hand, circumstances made it convenient enough for Osmond to acknowledge the little girl. His wife was dead, — very true; but she had only been dead a year, and what was more natural than that she should have left behind a pledge of their affection? With the aid of a change of residence, — he had been living at Naples, and he left it forever,

— the little fable was easily set going. My poor sister-in-law, who was in her grave, could n't help herself, and the real mother, to save her reputation, renounced all visible property in the child."

"Ah, poor creature!" cried Isabel, bursting into tears. It was a long time since she had shed any; she had suffered a reaction from weeping. But now they gushed with an abundance in which the Countess Gemini found only another discomfiture.

"It's very kind of you to pity her!" she cried, with a discordant laugh. "Yes, indeed, you have a pure mind!"

"He must have been false to his wife," said Isabel, suddenly controlling herself.

"That's all that's wanting, — that you should take up *her* cause!" the countess went on.

"But to me — to me" — And Isabel hesitated, though there was a question in her eyes.

"To you he has been faithful? It depends upon what you call faithful. When he married you, he was no longer the lover of another woman. That state of things had passed away; the lady had repented; and she had a worship of appearances so intense that even Osmond himself got tired of it. You may therefore imagine what it was! But the whole past was between them."

"Yes," said Isabel, "the whole past is between them!"

"Ah, this later past is nothing. But for five years they were very intimate."

"Why then did she want him to marry me?"

"Ah, my dear, that's her superiority! Because you had money; and because she thought you would be good to Pansy."

"Poor woman, — and Pansy, who does n't like her!" cried Isabel.

"That's the reason she wanted some one whom Pansy would like. She knows it; she knows everything."

"Will she know that you have told me this?"

"That will depend upon whether you tell her. She is prepared for it; and do you know what she counts upon for her defense? On your thinking that I lie. Perhaps you do; don't make yourself uncomfortable to hide it. Only, as it happens, I don't. I have told little fibs; but they have never hurt any one but myself."

Isabel sat staring at her companion's story as at a bale of fantastic wares that some strolling gypsy might have unpacked on the carpet at her feet. "Why did Osmond never marry her?" she asked, at last.

"Because she had no money." The countess had an answer for everything, and if she lied, she lied well. "No one knows, no one has ever known, what she lives on, or how she has got all those beautiful things. I don't believe Osmond himself knows. Besides, she would n't have married him."

"How can she have loved him, then?"

"She does n't love him, in that way. She did at first, and then, I suppose, she would have married him; but at that time her husband was living. By the time M. Merle had rejoined — I won't say his ancestors, because he never had any, her relations with Osmond had changed, and she had grown more ambitious. She hoped she might marry a great man; that has always been her idea. She has waited and watched and plotted and prayed; but she has never succeeded. I don't call Madame Merle a success, you know. I don't know what she may accomplish yet, but at present she has very little to show. The only tangible result she has ever achieved — except, of course, getting to know every one, and staying with them free of expense — has been her bringing you and Osmond together. Oh, she did that, my dear; you need n't look as if you doubted it. I have watched them for years; I know everything, —

everything. I am thought a great scatterbrain, but I have had enough application of mind to follow up those two. She hates me, and her way of showing it is to pretend to be forever defending me. When people say I have had fifteen lovers, she looks horrified, and declares that half of them were never proved. She has been afraid of me for years, and she has taken great comfort in the vile, false things that people have said about me. She has been afraid I would expose her, and she threatened me one day, when Osmond began to pay his court to you. It was at his house in Florence; do you remember that afternoon when she brought you there, and we had tea in the garden? She let me know then that if I should tell tales two could play at that game. She pretends there is a good deal more to tell about me than about her. It would be an interesting comparison! I don't care a fig what she may say, simply because I know you don't care a fig. You can't trouble your head about me less than you do already. So she may take her revenge as she chooses. I don't think she will frighten you very much. Her great idea has been to be tremendously irreproachable, — a kind of full-blown lily, — the incarnation of propriety. She has always worshiped that god. There should be no scandal about Caesar's wife, you know; and, as I say, she has always hoped to marry Caesar. That was one reason she would n't marry Osmond: the fear that on seeing her with Pansy people would put things together, — would even see a resemblance. She has had a terror lest the mother should betray herself. She has been awfully careful; the mother has never done so."

"Yes, yes, the mother has done so," said Isabel, who had listened to all this with a face of deepening dreariness. "She betrayed herself to me the other day, though I did not recognize her. There appeared to have been a chance

of Pansy's making a great marriage, and in her disappointment at its not coming off she almost dropped the mask."

"Ah, that's where she would stumble!" cried the countess. "She has failed so dreadfully herself that she is determined her daughter shall make it up."

Isabel started at the words "her daughter," which the countess threw off so familiarly. "It seems very wonderful!" she murmured; and in this bewildering impression she had almost lost her sense of being personally touched by the story.

"Now don't go and turn against the poor innocent child!" the countess went on. "She is very nice, in spite of her lamentable parentage. I have liked Pansy, not because she was hers, but because she had become yours."

"Yes, she has become mine. And how the poor woman must have suffered at seeing me with her!" Isabel exclaimed, flushing quickly at the thought.

"I don't believe she has suffered; on the contrary, she has enjoyed. Osmond's marriage has given Pansy a great lift. Before that she lived in a hole. And do you know what the mother thought? That you might take such a fancy to the child that you would do something for her. Osmond, of course, could never give her a dowry. Osmond was really extremely poor; but of course you know all about that. Ah, my dear," cried the countess, "why did you ever inherit money?" She stopped a moment, as if she saw something singular in Isabel's face. "Don't tell me now that you will give her a position! You are capable of that, but I should n't believe it. Don't try to be too good. Be a little wicked, feel a little wicked, for once in your life!"

"It's very strange. I suppose I ought to know, but I am sorry," Isabel said. "I am much obliged to you."

"Yes, you seem to be!" cried the

countess, with a mocking laugh. "Perhaps you are,—perhaps you are not. You don't take it as I should have thought."

"How should I take it?" Isabel asked.

"Well, I should say as a woman who had been made use of!" Isabel made no answer to this; she only listened, and the countess went on: "They have always been bound to each other; they remained so even after she became virtuous. But he has always been more for her than she has been for him. When their little carnival was over they made a bargain that each should give the other complete liberty, but that each should also do everything possible to help the other on. You may ask me how I know such a thing as that. I know it by the way they have behaved. Now see how much better women are than men! She has found a wife for Osmond, but Osmond has never lifted a little finger for her. She has worked for him, plotted for him, suffered for him; she has even more than once found money for him; and the end of it is that he is tired of her. She is an old habit; there are moments when he needs her, but on the whole he would n't miss her if she were removed. And what's more, to-day she knows it. So you need n't be jealous!" the countess added, humorously.

Isabel rose from her sofa again; she felt bruised and short of breath; her head was humming with new knowledge. "I am much obliged to you," she repeated. And then she added, abruptly, in quite a different tone, "How do you know all this?"

This inquiry appeared to ruffle the countess more than Isabel's expression of gratitude pleased her. She gave her companion a bold stare, with which, "Let us assume that I have invented it!" she cried. She too, however, suddenly changed her tone, and, laying her hand on Isabel's arm, said softly, with

her sharp, bright smile, "Now will you give up your journey?"

Isabel started a little; she turned away. But she felt weak, and in a moment had to lay her arm upon the mantel-shelf for support. She stood a minute so, and then upon her arm she dropped her dizzy head, with closed eyes and pale lips.

"I have done wrong to speak,—I have made you ill!" the countess cried.

"Ah, I must see Ralph!" Isabel murmured; not in resentment, not in the quick passion her companion had looked for, but in a tone of exquisite, far-reaching sadness.

LII.

There was a train for Turin and Paris that evening; and after the countess had left her Isabel had a rapid and decisive conference with her maid, who was discreet, devoted, and active. After this, she thought (except of her journey) of only one thing. She must go and see Pansy; from her she could not turn away. She had not seen her yet, as Osmond had given her to understand that it was too soon to begin. She drove at five o'clock to a high door in a narrow street in the quarter of the Piazza Navona, and was admitted by the portress of the convent, a genial and obsequious person. Isabel had been at this institution before; she had come with Pansy to see the sisters. She knew they were good women, and she saw that the large rooms were clean and cheerful, and that the well-used garden had sun for winter and shade for spring. But she disliked the place, and it made her horribly sad; not for the world would she have spent a night there. It produced to-day more than before the impression of a well-appointed prison; for it was not possible to pretend that Pansy was free to leave it. This innocent creature had been presented to her

in a new and violent light, but the secondary effect of the revelation was to make Isabel reach out her hand to her.

The portress left her to wait in the parlor of the convent, while she went to make it known that there was a visitor for the dear young lady. The parlor was a vast, cold apartment, with new-looking furniture; a large clean stove of white porcelain, unlighted; a collection of wax-flowers under glass; and a series of engravings from religious pictures on the walls. On the other occasion Isabel had thought it less like Rome than like Philadelphia, but to-day she made no reflections; the apartment only seemed to her very empty and very soundless. The portress returned at the end of some five minutes, ushering in another person. Isabel got up, expecting to see one of the ladies of the sisterhood; but to her extreme surprise she found herself confronted with Madame Merle. The effect was strange, for Madame Merle was already so present to her vision that her appearance in the flesh was a sort of reduplication. Isabel had been thinking all day of her falsity, her audacity, her ability, her probable suffering; and these dark things seemed to flash with a sudden light as she entered the room. Her being there at all was a kind of vivid proof. It made Isabel feel faint; if it had been necessary to speak on the spot she would have been quite unable. But no such necessity was distinct to her; it seemed to her, indeed, that she had absolutely nothing to say to Madame Merle. In one's relations with this lady, however, there were never any absolute necessities; she had a manner which carried off not only her own deficiencies, but those of other people. But she was different from usual; she came in slowly, behind the portress, and Isabel instantly perceived that she was not likely to depend upon her habitual resources. For her, too, the occasion was exceptional, and she had undertaken to treat

it by the light of the moment. This gave her a peculiar gravity; she did not even pretend to smile; and though Isabel saw that she was, more than ever, playing a part, it seemed to her that on the whole the wonderful woman had never been so natural. She looked at Isabel from head to foot, but not harshly nor defiantly; with a cold gentleness, rather, and an absence of any air of allusion to their last meeting. It was as if she had wished to mark a difference: she had been irritated then; she was reconciled now.

"You can leave us alone," she said to the portress; "in five minutes this lady will ring for you." And then she turned to Isabel, who, after noting what has just been mentioned, had ceased to look at her, and had let her eyes wander as far as the limits of the room would allow. She wished never to look at Madame Merle again. "You are surprised to find me here, and I am afraid you are not pleased," this lady went on. "You don't see why I should have come; it's as if I had anticipated you. I confess I have been rather indiscreet; I ought to have asked your permission." There was none of the oblique movement of irony in this; it was said simply and softly; but Isabel, far afloat on a sea of wonder and pain, could not have told herself with what intention it was uttered. "But I have not been sitting long," Madame Merle continued; "that is, I have not been long with Pansy. I came to see her because it occurred to me this afternoon that she must be rather lonely, and perhaps even a little miserable. It may be good for a young girl; I know so little about young girls, I can't tell. At any rate, it's a little dismal. Therefore I came, on the chance. I knew, of course, that you would come, and her father as well; still I had not been told that other visitors were forbidden. The good woman — what's her name? Madame Catherine — made no objection what-

ever. I stayed twenty minutes with Pansy ; she has a charming little room, not in the least conventual, with a piano and flowers. She has arranged it delightfully ; she has so much taste. Of course it's all none of my business, but I feel happier since I have seen her. She may even have a maid if she likes ; but of course she has no occasion to dress. She wears a little black dress ; she looks so charming. I went afterwards to see Mother Catherine, who has a very good room, too ; I assure you I don't find the poor sisters at all monastic. Mother Catherine has a most coquettish little toilet-table, with something that looked uncommonly like a bottle of eau-de-cologne. She speaks delightfully of Pansy ; says it's a great happiness for them to have her. She is a little saint of heaven, and a model to the oldest of them. Just as I was leaving Madame Catherine, the portress came to say to her that there was a lady for the signorina. Of course I knew it must be you, and I asked her to let me go and receive you in her place. She demurred greatly — I must tell you that — and said it was her duty to notify the Superior ; it was of such high importance that you should be treated with respect. I requested her to let the poor Superior alone, and asked her how she supposed I would treat you ! ”

So Madame Merle went on, with much of the brilliancy of a woman who had long been a mistress of the art of conversation. But there were phases and gradations in her speech, not one of which was lost upon Isabel's ear, though her eyes were absent from her companion's face. She had not proceeded far before Isabel noted a sudden quaver in her voice, which was in itself a complete drama. This subtle modulation marked a momentous discovery, — the perception of an entirely new attitude on the part of her listener. Madame Merle had guessed in the space of an instant that everything was at end between

them, and in the space of another instant she had guessed the reason why. The person who stood there was not the same one she had seen hitherto ; it was a very different person, — a person who knew her secret. This discovery was tremendous, and, for the moment she made it, the most accomplished of women faltered and lost her courage. But only for that moment. Then the conscious stream of her perfect manner gathered itself again, and flowed on as smoothly as might be to the end. But it was only because she had the end in view that she was able to go on. She had been touched with a point that made her quiver, and she needed all the alertness of her will to repress her agitation. Her only safety was in not betraying herself. She did not betray herself ; but the startled quality of her voice refused to improve, — she could n't help it, — while she heard herself say she hardly knew what. The tide of her confidence ebbed, and she was able only just to glide into port, faintly grazing the bottom.

Isabel saw all this as distinctly as if it had been a picture on the wall. It might have been a great moment for her, for it might have been a moment of triumph. That Madame Merle had lost her pluck, and saw before her the phantom of shame, — this in itself was a revenge ; this in itself was almost a symptom of a brighter day. And for a moment, while she stood apparently looking out of the window, with her back half turned, Isabel enjoyed her knowledge. On the other side of the window lay the garden of the convent, but this was not what Isabel saw ; she saw nothing of the budding plants and the glowing afternoon. She saw in the crude light of that revelation which had already become a part of experience, and to which the very frailty of the vessel in which it had been offered her only gave an intrinsic price, the dry, staring fact that she had been a dull, unreverenced

tool. All the bitterness of this knowledge surged into her soul again ; it was as if she felt upon her lips the taste of dishonor. There was a moment during which, if she had turned and spoken, she would have said something that would hiss like a lash. But she closed her eyes, and then the hideous vision died away. What remained was the cleverest woman in the world, standing there within a few feet of her, and knowing as little what to think as the meanest. Isabel's only revenge was to be silent still,—to leave Madame Merle in this unprecedented situation. She left her there for a period which must have seemed long to this lady, who at last seated herself with a movement which was in itself a confession of helplessness. Then Isabel turned her eyes and looked down at her. Madame Merle was very pale ; her own eyes covered Isabel's face. She might see what she would, but her danger was over. Isabel would never accuse her, never reproach her ; perhaps because she never would give her the opportunity to defend herself.

"I am come to bid Pansy good-by," Isabel said at last. "I am going to England to-night."

"Going to England to-night !" Madame Merle repeated, sitting there and looking up at her.

"I am going to Gardencourt. Ralph Touchett is dying."

"Ah, you will feel that." Madame Merle recovered herself ; she had a chance to express sympathy. "Do you go alone ?" she asked.

"Yes ; without my husband."

Madame Merle gave a low, vague murmur, — a sort of recognition of the general sadness of things.

"Mr. Touchett never liked me ; but I am sorry he is dying. Shall you see his mother ?"

"Yes ; she has returned from America."

"She used to be very kind to me ;

but she has changed. Others, too, have changed," said Madame Merle, with a quiet, noble pathos. She paused a moment, and then she said, "And you will see dear old Gardencourt again !"

"I shall not enjoy it much," Isabel answered.

"Naturally, in your grief. But it is, on the whole, of all the houses I know, —and I know many, — the one I should have liked best to live in. I don't venture to send a message to the people," Madame Merle added, "but I should like to give my love to the place."

Isabel turned away.

"I had better go to Pansy," she said. "I have not much time."

And while she looked about her for the proper egress, the door opened and admitted one of the ladies of the house, who advanced with a discreet smile, gently rubbing, under her long, loose sleeves, a pair of plump white hands. Isabel recognized her as Madame Catherine, whose acquaintance she had already made, and begged that she would immediately let her see Miss Osmond. Madame Catherine looked doubly discreet, but smiled very blandly, and said :

"It will be good for her to see you. I will take you to her myself." Then she directed her pleasant, cautious little eye towards Madame Merle.

"Will you let me remain a little ?" this lady asked. "It is so good to be here."

"You may remain always, if you like !" And the good sister gave a knowing laugh.

She led Isabel out of the room, through several corridors, and up a long staircase. All these departments were solid and bare, light and clean ; so, thought Isabel, are the great penal establishments. Madame Catherine gently pushed open the door of Pansy's room, and ushered in the visitor ; then stood smiling, with folded hands, while the two others met and embraced.

"She is glad to see you," said she; "it will do her good." And she placed the best chair carelessly for Isabel. But she made no movement to seat herself; she seemed only to retire. "How does this dear child look?" she asked of Isabel, lingering a moment.

"She looks pale," Isabel answered.

"That is the pleasure of seeing you. She is very happy. *Elle éclaire la maison*," said the good sister.

Pansy wore, as Madame Merle had said, a little black dress; it was perhaps this that made her look pale.

"They are very good to me, — they think of everything!" she exclaimed, with all her customary eagerness to say something agreeable.

"We think of you always; you are a precious charge," Madame Catherine remarked, in the tone of a woman with whom benevolence was a habit, and whose conception of duty was the acceptance of every care. It fell with a leaden weight upon Isabel's ears; it seemed to represent the surrender of a personality, the authority of the church.

When Madame Catherine had left them together, Pansy kneeled down before Isabel, and hid her head in her step-mother's lap. So she remained some moments, while Isabel gently stroked her hair. Then she got up, averting her face and looking about the room.

"Don't you think I have arranged it well? I have everything I have at home."

"It is very pretty; you are very comfortable." Isabel scarcely knew what she could say to her. On the one hand, she could not let her think she had come to pity her, and on the other it would be a dull mockery to pretend to rejoice with her. So she simply added, after a moment, "I have come to bid you good-by. I am going to England."

Pansy's white little face turned red.

"To England! Not to come back?"

"I don't know when I shall come back."

"Ah, I'm sorry," said Pansy, faintly. She spoke as if she had no right to criticise; but her tone expressed a depth of disappointment.

"My cousin, Mr. Touchett, is very ill; he will probably die. I wish to see him," Isabel said.

"Ah, yes; you told me he would die. Of course you must go. And will papa go?"

"No; I shall go alone."

For a moment Pansy said nothing. Isabel had often wondered what she thought of the apparent relations of her father with his wife; but never by a glance, by an intimation, had she let it be seen that she deemed them deficient in the quality of intimacy. She made her reflections, Isabel was sure; and she must have had a conviction that there were husbands and wives who were more intimate than that. But Pansy was not indiscreet even in thought; she would as little have ventured to judge her gentle step-mother as to criticise her magnificent father. Her heart may almost have stood still, as it would have done if she had seen two of the saints, in the great picture in the convent chapel, turn their painted heads and shake them at each other; but as in this latter case she would, for very solemnity's sake, never have mentioned the awful phenomenon, so she put away all knowledge of the secrets of larger lives than her own.

"You will be very far away," she said, presently.

"Yes. I shall be far away. But it will scarcely matter," Isabel answered; "for so long as you are here I am very far away from you."

"Yes, but you can come and see me; though you have not come very often."

"I have not come because your father forbade it. To-day I bring nothing with me. I can't amuse you."

"I am not to be amused. That's not what papa wishes."

"Then it hardly matters whether I am in Rome or in England."

"You are not happy, Mrs. Osmond," said Pansy.

"Not very. But it does n't matter."

"That's what I say to myself. What does it matter? But I should like to come out."

"I wish, indeed, you might."

"Don't leave me here," Pansy went on, gently.

Isabel was silent a moment; her heart beat fast.

"Will you come away with me now?" she asked.

Pansy looked at her pleadingly.

"Did papa tell you to bring me?"

"No; it's my own proposal."

"I think I had better wait, then. Did papa send me no message?"

"I don't think he knew I was coming."

"He thinks I have not had enough," said Pansy. "But I have. The ladies are very kind to me, and the little girls come to see me. There are some very little ones, — such charming children! Then, my room — you can see for yourself! All that is very delightful. But I have had enough. Papa wished me to think a little, and I have thought a great deal."

"What have you thought?"

"Well, that I must never displease papa."

"You knew that before."

"Yes, but I know it better. I will do anything, — I will do anything," said Pansy. Then, as she heard her own words, a deep, pure blush came into her face. Isabel read the meaning of it; she saw that the poor girl had been vanquished. It was well that Mr. Edward Rosier had kept his enamels! Isabel looked into her eyes, and saw there mainly a prayer to be treated easily. She laid her hand on Pansy's, as if to let her know that her look conveyed no

diminution of esteem; for the collapse of the child's momentary resistance, mute and modest though it had been, seemed only her tribute to the truth of things. She did n't presume to judge others, but she had judged herself; she had seen the reality. She had no vocation for struggling with combinations; in the solemnity of sequestration there was something that overwhelmed her. She bowed her pretty head to authority, and only asked of authority to be merciful. Yes, it was very well that Edward Rosier had reserved a few articles!

Isabel got up; her time was rapidly shortening.

"Good-by, then," she said; "I leave Rome to-night."

Pansy took hold of her dress; there was a sudden change in the girl's face.

"You look strange; you frighten me."

"Oh, I am very harmless," said Isabel.

"Perhaps you won't come back?"

"Perhaps not. I can't tell."

"Ah, Mrs. Osmond, you won't leave me!"

Isabel now saw that she had guessed everything.

"My dear child, what can I do for you?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I am happier when I think of you."

"You can always think of me."

"Not when you are so far. I am a little afraid," said Pansy.

"What are you afraid of?"

"Of papa, — a little. And of Madame Merle. She has just been to see me."

"You must not say that," Isabel observed.

"Oh, I will do everything they want. Only if you are here I shall do it more easily."

Isabel reflected a little.

"I won't desert you," she said at last.

"Good-by, my child."

Then they held each other a moment

in a silent embrace, like two sisters; and afterwards Pansy walked along the corridor with her visitor to the top of the staircase.

"Madame Merle has been here," Pansy remarked, as they went; and as Isabel answered nothing she added, abruptly, "I don't like Madame Merle!"

Isabel hesitated a moment; then she stopped.

"You must never say that — that you don't like Madame Merle."

Pansy looked at her in wonder; but wonder with Pansy had never been a reason for non-compliance.

"I never will again," she said, with exquisite gentleness.

At the top of the staircase they had to separate, as it appeared to be part of the mild but very definite discipline under which Pansy lived that she should not go down. Isabel descended, and when she reached the bottom the girl was standing above.

"You will come back?" she called out in a voice that Isabel remembered afterwards.

"Yes, I will come back."

Madame Catherine met Isabel below, and conducted her to the door of the parlor, outside of which the two stood talking a minute.

"I won't go in," said the good sister. "Madame Merle is waiting for you."

At this announcement Isabel gave a start, and she was on the point of asking if there were no other egress from the convent. But a moment's reflection assured her that she would do well not to betray to the worthy nun her desire to avoid Pansy's other visitor. Her companion laid her hand very gently on her arm, and fixing her a moment with a wise, benevolent eye said to her, speaking French, almost familiarly, —

"Eh bien, chère madame, qu'en pensez-vous?"

"About my step-daughter? Oh, it would take long to tell you."

"We think it's enough," said Ma-

dame Catherine, significantly. And she pushed open the door of the parlor.

Madame Merle was sitting just as Isabel had left her, like a woman so absorbed in thought that she had not moved a little finger. As Madame Catherine closed the door behind Isabel, she got up, and Isabel saw that she had been thinking to some purpose. She had recovered her balance; she was in full possession of her resources.

"I found that I wished to wait for you," she said, urbanely. "But it's not to talk about Pansy."

Isabel wondered what it could be to talk about, and in spite of Madame Merle's declaration she answered, after a moment, —

"Madame Catherine says it's enough."

"Yes; it also seems to me enough. I wanted to ask you another word about poor Mr. Touchett," Madame Merle added. "Have you reason to believe that he is really at his last?"

"I have no information but that of a telegram. Unfortunately, it only confirms a probability."

"I am going to ask you a strange question," said Madame Merle. "Are you very fond of your cousin?" And she gave a smile as strange as her question.

"Yes, I am very fond of him. But I don't understand you."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment.

"It is difficult to explain. Something has occurred to me which may not have occurred to you, and I give you the benefit of my idea. Your cousin did you once a great service. Have you never guessed it?"

"He has done me many services."

"Yes; but one was much above the rest. He made you a rich woman."

"He made me" —

Madame Merle appeared to see herself successful, and she went on, more triumphantly, —

"He imparted to you that extra lustre which was required to make you a

brilliant match. At bottom, it is him that you have to thank." She stopped; there was something in Isabel's eyes.

"I don't understand you. It was my uncle's money."

"Yes, it was your uncle's money; but it was your cousin's idea. He brought his father over to it. Ah, my dear, the sum was large!"

Isabel stood staring; she seemed to-day to be living in a world illumined by lurid flashes.

"I don't know why you say such things! I don't know what you know."

"I know nothing but what I have guessed. But I have guessed that!"

Isabel went to the door, and when she had opened it stood a moment with her hand on the latch. Then she said, — it was her only revenge, —

"I believe it was you I had to thank!"

Madame Merle dropped her eyes; she stood there in a kind of proud penance.

"You are very unhappy, I know. But I am more so."

"Yes, I can believe that. I think I should like never to see you again."

Madame Merle raised her eyes.

"I shall go to America," she announced, while Isabel passed out.

Henry James, Jr.

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN LIFE.

THE assertion that life in our times is devoid of romance is the most common of commonplaces. It is one of many sayings which is trite without being true. Romance is the result or expression of inherent qualities and tendencies of human nature, and cannot become extinct. Under the conditions of modern life it has changed its exterior, and is no longer recognized in its new aspect; hence the report of its death has gone abroad. It is the everlasting error of taking form for substance, names for facts. There is no standard definition of romance which answers to the general use and acceptance of the word. I think that it may be stated to mean, in common parlance, that which is unusual, striking, picturesque, and dramatic in public events or private existence; that which is pitched in a different key from the tenor of daily life. In former ages there were laws, manners, and customs which to our imagination met the exigencies of romance, creating situations or maintaining a medium in which it naturally developed. It is a cheap

form of common sense and humor to deride those ancient, obsolete modes; to prove how much better housed, fed, and clad we are than the lords and ladies in their mediæval castles, how much safer and quicker the penny-post is than a messenger-bird or a foot-page; in short, to keep on repeating at second-hand the grand satire of Cervantes; and to conclude from these and similar irrefutable arguments that romance nowadays is the ghost of defunct silliness. It would be silly to dispute self-evident propositions, but it is both silly and ignorant to make romance consist in, or depend upon, outward and material circumstances. To the mediæval knight or lady, rushes on the floor were no more picturesque than carpets are to us; a charger or palfrey was no more imposing as a mode of conveyance than a horse-car or an omnibus seems at present. Indeed, the further back we go, the less romance we find in the mind and temper of the times. We may learn from old rhymers and chroniclers — Chaucer and Froissart, for instance — that knights and dames were

mostly matter-of-fact, prosaic personages; posterity has endowed them with the sentiments and attributes of heroes and heroines. As the mind of man emerges from the shadow of the Dark Ages, the most noticeable habits of thought are the devout and the humorous; the sentimental comes later; for the idea of romance we must wait for a fairly advanced state of civilization and intellectual development.

There have been romantic natures in all times, although they are not always to be found in the most romantic figures; but the only truly romantic epoch, both in the circumstances and conception of life, was the troubadour period of Provence. The genius of the people created the ideal; their language perpetuated the term. The lutes, daggers, rope-ladders, and rapiers of the troubadours, after playing their part in fiction, were swept out to the melodrama, from which they have in turn disappeared; royal betrothals and espousals in infancy, marriage by proxy, single combat as a military or judicial ordeal, have fallen out of use in the Old World, but romance keeps its roots in human nature and its hold on the imagination. Its seeds are latent in the primitive passions and emotions, love, hatred, jealousy, grief, pride; they begin to germinate in the earliest stages of patriotism, loyalty, chivalry, and certain temperaments and circumstances are peculiarly favorable to their perfection. Modern education and the conventional uniformity of modern manners deprive the elementary emotions of some of their strength; the development of self-consciousness leads us to check or conceal high-flown feelings; mechanical ingenuity and contrivance supply practical and wholesale methods for effecting our purposes, be they vulgar or sublime. It is to be observed, however, that lovers of romance generally look for it in the past: Don Quixote found it in tales of chivalry written long after the deeds which they

commemorated; Cherubina in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, which do not deal with the people and doings of her own day. Sir Walter Scott took his material chiefly from by-gone times. This requires no explanation; as George Eliot says somewhere, we are not troubled by the shabbiness of the trappings in a Pan-Athenaic procession, the fact being that we do not perceive them. The attempted escape of Jefferson Davis in woman's clothes struck the whole North as ridiculous and degrading, yet the escapes of Charles Edward, the Earl of Nithsdale, and M. de Lavalette in a similar disguise seem romantic, and do not detract from their dignity.

On the other hand, there are people who maintain that there is more romance in the results of scientific discovery and modern invention than in the worn-out old paraphernalia and expedients; that it is more romantic to send a message by a flash of lightning than by a carrier-dove, and to elope with the aid of a steed of iron and steam than behind a lover on horseback. There is no romance in either mode; it exists in the feeling or in the action; and when the history of our country, the land of modern discovery and invention, is written in time to come, romantic characters and incidents will be as plentiful as we find them in past ages.

Let us look over the chart of Europe for the last fifty years. Has there ever been a period of such startling catastrophes and vicissitudes for monarchs and potentates? Was the Vehmgericht more secret and terrible than Nihilism and Communism, undermining the foundations of government and society, threatening the lives of great and small? Has any previous century seen so many crowned heads wandering in banishment and disguise, with a greater variety of risk and adventure? Within twenty years we have seen representatives of three French dynasties in exile, two ex-queens of Spain, Italian and

German sovereigns, and pretenders in numbers. Louis Napoleon and his wife and son are not romantic personages, but their lives have been full of changes and contrasts as violent and unforeseen as ever made the plot of an opera, novel, or ballad. Among their royal rivals there were none so prosaic as the Orleans princes. They come of the most condemned branch of the family tree, — grandsons of the renegade Egalité, sons of the citizen king; their best praise is that they have borne their reverses and misfortunes with dignity and discretion, and made themselves models of modern private gentlemen. Yet fate at times has forced them into positions of singular heroism and interest, and in the annals of the code of honor there are few more striking examples of poetic justice than the quiet, well-bred Duke of Montpensier's fatal duel with his kinsman, Don Enrique de Bourbon, wantonly provoked by the latter, which put an end forever to his pretensions to the Spanish throne. There is no handsomer or more tragic royal couple in history than the Archduke Maximilian and his "poor Carlotta." The dark-browed young Queen of Naples, too, directing the siege of Gaëta, in her trooper's hat and cloak, was then a heroine who in a better cause would have been a lasting inspiration of poets, painters, and sculptors. The late ex-King of Bavaria, Louis, who played a sorry part enough in the eyes of his contemporaries, may wear a very different mien to posterity, surveying the galleries and monuments with which he adorned his capital, and remembering that he threw away his kingdom for love of a dancer: there was something of Mark Antony in him, if only the baser part. The present young king, shut in his castles and country-seats, telling the time by an orrery instead of a clock, having Wagner's operas performed for himself as sole auditor, traveling by night only, and dashing through the sleeping villages with his retinue

like the Wild Huntsman, will look more interesting through the vista of years, when his decision in the Franco-Prussian war is considered as part of the great Germanic movement.

The late King of Italy is the best specimen of the old romantic type to be found in our day. Probably there never was a man who dealt more exclusively with the positive and practical side of life, or one who was less influenced by sentiment and imagination. He was brave and bluff as an old feudal baron, with a dignity which was the more royal for its simplicity. He was the representative of the most ancient reigning house in Europe, and his personal history is as full of strange adventures and situations as that of any ancestor in the thirteenth century. His valor and his gallantries were equally notorious. Public taste has happily lost its relish for the latter, but happily, too, not for courage and prowess, and it will be long before kingly daring ceases to thrill the heart and kindle the imagination. There was something in the disposition of the man which led him into dangers to which it would seem as if no modern sovereign could be exposed. On one occasion, in following his favorite pastime of hunting, his horse was thrown down and wounded, and he himself nearly killed, by a furious wild boar. Another time, when on a journey which he pleased to perform on horseback, he and a gentleman in waiting outrode the escort, and were surrounded by brigands. The King of Italy, the doughty Victor Emmanuel, taken at odds, was forced to allow himself to be robbed, to escape being carried into the mountain fastnesses and held for ransom. Literal, shrewd, and unplagued by metaphysics as he was, certain notions and beliefs were all-powerful with him: it was to his sense of the claims of country that he gave up his ancient patrimony and title to unite Italy under a new-made crown, which to him was lined with thorns, —

an act often and severely commented upon, but never to my knowledge by a sovereign, and only his peers are in a position to judge him on this count. His mediæval veneration for the church constrained him to submit to an undesired and unfitting marriage, as he could obtain absolution on no other terms, at an hour when his life was given up. Standing between the patriot Garibaldi, in his red shirt, and Pius IX., invested with more than pontifical state by his misfortunes, his martyr attitude, the close of a millennial hierarchy, and the fulfillment of a more than millennial prophecy in his person, *Il Re Galantuomo* is as fine a figure, the three form as imposing a group, as can be found on any page of history.

Garibaldi and Louis Kossuth deserve high places on the list of the picturesque and romantic characters of present times, if only for their costume; their bravery, eloquence, and high aims confirm the right. Neither of them achieved his purpose, but they failed nobly, and perhaps fortunately. United Italy and Austro-Hungary are the monuments of their patriotism, in spite of the defeat of their individual idea.

If we turn from public to private life, we still find the material of romance as plentiful as ever. There are few who do not know, by personal experience or familiar and recent tradition, of secret espousals, lost heirs, forged or stolen wills, mysterious disappearances, hair-breadth escapes, supernatural warnings and coincidences, deeds of courage and self-devotion, as strange and exciting as anything in history or fiction. War-times always abound in these elements, and develop or afford a stage for natures adapted to them. Our civil war was a fine field for adventures and adventurous souls; it has romantic episodes enough to fill volumes; the Southerners are highly conscious and complacent as to their share. Among many women who played conspicuous parts in that national tragedy,

there is one at least who may be named without indiscretion, as she never avoided notoriety, — Mrs. Greenhow. Her career began long enough before 1861. Her beauty, cleverness, audacity; her intrepid journeys across the Rocky Mountains on foot or on horseback; her influence with men of mark in Washington; her arrest for complicity in the secret treason which dogged and clogged every step of the government in the early days of secession; her imprisonment in the Old Capitol, of which she has made a book; her flash through London society, to which, no doubt, she was a more agreeable sort of lion than the Hon. James M. Mason; her tragic and appropriate end, — sunk in a blockade runner off our coast, on her way back from England, — fit her story to every requirement of romance or melodrama. There are fewer specimens of that sort in this country, where democratic ideas and manners

“Beat down men’s souls into pale unanimity,” and plane off their characteristics and idiosyncrasies to a dead level, than in Europe, where distinctions of class, an older civilization, and a less stringent morality for the conduct of private life leave more elbow-room for individuality. Here more than one influence and condition favorable to romance has passed away, or is fading into oblivion. Puritanism had the unparalleled good fortune to be illustrated by Hawthorne; Mr. Cable has sketched the early creole life; but the story of our colonists, with their relations to the Old World on one hand and to the aborigines on the other, which produced such striking personages as the Indian Logan or the half-breed Katherine Montour and her descendants, has never been fitly treated, — peace to the manes of James Fenimore Cooper! — nor the dark romance of Southern life in slave-times. No doubt there is an indigenous species growing up in the wide, wild West, strange and unique, like everything which

belongs to the really new part of our country. It has produced its new modes of travel and agriculture; I believe that in time it will give rise to a new school of painting; it has given birth to a new type of man, a new fashion of life, which have scarcely yet taken definite shape; it must eventually create its own legend and fiction. Bret Harte has given us a few samples whittled off with a jack-knife, but there is need for a larger grasp and firmer, finer handling than his to develop it; besides which, the outlines of the subject are not yet distinct enough.

But the peculiar romance of America, whether in life or novels, will probably lie outside the lines of civilization; while, if we look at Europe, how many interesting and impressive physiognomies have appeared on the stage of society in England alone within fifty years! There can hardly be a stranger story than Lady Ellenborough's. Among her ancestors were the famous Sir Kenelm Digby, and his wife the beautiful Venetia, whose portrait by Vandyke, painted in the first pale freshness of youthful death, is so startling to the beholder. Their beautiful descendant was married first to a cabinet minister and governor-general of India, from whom she was separated on account of a love affair with the Austrian ambassador, Prince S—, one of the most splendid scandals of high life half a century ago; and after an extraordinarily erratic career she appeared in Athens as Ianthe, in which phase she was seen and described by Edmond About (*La Grèce Contemporaine*), afterwards disappearing into the desert as the wife of an Arab sheik. If the real life and adventures of Edward Trelawney should ever be published, they will make one of the most exciting and absorbing narratives ever written. He has left some record of them in his *Adventures of a Younger Son*, but as that book is in the form of an autobiographical novel it is

impossible to separate the truth from invention. Although the author could not spell, and was ignorant of other rudiments of an English education, his style is vigorous, nervous, graphic, succinct, and spirited in the highest degree. If it were a pure work of fancy, like *Robinson Crusoe*, it would be a book of genius. Taken as in the main a personal narrative, it is one of those rare and remarkable productions which bear the stamp of the author's personality in every line; there are few poems, even, in our language so permeated with one predominant sentiment and desire, the irrepressible, irresistible, indomitable need of personal freedom. Fortunately, not many men are so naturally and unaffectedly eccentric, so indocile to all restraint, law, and authority. He made his earliest experiments in life cruising with the privateer, or rather the pirate, *De Ruyter*; he fought for the Greeks with *Odysseus*, their popular leader; he was one of the mournful group who built Shelley's funeral pyre,—his friend Shelley, whose fair, ethereal form hovers like a spirit or a genius of the upper air above Trelawney's dusky recollections; he helped pay the last offices to Byron at Missolonghi,—a friend, too, but in a different sort. He had numerous wives,—an Arab maiden, a Greek lady, the sister of *Odysseus*, several Englishwomen at once,—not to count love affairs independent of matrimony; yet he was not a dissolute man so much as a lawless one. A few people in this country remember him, a gigantic Cornishman, dark as an Oriental, handsome, deep-voiced, laconic, a natural outlaw. He died only a few months ago, at the ripe age of eighty-eight years, having escaped violent death in almost every form. There are many Englishmen whose lives are of the same complexion,—explorers who write no travels, soldiers of fortune under every flag where there is fighting to be had, dauntless hunters of fierce beasts, bold and

desperate lovers who carry off favorites from harems.

On the continent of Europe, originality assumes more civilized forms. There are women fit to be named with the heroines of the Ligue and the Fronde. The most conspicuous of our day is the late Princess Cristine Belgioioso, daughter of the Marquis di Trivulzio, one of the oldest and noblest names in Milan. She married at sixteen a young man of her own rank and of great wealth, who possessed also a remarkably handsome person, and an enchanting tenor voice. They left Italy on account of their political sympathies, and lived in Paris for many years, where her beauty, intellect, and peculiar tastes drew about her a curious assemblage of people, from the most frivolous to the most grave and learned. Victor Cousin, Mignet, and Thierry were among her most assiduous guests, mingling with poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, diplomatists of the highest eminence, theologians, and men and women of fashion. The princess was the idol of this crowd, a tall, pale, slender figure, with classic features, hair and eyes as dark as night, and a strange, inscrutable expression. Her ways were equally inscrutable: one day startling society by an escapade, on the morrow by the publication of a treatise on Catholic Dogma, or Reflections on the Present and Future of Italy. In 1848 she raised a battalion at her own expense to fight for the liberty of her country, and it is said that she wore the uniform and went into battle with it herself. The success of the Austrian arms forced her to fly, and her property was confiscated. She resumed her place in the great world, published sketches of travel, essays on history, several novels, and a history of the House of Savoy. She was believed to be the original of the Duchesse de San Severino in Stendahl's novel, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, and there is certainly a suggestion of her, though so differently presented, in The-

odora, the heroine of Disraeli's *Lothair*. The course of public events at length allowed her to return to Milan, where her estates were restored to her, and where she died ten years ago. In two or three generations those who find her name in the verses of the poets and on the title-pages of the composers of this century may feel a curiosity to know more of this lady, with her high-sounding name; when they learn her lineage, rank, talent, beauty, and patriotism, she will seem to belong to the sisterhood of Adelaide de Saluzzo, Beatrice de Montferrat, and the other loves of the troubadours, even more than to that of the fair Longueville and Chevreuse. By way of contrast to her there is Amélie Lasaulx, "Sister Augustine, an Old Catholic," a worthy successor of the Mère Angélique and the holy heroines of Port Royal.

Madame Sand, partly from a vein of honesty and homeliness of thought which runs through her disposition and writings, partly from her self-sufficiency and lack of humor, is seen in a crude, coarse light by us who stand so near her. But we may be sure that posterity will look with different eyes on this woman of genius, whose grand, sphinx-like countenance remains in marble and on canvas in witness of the long enigma she offered to every man of genius who crossed her path; whose memory would live in the lives of Chopin, Liszt, Musset, Mérimée, Delacroix, Lamennais, Michel de Bourges, even if she had not left works which will outlast some of theirs. Liszt himself, in his various apparitions as Magyar, monk, Don Juan, courtier, abbé, author, virtuoso, composer, is a very picturesque masquerader; but in all his rôles there is too much sense that he is playing a part; he is a theatrical rather than a romantic personage. The same may be said of several other famous composers and musicians, and of various people of European as distinguished from English celebrity.

But this has often been said of Byron, who was a thorough Englishman. Perhaps the contemporaries of Stradella and David Rizzio perceived the same personal vanity and histrionic tendency in them.

There is a sort of self-conscious pseudo-romance allied to the poetic and æsthetic antics of the hour which is hit off by Du Maurier in *Punch*. Mrs. Cimabue Brown and her set would spell the word romance, although their stage properties are not guitars, masks, and poniards, but cracked china, spindle-shanked furniture, sunflowers, and limp petticoats. This affectation will die a natural death, although it has no natural life, and its devotees, if remembered at all, will be to future times as the Cornelias and Gracchi of the French directory are to us.

These random reflections were not propounded with a theorem, yet they seem to demonstrate some truths and to involve certain conclusions. If, as I think cannot be denied, the material of romance is as abundant to-day as ever, it is a mistake to ignore it in fiction; to demand that readers shall concentrate that interest, or more strictly speaking

that sympathy and attention, on humdrum people, and events as dull and trivial as ordering dinner or balancing a ledger. Such persons and things are not what most of us find interesting in every-day life. Granted that the modern novel must be the transcript of modern existence, let us at least have the elements which give it color and relief. It is untrue to nature to show only the flat, gray side of character and circumstance. A favorite term of praise for a story of to-day is that it is like a photograph; it might be a term of condemnation, for, unfortunately, there is too often exactly the exaggeration and undue prominence of minor details, the loss of perspective and proportion, which are among the defects of photography. But there are a great many photographs which are less tame and pale than some of the cleverest novels at present; after a few years they will be equally blank and void of suggestion. Let novelists make their padding with ordinary men and women, but let them provide at least the hero or heroine with a temperament and destiny tinged with the romance which is to be found in real life everywhere.

SO AS BY FIRE.

I.

"MY house 'll be ready by the first snow. But" —

He was a strongly made, sunburned, vigorous-looking man, not yet thirty, and he stood on a high roll of the prairie, from which he could overlook the waving wealth of a vast field of corn.

His mouth closed suddenly behind the last short word, and a shadow came into his bright dark eyes. They had ceased to study the corn-field, turning

rather towards a pair who were riding along its northerly border. They were too far away for him to hear the tall, bearded old man, on the heavy bay horse, remark, —

"Virginia, thar's Marsh, standin' on the rise. Reckon he's takin' a look of his corn crap."

There was no verbal answer, but in another instant the roan mare under his lady companion was curveting spitefully.

"What on airth did you hit her for?"

She was goin' well enough. You ain't safe with a whip."

She was evidently safe in a saddle, however, and the bay now imitated the roan in a manner which brought them rapidly to the summit of "the rise."

"Mornin', Marsh. How 's your crap turnin' out? Looks prime."

"Forty acres cut and shocked. Going in on the shucking to-morrow. I'm counting on sixty bushel to the acre."

"Mebbe it 's thar. Hundred and forty acres of it. You 're workin' ahead, Marsh Hayne. Corn 's better 'n wheat, this year."

"When are you going to thresh out your yield? You 'll have a heap of it."

"Best yield I ever harvested, if the market was worth anything. They do say it 's comin' up. Jest look at them ricks of mine!"

They were a mile and a half due west, but no tree stood between to prevent a view of them, nor did any fence cross the fringe of the open, unbroken prairie. A line of forest arose beyond the ricks, and beyond that, unseen from the knoll, the great plain rolled away, with only a few scattered farms, sixteen miles to the county-seat and "town."

"Your mare 's uneasy, this morning, Miss Crawford. What 's the matter with her?"

That was Marshall Hayne's first discovery of something to say, directly, to Virginia, while her whole attention had seemed to be otherwise absorbed.

"I've spoiled her; let her have her own way too much."

"That 'll never do. I keep a pretty steady hand over everything I ride or drive."

Every line of his face and every tone of his deep, musical voice seemed to vouch for him. He was speaking of dumb animals, to be sure, but the color deepened in Virginia's handsome face as she replied, curtly, —

"So do I!"

There was a world of firm decision in the words, and in the sudden compression of the red lips which uttered them. Even the roan mare must have comprehended, for she gave up her petty rebellion, and began to paw the hard, black surface of the prairie road beneath her.

"Marsh," remarked old Crawford, "isn't your house nigh done?"

"All finished inside. Got a good many things in, too. All the cribs 'll be up in time to hold the crop."

"Gwine to live thar, this winter?"

It was Marshall Hayne's turn to color deeply, as he answered, —

"Can't say. Reckon old Bitters 'll have to board me a while."

"If I were Celerity," exclaimed Virginia, with the kind of smile which is no smile at all, "I would make you paint your house."

The flush in his face was fiery red, as he suddenly turned to her father: —

"By the way! Did you take note of the prairie fire, last night, northeast? The sky was good and red."

"'Way beyond the timber? Yes, I saw it. It 'll burn out whar it is, jest as it allers does. It won't git across the slough."

"Don't you be too sure of that, now. I've a mind to do some back-firing on that side of my farm. A fire'd go through my standing corn like it was dry grass."

"Reckon it would. 'T won't come, though. I've lived on this prairie more 'n ten year, and no fire ever come a-nigh me."

"I don't care to have one come too nigh me till my corn 's in crib."

"Come along, Virginia. Your mother 'll be lookin' for us."

"Good-day," said Marsh.

"Good morning," said his two neighbors, almost in the same breath, and Virginia added, "You may tell Celerity Bitters, for me, we 're going to town to-morrow. If she wants me to get the

things she spoke of, she'd better let me know."

"I'll tell her. Palm Bitters 'll be glad of an errand to your house."

In two seconds more Virginia's roan mare was fairly dancing along the road, while Marshall Hayne strode fiercely down the slope in the opposite direction.

"Virginia," remarked her father, "why can't you treat Marsh Hayne a leetle more neighborly? Thar is n't a likelier young feller on this prairie. Thar's all sorts of real grit and push into him. Look what he's done with that thar farm!"

"'Most any man can handle a quarter section."

"Not the way he does. I've two whole sections now, but he'll be ahead of me, 'fore long."

"May be so."

"He ain't onsociable, neither. What time's he got to run around, nowadays, I'd like to know?"

"Nobody wants him to."

"Virginia, how you hev sweated that mare of your'n! Looks like you'd ridden her twenty miles instid of ten. What's got into you and her this mornin'?"

She was very busy with her unruly pet just then, and they were drawing near the house, behind which rose the tall ricks of unthrashed wheat. It was a pleasant home, for that day and region. The out-buildings were good. There were even orchards and a garden, and in front of the house an attempt at shrubbery.

The sole heiress of all that comfort, with so many broad acres around it, hardly needed Virginia's uncommon beauty of face and form to make her the acknowledged "belle of Crawford's Prairie." That she was so, however, and was disposed to assert her supremacy, was known to every living thing or person under or near that hospitable roof, her father and mother excepted.

A somewhat stately, gray-haired dame

awaited their coming, in the door-way, with a brief, matronly greeting: —

"Virginny, if you're going to town to-morrow, you've heaps to do to-day. 'Pears like everybody was a clearin' out at the same time."

"Jest exactly as well, mother," calmly responded her husband.

"We can lock the house up."

"We jest can. And we can throw the key in the well. Then, if any feller wants to get in, he can crawl through a winder."

Many a dwelling on the prairie, in those days, was ignorant of lock or key, and well accustomed to take care of itself, but Crawford's contained more to tempt unlawful intrusion than did some others.

There was a cloud upon Virginia's face when she followed her mother into the house, although she did not hear her father mutter, —

"If I was Marsh Hayne, now, I would n't let any gal that lives treat me the way she's treated him. He's a right down good feller. He's a heap too good for Celerity Bitters."

Perhaps; but he was delivering Virginia Crawford's message at that very moment, and she may have guessed as much.

It had sent him to hold a somewhat animated conversation with a young woman who did not at all resemble the belle of Crawford's Prairie, but who appeared very fully to appreciate her present company. She was not so tall as Virginia, but she was nearly as handsome, in her own way, and her black eyes flashed under her full eyebrows with as clear a warning of a strong will behind them as came from Virginia's own. In truth, the blue-gray eyes were the softer and the pleasanter to look upon.

"Going to town, is she? I'm obleeged to her for sendin' me word. Palmer, he's a goin' off down the timber, after dark. I can't leave home this evening.

'Pears like it was n't to do me any sort of good to have her go."

"Well, never you mind. If you want to send word over, get your errand ready. I'll have to ride past Crawford's by and by, and I'll leave it for you."

"Will you, now? I'd like it."

"Where's Palm? I want him. Where's the old man?"

The long, one-story log-house in front of which they were talking, stood about half a mile beyond the great corn-field, in the middle of which arose the new-built, fresh-looking structure which was to be the future home of Marshall Hayne. The logs showed signs of age, but there was barely enough of plowed ground around them to fend off a prairie fire. The Bitters family had not occupied it long, and they were not of the class that open new farms.

"Palm!" shouted the dark-eyed maiden. "Mr. Hayne wants ye! Wants the old man, too!"

A brawny, rugged-looking, and not uncommonly six-footer quickly made his appearance around the corner of the house, but he came alone.

"What's up, Marsh?"

"Well, Palm, it's just this: I don't care to be fired out of my corn crop. You take the double team and the break-plow, after dinner, and run two or three furrows along the northeast fence and a little down the east side. The old man can run two or three more, about ten yards out, and we'll singe off the grass between 'em."

"That 'd stop 'most anything, onless thar was a high wind. Most likely it would then. Awful waste of work, though. Take all day and to-morrer."

"Can't help it, Palm. There were some pretty smart blisters, last year, between this and town. I don't want any in mine."

Celerity Bitters had been listening, and she now remarked, —

"Hank Sanders, he said he'd be over to see me to-night. I'll git him to

stop over and help. Thar's heaps of fun a-fightin' fire."

The inability of Celerity Bitters to carry her own errand over to Crawford's was explained, but Marshall Hayne made no comment on the explanation. Palmer Bitters walked slowly away, leaving his sister to complete her conversation with the energetic young farmer, who at the same time boarded with and employed the Bitters family. They were people whose way in life required them to keep employers and boarders.

"Gwine to ride by Crawford's?" There was an inquiring archness in the unflinching black eyes.

"Reckon so. 'T won't be out of my way to do your errand for you."

"Well, no, I s'pose not. You would n't think of stoppin' in, now, if Jinny Crawford asked ye? They do say she does n't make herself the pleasantest kind of company for them she does n't take to."

It may not have been said with the intention of sending her own "company" off to his work, but she had managed to do it, for he answered her a little promptly: —

"I'm putting in my time on my house and my corn just now. Don't care to have 'em burned up, either. Reckon I'll go over and take a look at things."

He marched away and the black eyes followed him keenly.

"He's an awful worker, he is. He is n't so bad lookin', either, sometimes. Hank Sanders could lay him on the broad of his back, any day. Hank ort to be doin' somethin' with that thar land of his'n. It's high time thar was a crap onto it."

The eastern or any other side of a quarter section of land, United States measure, is half a mile long, and furrows of that length, through virgin prairie sod, call for strong pulling. Marshall Hayne had told no man that he was already the owner of the land upon which Palm Bitters and his father

thought they were throwing away their work, that afternoon, and it was hard for them to break "nobody's land" for some unknown new settler.

Neither Bitters nor Crawford knew of his added claim to the respect of his neighbors, when he mounted his horse, that evening, but either his landed possessions, or Celerity's errand, or something else, was lying heavy on his mind. He paused for a moment in front of his own new house, and again he said to himself, —

"It will be ready by the first snow."

He rode onward, then, with the air of a man who is willing his horse and thoughts should take their own gait, until he neared the house with the ricks behind it.

"Will I go in? Not unless she asks me. If she does, I will! And what then? Yes, I'll do it, sure's I live! I can't stand this any longer."

It was not from Virginia he received his invitation to come in, but her father, at the gate, said to him, "What, Marsh? I to tell her all that? Reckon not. I'd miss half on it, sure. You jest 'light down off your horse, and come into the house. I'll find her for ye, somewhar. Tell her yourself."

Marsh obeyed, and in a few minutes more the young people were sitting together in the pleasant little parlor by themselves. To judge by the time required for its delivery and explanation, the message of Celerity Bitters must have been a long one, and very well remembered. It was an unpropitious piece of work for Marshall Hayne, however, if he had meant that any special errand of his own should follow. The very telling Celerity's words over and over, to make sure of them, brought too vividly to Virginia Crawford's mental vision a picture of her visitor in close communion with a comely maiden, who smiled upon him unutterable things through a pair of black, brilliant eyes.

She noticed, too, — and a rebellious

feeling rose within her as she studied it, — how the willful look of set, determined purpose grew and deepened in the strong face before her. It seemed to look out aggressively and assail her, arousing something desperate and opposing from the hidden depths of her heart. It was a fierce and struggling feeling, and it swelled until she was almost afraid of him. She was angry with herself for that, but her fear grew fast when her eyes told her that his face was getting strangely pale, and her ears gave her to know that his deep, bell-like voice was trembling, and that it seemed to well up from away down, down, — some hidden place whence no voice of man had ever before come to her. She strove not to understand it, and not to know why her heart was beating more quickly, and harder and harder, although as yet he was not talking about anything in particular, — land, and crops, and stock, and his new house, and so forth.

The room was swiftly getting dark, as rooms will at the close of October days, but Virginia could see Marshall Hayne's face as plainly as before, for some reason. It seemed to stand out of the gloom as if framed in it, white, fixed, determined. At last there came a moment when her heart stopped its hot beating for a pulse or two, and began to swell. She could hardly remember, afterwards, precisely what he had been saying, but when he came to the words, —

"It will be ready by the first snow, Virginia. Will you go into it with me?"

"I?"

The questioning exclamation burst from her lips in a great sob, as she sprang to her feet.

"You will not? Then I will burn it down!"

The first words had a sad and mournful sound, and as if they came from a distance, while the latter were uttered in a harsh, hoarse whisper. She would have given a world for the power to

speak again, there in the deepening gloom, into which her backward step had carried her; but the swelling of her heart forbade it too long, and the next sound she heard was the rapid stroke of the hoofs of Marshall Hayne's horse upon the road, as he galloped away.

"Gone? What did I say!"

She sank upon a chair, and the very dusk faded gloomily out of the little parlor. Her struggle against the overmastery of Marshall Hayne's will had apparently cost her something.

II.

Neither old Mr. Crawford nor his wife knew anything more concerning their young neighbor's evening call than that it seemed a somewhat shortened one. It had been quite plain that he had had yet another errand "up the road." They knew that by the rapid gait at which he rode away.

Virginia was well satisfied to spend the following day "in town," and even that her father's business at last compelled them all to remain there over night. When, however, on the next day, they set out for home, she was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness, which increased with every mile they traveled. Her father seemed to share it with her, but she understood that better when he at last remarked, —

"They do say the prairie was all afire, hereaway, last night. You can see the smoke of it now. Reckon it did n't git across the slough. It could n't, unless thar was a high wind; but then the wind's risin', and it's a-blowin' the wrong way, to suit me."

Meantime it had been a great relief to Marshall Hayne to have a large job on his hands, — one he could push along feverishly, "so we can get at work at the corn shucking."

There is some excitement in "back-firing," even when you feel sure the

blazes you are kindling cannot get away from you.

There were three broad furrows along the northeast fence, and four more along the outer border of the ten-yard strip of prairie so inclosed, to be burned over. The grass on this, while pretty dry, was nowhere very luxuriant, and before the day was over the work was done, with no harm to anybody, and a fine opportunity given Hank Sanders to "beat fire" at the side of Celerity Bitters. An average width of fifty feet of scorched sod and bare earth and a high rail fence now protected the entire easterly front of Marsh Hayne's farm, and in all other directions it was fairly safe, for other reasons. The scant plowing at Bitters's could be trusted to guard the log-house and its surroundings.

The night after was a bad one for sleeping, if only because of the strong smell of burning grass continually pouring in through open windows. It grew so terribly pungent by sunrise, that Marshall Hayne exclaimed, as he sprang out of bed, —

"It's coming! There's no mistake about it, this time."

A little later he remarked, —

"Wonder if old man Crawford's got home! I don't reckon he has. I won't wait for breakfast. I'll go right over and see about it. She won't be there. If she is, I'll know in time to keep away."

He did not even wait to saddle a horse, but walked swiftly away from Bitters's without saying a word to a soul.

On he went, with quickening strides, to and through his own domain. He paused for one moment in front of the neat but as yet unpainted frame dwelling. There was a patch of young fruit trees to the left of it. There were signs around it of more improvements to come, and it had a dumb look of loneliness which seemed to plead for human occupancy.

He shook his head.

"No. I won't be a fool. It shall stay there, but I'll never put my foot over the threshold. They say there are good locations to be had in Kansas. I'd rather go further, — Nevada, now? Colorado?"

On again, until he was near enough to Crawford's to make sure there was no smoke rising from the kitchen chimney. There was, however, an abundance of smoke now floating down from the north and east, and he muttered, gloomily, —

"Into the house? No, I don't feel like doing that, but I'll see that the stock is safe. I'll tether every horse out in the winter wheat. That's green enough. The horned critters'll run for the timber, and the hogs are there now. I could n't do much for anything else, and it may not reach the house. No, I reckon I won't go in."

It required some little time to empty the stables, and transfer their equine contents to the middle of the wheat field. Virginia Crawford's pet mare was particularly restive under the kindly hands that led her away. She may have suspected that Marshall Hayne was stealing her.

The haze in the air seemed somehow to have settled upon his soul by the time his self-imposed task was completed. He moved more slowly than at first, and his head drooped forward in a brooding silence. He kept to his purpose, however, about not entering the house, and now, as if it were a neighborhood to escape from, he walked away across the prairie, letting his undirected feet carry him vaguely northward.

The first words he spoke came from him when, after wandering half a mile or so, he found himself in a deep, tree-bordered, winding hollow, that was almost a ravine: —

"The slough? I declare! I'd no idea it was dead dry. The rosin weeds, too. Never saw 'em taller. If a fire should

once get in here, now, wouldn't it burn!"

There could be small doubt of it, for the white gum which exuded from the tall, drying stalks of the weeds, and from their broad foot-leaves, was the very treasure-house of terrible heat.

He did not linger long in the hollow, but the moment he was once more on somewhat higher ground, beyond the trees, he uttered a sharp exclamation: —

"Wind rising? I should say it was. The fire has crossed the slough! Look yonder! It's making straight for my place. Oh, but ain't I glad I'm ready for it!"

He stood still for a moment, and looked around him. The scene he was gazing upon was well worth some careful study. The wind was indeed blowing more strongly. The line of the advancing fire was broken and irregular, but if one fact was plainer than another, it was that the great blaze to the eastward had not only broken the feeble barrier of thin forest in its way, but was traveling furiously down along the slough itself. It would surely cut him off from going back by the way he came, and it would be among Crawford's stubble-fields in ten minutes more, and then among his ricks and stables, and no power could save the homestead.

"It'll be an awful coming back for them," he muttered; but his next word was almost a shout: "I'm penned in!" His glances were swift and keen. "It's making head westerly. It's got in behind me. The whole prairie's afire to the northward. I've heard of such things, but I'd no idea I'd ever be trapped this way, myself. If I had a match I'd set the grass afire here, and burn a place to stand in. Haven't a one! Have I got to be burned alive?"

That was a serious problem, surely, for a strong man to face, but Marshall Hayne faced it. He had turned deathly white, the night before, in Virginia Crawford's parlor, but he did not lose a

shade of color now. He did but step briskly forward, saying to himself, —

“Not on this low ground, anyhow. The grass is too thick here, and there are too many weeds. I must go for the highest knoll I can reach, and the thinnest growth. Then, when the fire comes, I’ll try a rush. Reckon that’s my only chance.”

He walked more swiftly after that thought came to him. Then he even ran, for at some distance before him the prairie arose in a knoll which was almost a knob. The grass would surely be short there, and he would be able to take a wider look about him.

He reached it, and the air on the little summit was easier to breathe in.

Fire, fire, fire, in all directions. It was sweeping vigorously down through the tall blue grass and rosin weeds of the slough away there behind him, but there was too much black smoke from them to guess how near it might be to Crawford’s. It was well for him he had not sought an escape in that direction.

“The north road to town comes in over yonder. The fire has burned along both sides of it, nobody knows for how far. There’s a double buggy, now, coming along, away back. It must be old Crawford’s. No, they’re not in any danger, but then” —

He paused there, for the blazing line in front of him was drawing nearer. Harder and harder blew the wind, too, and higher leapt the red tongues of the flame.

“I’ll wait till it strikes into the short grass on the slope. Then for a charge; but I must go straight across. If I lose my way in the smoke, and run right or left, I’m a dead man.”

His trousers were already tucked into his boots. His coat was carefully buttoned up to his chin, and the collar of it turned up, while his handkerchief was made to cover as much as possible of his neck, and a flap of it was drawn across his mouth. Then his slouched

hat was pulled over his forehead, and all was ready.

“If I’m not suffocated, and if I don’t stumble, I believe I can get through.”

Cool and calm and strong; every nerve was tense and every muscle was utterly ready. And now, sending before it dense clouds of rosin weed smoke, the prairie fire began its fierce charge up the slope, like the English infantry at Inkerman.

“Now for it! Life or death!”

He went forward with a great, stag-like bound, and the smoke-cloud closed around him.

He had not been watching the double buggy for some few minutes, but there had been something in it worth watching. The driver was alone on the front seat, with a bag of flour beside him, and he did not turn to look behind as he steadily remarked, —

“It is n’t of any use, mother. That blaze ’ll reach our place before we do.”

Stern and silent sat old Mrs. Crawford, while her husband was speaking; but a younger and better pair of eyes had been straining their vision upon the smoke wreaths and eddies ahead.

“Father! There’s a man on the hill! He will be burned!”

“God pity him! That’s so!”

The buggy had been driven along the prairie road, as closely in the rear of the advancing fire as old Mr. Crawford dared to press his snorting, frightened span of bays, and the distance between them and the knob was not so very great. A gust of wind lifted the smoke from it, just for a moment.

“Father! Father! Can’t you see? Can we not do something? Mother, — mother, — mother, — it is Marshall Hayne!”

The old man shivered from head to foot, and Mrs. Crawford turned suddenly around to look at her daughter. She needed but one look.

“Virginia! My poor girl! Oh, I did not know it!”

Virginia's lips were parted, and she was staring fixedly at the black pall of vapor which had again hidden the prairie knoll from view. Marshall Hayne was in there, somewhere, she knew, with the fierce fire smiting him.

White, oh how white a face was hers for a mother to gaze upon! There was no trace of color, even on the lips.

Old Crawford reined in his horses, groaning aloud.

It seemed but a minute more, an eternally long minute of horrified silence, when the staggering form of a man burst through the nearer line of smoke, and a pair of arms were thrown wildly upward, as if their owner mingled a word of thanksgiving with his first gasp of breathable air. He needed more air and fresher, and he once again hurried forward.

The bays were suddenly lashed to a gallop, just as Virginia Crawford faintly muttered, —

"Is that Marsh? Oh, mother, is he saved?"

"Jinny! Keep up! I'll hev him in ten seconds."

The bays were again reined in, quickly, for there was a man in the road before them.

"Hold the reins, mother!" shouted old Crawford, as he sprang to the ground. "Marsh, is it you? Are you much burned? Can you speak?"

He might well ask him who he was, under the thick dusting of soot and ashes that covered him from head to foot.

At that moment there was a low cry behind old Crawford, and the form of his daughter darted past him.

"Marsh? Oh, Marsh, why won't you speak to me?"

Her white hands were on his shoulders, and her streaming eyes were studying his face, but there was color again in her own, now.

"I'm all right, Virginia, but I'm afraid there's nothing left of your place.

I took your mare and the other horses out into the wheat field. She's safe."

"You've been caring for us? Risking your life for us! Oh, Marsh, are you hurt?"

"Not much, I reckon. Burned on my hands a little, — that's all. Have to get a new pair of boots."

Yes, and a new hat and coat; and his hair, beard, and eyebrows had suffered; and the Crawfords would find only heaps of ashes where they had left so fair a home. But what of all that! What was any such loss, compared to the treasure which had come to Virginia through that wall of smoke and fire, or to the one Marshall Hayne had found at the end of his desperate rush for life!

"Git into the buggy, Marsh. He won't need no help, Jinny. Did you say you'd saved the critters?"

"Reckon they're all right, but I didn't get anything out of the house. You'd better take the road to mine, at the forks. We put in all day, yesterday, back-firing."

"That's what I ought to have done, 'stead of going to town."

There was a great deal of silence during the short remainder of that drive; but old Crawford followed his young neighbor's advice, for the right-hand road, at the forks, would have led him into a hotter country than his horses would have been willing to travel.

Before long, they could all see the great blaze which went up from house and barns and corn cribs and stacks of wheat.

"The land won't burn," said the brave old man, almost cheerily. "Glad the stock is safe. That was good of you, Marsh. I don't owe a cent, and it won't break me up. Glad your place is n't hurt; but you had a close call of it yourself."

He heard a very long breath drawn, at that moment by somebody upon the back seat of the buggy.

At the door of the new house they all got soberly down, and Mrs. Crawford walked straight to the door and through it. Her husband stayed to care for his over-excited team, but Marshall Hayne and Virginia were just a little behind her, when she reached the threshold.

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed the old lady. "It's nigh a'most furnished! It's real comfortable!"

Perhaps it was mere curiosity that carried her onward so quickly, then, out of hearing, although some experienced women are very wise.

"Will you go in, Virginia?"

"I? Marsh!"

"With me, I mean, — Virginia?"

He passed the threshold as he spoke, and there he stood, holding out both hands, half-welcoming, half pleading.

"Forever and ever, Marsh!"

If, a few moments later, old Mrs.

Crawford meant any more than she said, there may have been some reason for the high color in her daughter's face, for part of the added tint was dusky: —

"Marsh, you'd better git a clothes-brush and some soap and water. I declare! Virginny, you a'most look as if you'd been through a fire yourself."

The further domestic arrangements of Marshall Hayne's new house were completed a good while before the "first snow," although the winter set in early that year.

He did not board with the Bitters family another day, but it was only a week or so after the fire had done its work that Celerity remarked to Hank Sanders, —

"No, sir! I'm gwine to foller Jinny Crawford. Not till you've took some kind of a crap off that land o' yours, and put a house onto it."

W. O. Stoddard.

THE THEORY OF A COMMON ORIGIN FOR ALL LANGUAGES.

OF all the great changes in thought which the present century has witnessed, perhaps none is more striking than that which has occurred in our methods of studying the beginnings of human culture. The discoveries of Grimm and Bopp in comparative philology, the decipherment of mysterious inscriptions in Egypt and Assyria, the study of legal archæology illustrated by Sir Henry Maine, the doctrine of survivals so ably expounded by Mr. Tylor, and especially the geologic proof of the enormous antiquity of the human race, together with the wide-reaching and powerful speculations of Mr. Darwin, have all contributed to bring about this change. So completely has our point of view been shifted by these various theories and discoveries that many speculations which at the beginning of the present

century possessed an absorbing interest have now come to seem frivolous or irrelevant; and nothing can better illustrate the extent of the change than the fate of some of these speculations. It is not many years since ethnologists were racking their brains to show how the North American Indians might have come over from Asia; and there was felt to be a sort of speculative necessity for discovering points of resemblance between American languages, myths, and social observances and those of the Oriental world. Now the aborigines of this continent were made out to be Kamtchatkans, and now Chinamen, and again they were shown, with quaint erudition, to be remnants of the ten tribes of Israel. Perhaps none of these theories have been exactly disproved, but they have all been superseded, and have

lost their interest. We now know that in the earliest post-Pleiocene times, at least a hundred thousand, and probably several hundred thousand, years ago the American continent was inhabited by human beings. The primeval Californian skull, moreover, resembles the modern American Indian type, and is not to be confounded with Old World skulls. It is probable, therefore, that far back in post-Pleiocene times, before the great glacial period, the ancestors of the American Indians had already become distinguished from the races of Asia. In these remote ages the two continents may very likely have been joined together at their northeastern and northwestern extremities. At any rate, whatever view we may ultimately adopt, we feel that all theories of the recent colonization of America by Kamtschaks, or Chinamen, or the ten tribes of Israel are superseded and laid on the shelf. That recent migrations may have occurred is quite another affair. Theories like those of Brasseur de Bourbourg are still to be treated on their own merits, independently of general considerations. But one now perceives, in reading them, that they were dictated by a kind of speculative necessity which we no longer feel, because our whole point of view has been shifted.

In similar wise have fared the innumerable plans which formerly occupied the attention of scholars for colonizing the whole world from the highlands of Armenia. The ethnological information contained in the book of Genesis is of great interest and value, but so far from relating to the whole human race, it totally ignores the larger part of the world, and is concerned only with the peoples of which an inhabitant of Syria might be expected to know something. Long before any possible date for the diffusion from Armenia there described, we know that populous and stationary communities flourished on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates; while savage

or barbarous tribes, using stone hatchets and flint-headed arrows, wandered through the primeval forests of Europe and America. Armenia retains its interest, to some extent, as a possible starting-point, but only in connection with the Semitic race and its neighbors, — so thoroughly have our notions been remodeled.

Old-fashioned speculations concerning the primitive unity of human speech have similarly fallen into discredit. Previous to the detection of the kinship between the various forms of Aryan speech, no end of books were written to prove that all known languages were in some way descended from Hebrew; not that there was any warrant for such an opinion, either in Scripture or in the general probabilities of the case, but that the preëminence of Hebrew as the language of Jehovah's chosen people and the vehicle of divine revelation created a speculative need for proving it to be the original uncorrupted dialect of mankind. Since the establishment of the Aryan family of languages, it has still been felt necessary to prove that all existing varieties of speech have had a common origin, and as a step toward this end great learning and ingenuity have been expended in the attempt to detect some primordial similarity between the Semitic languages and languages of Aryan descent.

It is not too much to say that all this learning and ingenuity have been utterly wasted. Apart from a few casual coincidences, as in the Hebrew and Sanskrit words for *six*, there is not a trace of similarity between the Semitic and the Aryan vocabularies; while as regards both inflection and syntax, the entire structure of these two families of speech is so radically unlike, that only the most desperate feeling of speculative necessity could ever have induced any one to seek a common original for the two. But after getting irretrievably worsted in the encounter with facts, this specu-

lative craving is now outgrown and laid aside with the others. The antiquity of the human race again comes in to alter entirely our stand-point. Considering how multifariously language varies from age to age, and considering that mankind has doubtless possessed the power of articulate speech for some thousands of centuries, it no longer seems worth while to seek immediate conclusions about primitive speech from linguistic records which do not carry us back more than four or five thousand years.

From the vantage-ground which we now occupy, it is not difficult to see that the hypothesis of a single primeval language, from which all existing languages have descended, involves an absurd assumption. Those who maintain such an hypothesis, in so far as their statements have any definite and tangible meaning, must mean that all existing languages stand in relation to the hypothetical primitive language very much as French and Italian stand in relation to Latin, or English and German to Old Teutonic, or Latin and Old Teutonic to Old Aryan. But in point of fact the case is very different from this. We know that French and Italian are differently modified forms of Latin, because we can trace the modern words directly back to their ancient prototypes, and verify by the aid of written documents their various changes of form and meaning. After carrying on for a while this process of comparison, we find that the modern words vary from the ancient according to certain well-defined rules, which are different for French and Italian, but are singularly uniform for each language. So unmistakable is the regularity of the system of changes, that if all record of Latin were to be swept away we might still reconstruct the language from a comparative study of its modern descendants. *Mois* and *mese*, for example, the French and Italian words for "month," would give us the Latin *mensis*, and nothing else; and so on throughout. In

similar wise, although the Old Aryan language has left no written documents to tell us of its grammar and vocabulary, we have nevertheless detected such a regular system of phonetic changes among the languages which have descended from it that we have been already enabled to go very far toward reconstructing this extinct tongue. *Month* and *mensis*, for example, carry us back, with little less than absolute certainty, to an Old Aryan *mansa*; and so on as before, though here the inquiry is an abstruse one, requiring patience and sound judgment, and there is room enough for doubt in many cases. The general relationship of the Aryan languages to their common ancestor is, however, no less clearly manifest than that of the modern Romanic languages to the Latin. After fifty years of such comparative study, in a cautious and prudent way, we have succeeded in making out some few cases of demonstrable genetic kinship among groups of languages. Beside the Aryan family, in the study of which such profound knowledge has been obtained, we have clearly made out the existence of the Dravidian family in Southern India, and of the Altaic family, — to which the Finnish, Hungarian, and Turkish belong, — to say nothing of the long-established Semitic family. Other families of speech no doubt exist, and will by and by have their relationships definitely marked out. But the moment we try to compare these families with each other, in order to detect some definable link of relationship between them, we are instantly baffled. Any true family of languages will show a community of structure as conspicuous as that which is seen among vertebrate animals. The next family you study will be as distinctly marked in its characteristics as is the group of articulated insects, spiders, and crustaceans. But to compare the two families with each other will prove as futile as to compare a reindeer with a lobster. The

only conclusion to which you can logically come is that while certain languages, here and there, have become variously modified, so as to give rise to well-defined families of speech, the like process has not taken place universally. In other words, the derivation of a dozen languages from a common ancestor is not a permanent and universal, but a temporary and local phenomenon in the history of human speech, and we need not expect to come across any such fact of derivation, except where it can be duly accounted for by the peculiar circumstances of the case.

This conclusion is reinforced when we consider the circumstances under which a single language gives rise to several mutually resembling descendants. Obviously such a language must have a high degree of permanence and a wide extension. It must be spoken for a long time by large bodies of men spread over a wide territorial area. Take, for example, the rise of the modern Romanic languages from the Latin. In the fourth century after Christ the Latin language was spoken all over the Italian and Spanish peninsulas, throughout most of Gaul and Switzerland, along the banks of the Upper Danube, and in what are now called the Roumanian principalities. In all these countries Latin was the speech in which the ordinary affairs of life were transacted, and this had come to be so mainly because the native dialects of these countries were numerous and uncultivated; and as all were in close political and social connection with Rome, it was a much simpler matter for all to learn Latin than for the Romans and their subjects alike to learn a score of barbarous tongues. The business of life got more easily transacted in this way. No such result followed the conquest of the Eastern world, because Greek was spoken all over the East, and every educated Roman knew Greek already; so that in this case it was a simpler matter for the conquerors to talk

Greek than for their subjects to learn Latin. Practical convenience is the final arbiter in pretty much all such cases. Now it must not be supposed that the Latin talked all over the West was quite like the elegant language of Cæsar and Virgil. It was only educated people in Rome or Milan, and perhaps in such cities as Nismes or Lyons, that talked like this. Colloquial Latin always had plenty of dialectic peculiarities. Even in Italy the Latin had supplanted, in former times, a number of kindred Umbrian and Sabine dialects, and we may be sure that all these left their mark upon the common speech. In getting diffused over Europe, this impure colloquial Latin could not fail to pick up here and there some peculiar word or phrase, while now and then some other word or phrase would be lost from its old stock and forgotten, so that people did not talk just alike throughout the empire. A Spaniard's local peculiarities of utterance and phraseology were distinguishable from those of a Rhætian, though both talked Latin and could understand each other.

Now as every language changes more or less from age to age, so the speech of the Romans in the fourth century after Christ had come to differ in many respects from the speech of their forefathers who, six hundred years earlier, had fought against Hannibal. But up to this time the intercourse between the various parts of the Roman world had been so close and continuous that the capital still furnished the standard of discourse for the whole empire. During the next six centuries a different set of circumstances was at work. For a second time the Latin language was learned by scores of barbarous tribes, but this time it was no longer Rome that set the fashion and maintained the standard. In innumerable provincial towns and barbaric assemblies new standards of speaking were gradually established. The lines of connection, administrative and

commercial, which had formerly been kept up, were in many cases severed, and each little tract of country led a more sequestered life than before. Many new expressions came into use, — Teutonic in Gaul and Italy, Arabic in Spain, Slavic in Roumania; and local idioms and peculiarities of accent multiplied, in the absence of a uniform standard. In this way the vulgar Latin insensibly diverged into a host of provincial dialects, or *patois*, the divergence being great or little according to the frequency of intercourse between different localities. Thus the Tuscan and the Savoyard could both understand the Milanese, the inhabitant of Lyons could talk with the Savoyard and with the citizen of Orleans, and the Orleanese would be intelligible to the Parisian; while, on the other hand, the Parisian could hardly carry on a conversation with the Savoyard, and would be quite incapable of understanding the Tuscan. Some such slowly-graded transition may still be noticed by the traveler from France to Italy who takes pains to observe the speech of the common people. At Nice, for instance, local newspapers are published in a dialect which one hardly knows whether to call French, Provençal, or Italian.

After this process of divergence had gone on for some time, a new start was taken toward uniformity, but in such a way as to enhance and complete the divergence already begun. When literary men gave up trying to write classical Latin, and began to clothe their thoughts in the colloquial Romance or vulgar tongue of the times, new centres of political and intellectual life had begun to be formed at Paris, Toulouse, and Florence; and the dialects of these cities began to assume preëminence as literary and fashionable dialects. As Southern France came more and more under the sway of Paris, the second of these centres indeed lost its relative importance, and the Provençal tongue

gradually sank into an unfashionable patois; but Parisian and Tuscan, on the other hand, came to be so generally read and spoken that after a while they quite crowded their intermediate sister dialects out of sight, and to-day they are the sole recognized representatives of good French and good Italian speech, although there is still a great deal of French spoken that is not Parisian, and a great deal of Italian that is not Tuscan. This predominance of the two central dialects is in our day increasing more rapidly and decisively than ever before, and the process will unquestionably go on until all Frenchmen speak Parisian, and all Italians speak Tuscan. Railroads and telegraphs, newspapers and novels, have already sealed the death-warrant of all patois, and the execution is only a question of time. It is because of the wide diffusion in our own country of these powerful agencies for keeping men in contact with each other that we have no varieties of dialect here worth speaking of. It is not at all likely that in this country such dialectic variations will ever spring up. And for the same reason it is not likely that any essential divergence will ever arise between the English language as spoken in England and the same language as spoken in America. In the Middle Ages, wolves, brute and human, tax-gatherers, and robber barons, as well as bad roads and imperfect vehicles, made a few miles of wood or mountain a greater barrier to intercourse than the wide ocean is to-day. For the language of the thriving people to whom, as to the ancient Greeks, the ocean has become (*πόντος*) a common "pathway;" who have taught mankind how to drive ships with steam, and how to send electric flashes of intelligence through the watery abyss, — for this language a future of unprecedented glory is in store. By the end of the twentieth century, English will no doubt be spoken by something like eight hundred million people,

crowding all over North America and Australia, as well as over a good part of Africa and India, with island colonies in every sea, and naval stations on every cape. By that time so large a proportion of the business of the world will be transacted by people of English descent that, as a mere matter of convenience, the whole world will have to learn English. Whatever other language any one may have learned in childhood, he will find it necessary to speak English also. In this way our language will become more and more cosmopolitan, while all others become more and more provincial, until, after a great length of time, they will probably one after another assume the character and incur the fate of local patois. One by one they will become extinct, leaving English as the universal language of mankind.

There is, I think, a considerable probability that things will come to pass in this way, though the process must of course be a very slow one, and the result here prefigured will very likely come so far down in the future as to coincide with the disappearance of barbarism from the earth, and with the inauguration of that pacific "parliament of man" of which the philosophic poet has told us. But, however the actual result may shape itself in its details, the considerations here brought forward would seem to indicate that complete community of speech belongs rather to the later than to the earlier stages of human progress. What we may regard as certain is that community of speech on a wide scale requires prolonged and continuous business communication among large bodies of men. Where communication is seriously interrupted for a long period of time, as in the Dark Ages of Europe, the tendency is for the common language to break up into a number of more or less similar dialects; and in proportion as frequent communication is resumed there is manifested an opposite tendency of a few central

dialects to crush out their neighbors, and to grow into wide-spread languages. This is, in brief, the way in which languages grow, and diverge, and supplant one another. There is nothing that is mysterious or metaphysical in the process; it is purely a matter of practical convenience. In the long run the actions of man are determined by what we may call the "law of least effort:" the easiest way of doing things is the one which, sooner or later, is sure to be adopted; and to this general law the myriad little actions involved in speech form no exception.

Carrying back to ancient times the lesson we have learned from the career of Latin, we find that the facts, so far as known, sustain our conclusion. Among the Semitic peoples there was undoubtedly a time when all were of one blood and one speech. No one doubts that Arabs, Jews, and Syrians are as closely related by descent as Germans, Swedes, and Englishmen. The social condition of these Semitic races, shortly before the historic period, is best represented by the wandering Arabs of the present day. In this patriarchal stage of society there is no such close political cohesion as there is among nations of modern type, but there is frequent intercourse for business purposes, and even sometimes for purely literary objects, as in the old competitions of bards at Mecca before the time of Mohammed; and this intercourse has sufficed to preserve the main features of the language. In early times there was sufficient communication between the patriarchal tribes of Arabia and Palestine and the adjacent civilized nations of Assyria, Babylonia, and Phœnicia to prevent any very wide divergence of speech. The differences between Hebrew, Syriac, and Assyrian are not greater than the differences between French, Spanish, and Italian.

So, too, in the direct line of our own ancestry, we find that the primitive

Aryans were a race partly agricultural and partly pastoral in pursuits, living in durable houses, grouped together into large villages, surrounded by defensible walls. The structure of the family was somewhat cruder than among the patriarchal Arabs and Hebrews; the social and political system was such as we see vestiges of to-day in the village communities of Russia and Hindustan. Pre-eminent among all early races in the rearing of flocks and herds, the old Aryans required immense grazing grounds, and would seem to have occupied all the wide grassy plains which lie between the mountains of Central Tartary and the southern slopes of European Russia. At the same time their agricultural pursuits and their durable villages imply a considerable amount of political stability, and there is good evidence that for a long time a common language was spoken throughout this vast territory. As we follow these Aryan tribes in their great career of permanent conquest and settlement, one branch into Persia and India, and other branches into Greece, Italy, Germany, Gaul, and Britain, we come upon the same linguistic phenomena which we observed above in the mediæval history of Latin. With the isolation of the various tribes, separated from each other by wide distances, we see the Aryan mother-tongue break up into innumerable dialectic forms; until, by and by, with the rise of new and distinct centres of social life, new and distinct languages come upon the scene, and acquire literary immortality in the Vedas, in the Avesta, in the epics of Homer and Virgil, in the novels of Cervantes and Turgenev, in the sermons of Bossuet and Taylor, in the dramas of Shakespeare and Goethe, and in that palladium of linguistic stability in the future, — the English version of the Bible.

In such cases as these, where a single durable mother-language has produced several durable offspring, the signs of

kinship, whether in grammar or in vocabulary, are never obliterated. After an independent career of more than ten centuries, the genetic relationship of French and Italian is a perfectly patent fact, about which there could be no question whatever, even if all memory of the Roman Empire had lapsed from men's minds, even if some fanatical Cardinal Ximenes had burned in a bonfire every scrap of French and Italian literature that ever existed. After an independent career of not less than forty centuries, the kinship of Latin and Sanskrit is equally unmistakable. It is not an occult fact, which discloses itself only after a subtle philological analysis; it is a fact so plain that no one who reads Sanskrit and Latin books can possibly overlook it, and it forced itself upon the attention of the first European scholars who studied Sanskrit in the seventeenth century, though they knew nothing of philological analysis as we understand it. The similarity between the long-known Hebrew and the lately-deciphered Assyrian is no less conspicuous; and the same may be said of the Dravidian languages of Southern India when compared with one another.

But as we leave this circle of studies, and venture out into the wilderness of barbaric speech, we find a very different state of things. The northern portions of Asia have been inhabited, within the period of history, by three different races, all of whom still survive, — the Finno-Tataric, the Mongolian, and the Samoyedic races. The linguistic relationships of these peoples are very instructive. In the first place, the Finno-Tataric peoples appear to belong to the same white race from which the Aryans and the Semites have diverged, although there is nothing remotely resembling Aryan or Semitic in Finno-Tataric speech. This family of languages is represented in Europe by the Finnish and its neighboring dialects, by the Hungarian, and by the Turkish. In

Asia it is represented by a great number of languages, spoken in the Caucasus, in Turkistan, and in Siberia. Eastward of this vast region comes the Mongolian or yellow race, with which we should be very careful not to confound the Tatars. There has always been a great deal of confusion of nomenclature in speaking of these races, but the lines of distinction are really simple enough when we have once learned them. The ambiguous word which is responsible for most of the confusion is the epithet Tatar, which did originally belong to the Mongols, but has come to be applied by preference to the Turkish family. When Jinghis Khan, in the thirteenth century, made the name Tatar a sign of terror and humiliation to all Asia and Europe, it became customary to apply this dreaded epithet to all the hordes that were subject to the Mongolian ruler, — changing the word slightly to “Tartar,” so as to add to it a mild flavor of the bottomless pit, in allusion to the general behavior of those ugly customers. As most of these hordes with which Europeans came into contact were really of white or Turkish race, the name Tatar became gradually appropriated to these, and thus became unfit for distinguishing the yellow Mongolians. All ambiguity would be avoided if we were to drop the name Tatar altogether, and substitute the name Turk for the whole group of peoples of which the Ottomans are the most conspicuous. Our school atlases already have “Turkistan” instead of the old-fashioned “Independent Tartary.”

The Mongolian race comprises the yellow tribes of Central Asia, from whom came Jinghis Khan, Timur, and the whole line of Mogul sovereigns of India; and also the Tungusians, or Mandshus, who for the last two centuries have ruled over China. The Chinese themselves, as well as the Japanese, must also be considered as branches of the Mongolian race. On the other

hand, the Samoyeds of Northern Siberia seem to be allied to our Eskimos, but not very obviously to the Mongolians.

The race divisions of the northern half of Asia are thus clear enough. First, we have the Finno-Tatars, or Finno-Turks, belonging to the dark-haired portion of the great white race; secondly, we have the Mongolians; thirdly, the arctic Samoyeds. But the languages spoken by these peoples cannot be classified in any such simple way. The languages of the Finns and Turks carry us back to two mother-tongues, and these are possibly reducible to one. It is otherwise when we come to Mongolian speech. On the one hand, the Mongolian dialects of Central Asia are strikingly similar in structure to the Tungusian languages, and also to the Japanese; and in these structural peculiarities they agree also with the Finno-Turkic. On the other hand, when we study the vocabularies, we do not find any similarity, such as to suggest a primitive identity, between Japanese, Tungusian, and Mongolian proper. We are still further baffled when we come to Chinese. The people of Japan obtained their written character from China, modifying it to suit the needs of their own language; and so a Japanese printed page looks very like a printed page in Chinese. If you were just to look at these printed pages, you would imagine that the two languages are very similar, just as a Chinaman, on seeing Hungarian printed in the Roman character, would fancy that Hungarian must be similar to English or Latin. In reality no kinship has yet been detected between the languages of China and Japan. Not only in vocabulary does Chinese differ from all the other languages spoken by the Mongolian race, but it even presents a fundamentally distinct type of linguistic structure. Age after age, from the remotest antiquity to which historic or philologic inference can guide us, the Chinese have talked with different words

and after a different grammatical fashion from their yellow neighbors; and these in turn have maintained each their distinct varieties of speech; although all these peoples — the inhabitants of Japan and China, the Tungusians, and the Mongols of Central Asia — are undoubtedly united by physical bonds of descent from one and the same primeval yellow race.

The inference from this is that there never was a primitive Mongolian mother-tongue in the sense in which there was a primitive Aryan mother-tongue. The common ancestors of Japanese, Chinese, Tungusian, and Mongol never at any time lived together in one great society, welded into a unit by community of language, traditions, and customs, as was the case with the common ancestors of Roman, Teuton, and Hindu. On the contrary, the aboriginal yellow men must have roamed about in detached tribes, like the blacks of Australia or the red men of America, with half-formed languages fluctuating from generation to generation, diverging with great rapidity, and speedily losing all traces of their origin. Ensconced within convenient mountain barriers, one series of these yellow tribes worked out its peculiar language and civilization in the rich hill-country and along the great navigable rivers of China. A second series of tribes, moving without reference to these, and probably at a much later date, formed a permanent community in the islands of Japan. While the remainder of the race have led a nomadic life down to the present day; now and then engaging in combined activity for a generation or two, under the guidance of such adventurers as Attila, or Jinghis, or Timur, to become for a brief season the "scourge of God" and the terror of mankind, but ever, as now, incapable of stable political union. With such divergent careers as these, we need not expect to find evidence of linguistic community among the different branches of the yel-

low race. If we find one set of linguistic phenomena in China, and a totally different set in Japan, and yet another set among the barbarous Mongols and Tunguses, this is no more than we might have expected. We need not expect to find such phenomena as the coördinate divergence of French and Italian from a common Latin mother-tongue, or of Latin and Sanskrit from a common Aryan mother-tongue, except where we can find historical conditions similar to those under which these phenomena were manifested. Outside of that broad stream of history which includes the Aryan and Semitic worlds we do not find such conditions, save in a few sporadic cases. On the contrary, we find just such a state of things as would follow from the isolated independent development of a number of languages, either without any original kinship, or with the original kinship blurred and destroyed almost from the very beginning.

The last clause introduces us to a consideration concerning barbarous languages which is of the first importance. There is a certain sense in which we may admit community of origin for languages that are now quite dissimilar; but the sense is one that is foreign to philological usage, and has no real philological significance. No doubt all the yellow races of Asia are descended from some small group of yellow progenitors, and no doubt this ancestral group possessed the faculty of articulate speech. Most likely the group was at the outset small enough to use but one language, and as the group increased in size and became subdivided into a number of tribes, the common language would soon get broken up into dialects. So far very good; but what we have to notice is that under such circumstances the breaking up of the common language would not in any way resemble the breaking up of Latin into the dialects of France and Italy. On the contrary, the several dialects would change so rapidly as to

lose their identity : within a couple of centuries it would be impossible to detect any resemblance to the language of the primitive tribe. The speech of uncivilized tribes, when not subject to the powerful conservative force of widespread custom or permanent literary tradition, changes with astonishing rapidity. Such languages usually contain but a few hundred words, and these are often forgotten by the dozen and replaced by new ones even in the course of a single generation. Among many South American Indians, as Azara tells us, the language changes from clan to clan, and almost from hut to hut, so that members of different families are obliged to have recourse to gestures to eke out the scanty pittance of oral discourse that is mutually intelligible. In the northern part of Celebes, "in a district about one hundred miles long by thirty miles wide, not less than ten distinct languages are spoken."¹ In civilized speech no words stick like the simple numerals : we use the same words to-day, in counting from one to ten, that our ancestors used in Central Asia ages before the winged bulls of Nineveh were sculptured ; and the change in pronunciation has been barely sufficient to disguise the identity. But in the language of Tahiti five of the ten simple numerals used in Captain Cook's time have already become extinct : —

"Two was *rua* ; it is now *piti*.
Four was *ha* ; it is now *maha*.
Five was *rima* ; it is now *pae*.

Six was *ono* ; it is now *fene*.

Eight was *varu* ; it is now *vau*."²

Out of many facts that might be cited, these must suffice. The facility with which savage tongues abandon old expressions for new has no parallel in civilized languages, unless it be in some of the more ephemeral kinds of slang. It is sufficiently clear, I think, that under such circumstances a language will seldom or never acquire sufficient stability to give rise to mutually resembling derivative dialects. If the habits of primitive men were in general similar to those of modern savages, we need not be surprised that philologists are unable to trace all existing languages back to a common origin. In order to get back to a universal mother-tongue, it would almost seem requisite that the history of mankind should have begun with universal empire.

We shall conclude, I think, after a survey of the whole matter, that in speech, as in other aspects of social life, the progress of mankind is from fragmentariness to solidarity : at the beginning, a multitude of feeble, mutually hostile tribes, incapable of much combined action, with hundreds of half-formed dialects, each intelligible to a few score of people ; at the end, an organized system of mighty nations, pacific in disposition, with unlimited reciprocity of intercourse, with very few languages, rich and precise in structure and vocabulary, and understood by all men.

John Fiske.

FROM A MOURNFUL VILLAGER.

LATELY I have been thinking, with much sorrow, of the approaching extinction of front yards, and of the type of New England village character and

civilization with which they are associated. Formerly, because I lived in an old-fashioned New England village, it would have been hard for me to imag-

¹ Müller, *Science of Language*, 6th ed., II. 36.

² *Op. cit.*, 28.

ine that there were parts of the country where the front yard, as I knew it, was not in fashion, and that grounds (however small) had taken its place. No matter how large a piece of land lay in front of a house in old times, it was still a front yard, in spite of noble dimension and the skill of practiced gardeners.

There are still a good many examples of the old manner of out-of-door life and customs, as well as a good deal of the old-fashioned provincial society, remaining in the eastern parts of the New England States; but if put side by side with the society that is American rather than provincial, one discovers it to be in a small minority. The representative United States citizen will be, or already is, a Westerner, and his instincts and ways of looking at things have certain characteristics of their own which are steadily growing more noticeable.

For many years New England was simply a bit of Old England transplanted. We all can remember elderly people whose ideas were wholly under the influence of their English ancestry. It is hardly more than a hundred years since we were English colonies, and not independent United States, and the customs and ideas of the mother country were followed from force of habit. Now one begins to see a difference; the old traditions have had time to disappear almost entirely even in the most conservative and least changed towns, and a new element has come in. The true characteristics of American society, as I have said, are showing themselves more and more distinctly to the westward of New England, and come back to it in a tide that steadily sweeps away the old traditions. It rises over the heads of the prim and stately idols before which our grandfathers and grandmothers bowed down and worshiped, and which we ourselves were at least taught to walk softly by as they toppled on their thrones.

One cannot help wondering what a lady of the old school will be like a hun-

dred years from now! But, at any rate, she will not be in heart and thought and fashion of good breeding as truly an Englishwoman as if she had never stepped out of Great Britain. If one of our own elderly ladies were suddenly dropped into the midst of provincial English society, she would be quite at home; but west of her own Hudson River she is lucky if she does not find herself behind the times, and almost a stranger and a foreigner.

And yet from the first there was a little difference, and the colonies were New England and not Old. In some ways more radical, yet in some ways more conservative, than the people across the water, they showed a new sort of flower when they came into bloom in this new climate and soil. In the old days there had not been time for the family ties to be broken and forgotten. Instead of the unknown English men and women who are our sixth and seventh cousins now, they had first and second cousins then; but there was little communication between one country and the other, and the mutual interest in every-day affairs necessarily faded out quickly. A traveler was a curiosity, and here, even between the villages themselves, there was far less intercourse than we can believe possible. People stayed on their own ground; their horizons were of small circumference, and their whole interest and thought were spent upon their own land, their own neighbors, their own affairs, while they were not only contented with this state of things, but encouraged it. One has only to look at the high-walled pews of the old churches, at the high fences of the town gardens, and at even the strong fortifications around some family lots in the burying-grounds, to be sure of this. The interviewer was not besought and encouraged in those days; he was defied. In that quarter at least they had the advantage of us. Their interest was as real and

heart-felt in each other's affairs as ours, let us hope; but they never allowed idle curiosity to show itself in the world's market-place, shameless and unblushing.

There is so much to be said in favor of our own day, and the men and women of our own time, that a plea for a recognition of the quaintness and pleasantness of village life in the old days cannot seem unwelcome, or without deference to all that has come with the later years of ease and comfort, or of discovery in the realms of mind or matter. We are beginning to cling to the elderly people who are so different from ourselves, and for this reason: we are paying them instinctively the honor that is due from us to our elders and betters; they have that grand prestige and dignity that belongs to age; they are like old wines, — perhaps no better than many others when they were young, but now, after many years, they have come to be worth nobody knows how many dollars a dozen, and the connoisseurs make treasures of the few bottles of that vintage which are left.

It was a restricted and narrowly limited life in the old days. Religion, or rather sectarianism, was apt to be simply a matter of inheritance, and there was far more bigotry in every cause and question, — a fiercer partisanship; and because there were fewer channels of activity, and those undivided into specialties, there was a whole-souled concentration of energy that was as efficient as it was sometimes narrow and short-sighted. People were more contented in the sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call them, and they do not seem to have been so often sorely tempted by the devil with a sight of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. We are more likely to busy ourselves with finding things to do than in doing with our might the work that is in our hands already. The disappearance of many of the village front yards may come to be typical of the altered

position of woman, and mark a stronghold on her way from the much-talked-of slavery and subjection to a coveted equality. She used to be shut off from the wide acres of the farm, and had no voice in the world's politics; she must stay in the house, and could only hold sway out-of-doors in this prim corner of land where she was queen. No wonder that women clung to their rights in their flower-gardens then, and no wonder that they have grown a little careless of them now, and that lawn mowers find so ready a sale! The whole world is their front yard nowadays!

There might be written a history of front yards in New England which would be very interesting to read. It would end in a treatise upon landscape gardening and its possibilities, and wild flights of imagination about the culture of plants under glass, the application of artificial heat in forcing, and the curious mingling and development of plant life; but it would begin in the simple time of the early colonists. It must have been hard when, after being familiar with the gardens and parks of England and Holland, they found themselves restricted to front yards by way of pleasure-grounds. Perhaps they thought such things were wrong, and that having a pleasant place to walk about in out-of-doors would encourage idle and lawless ways in the young; at any rate, for several years it was more necessary to raise corn and potatoes to keep themselves from starving than to lay out alleys and plant flowers and box borders among the rocks and stumps. There is a great pathos in the fact that in so stern and hard a life there was time or place for any gardens at all. I can picture to myself the little slips and cuttings that had been brought over in the ship, and more carefully guarded than any of the household goods. I can see the women look at them tearfully when they came into bloom, because nothing

else could be a better reminder of their old home. What fears there must have been lest the first winter's cold might kill them, and with what love and care they must have been tended! I know a rose-bush, and a little while ago I knew an apple-tree, that were brought over by the first settlers; the rose still blooms, and until it was cut down the old tree bore apples. It is strange to think that civilized New England is no older than the little red roses that bloom in June on that slope above the river in Kittery. Those earliest gardens were very pathetic in the contrast of their extent and their power of suggestion and association. Every seed that came up was thanked for its kindness, and every flower that bloomed was the child of a beloved ancestry.

It would be interesting to watch the growth of the gardens as life became easier and more comfortable in the colonies. As the settlements grew into villages and towns, and the Indians were less dreadful, and the houses were better and more home-like, the busy people began to find a little time, now and then, when they could enjoy themselves soberly. Beside the fruits of the earth they could have some flowers, and a sprig of sage and southernwood and tansy, or lavender that had come from Surrey, and could be dried to be put among the linen, as it used to be strewn through the chests and cupboards in the old country.

I like to think of the changes as they came slowly: that after a while tender plants could be kept through the winter, because the houses were better built and warmer, and were no longer rough shelters, which were only meant to serve until there could be something better. Perhaps the parlor, or best room, and a special separate garden for the flowers were two luxuries of the same date, and they made a noticeable change in the manner of living, — the best room being a formal recognition of the claims of

society, and the front yard an appeal for the existence of something that gave pleasure, beside the merely useful and wholly necessary things of life. When it was thought worth while to put a fence around the flower-garden, the respectability of art itself was established and made secure. Whether the house was a fine one and its inclosure spacious, or whether it was a small house with only a narrow bit of ground in front, this yard was kept with care, and it was different from the rest of the land altogether. The children were not often allowed to play there, and the family did not use the front door except upon occasions of more or less ceremony. I think that many of the old front yards could tell stories of the lovers who found it hard to part under the stars, and lingered over the gate; and who does not remember the solemn group of men who gather there at funerals, and stand with their heads uncovered as the mourners go out and come in, two by two! I have always felt rich in the possession of an ancient York tradition of an old fellow who demanded, as he lay dying, that the grass in his front yard should be cut at once; it was no use to have it trodden down and spoilt by the folks at the funeral. I always hoped it was good hay weather; but he must have been certain of that when he spoke. Let us hope he did not confuse this world with the next, being so close upon the borders of it! It was not man-like to think of the front yard, since it was the special domain of the women. The men of the family respected but ignored it; they had to be teased in the spring to dig the flower-beds; but it was the busiest time of the year, — one should remember that.

I think many people are sorry, without knowing why, to see the fences pulled down; and the disappearance of plain white palings causes almost as deep regret as that of the handsome ornamental fences and their high posts with urns or great white balls on top

A stone coping does not make up for the loss of them; it makes a little yard look a good deal like a lot in a cemetery, for one thing; and then in a small town the grass is not smooth, and looks uneven where the flower-beds have not been properly smoothed down. The stray cows trample about where they never went before; the bushes and little trees that were once protected grow ragged and scraggly and out at elbows, and a few forlorn flowers come up of themselves, and try hard to grow and to bloom. The ungainly red tubs that are perched on little posts have plants in them, but the poor posies look as if they would rather be in the ground, and as if they are held too near the fire of the sun. If everything must be neglected and forlorn, so much the more reason there should be a fence, if but to hide it. Americans are too fond of being stared at; they apparently feel as if it were one's duty to one's neighbor. Even if there is nothing really worth looking at about a house, it is still exposed to the gaze of the passers-by. Foreigners are far more sensible than we, and the out-of-door home life among them is something we might well try to copy. They often have their meals served out-of-doors, and one can enjoy an afternoon nap in a hammock, or can take one's work out into the shady garden with great satisfaction, unwatched; and even a little piece of ground can be made, if shut in and kept for the use and pleasure of the family alone, a most charming unroofed and trellised summer ante-room to the house. In a large, crowded town it would be selfish to conceal the rare bits of garden, where the sight of anything green is a godsend; but where there is the whole wide country of fields and woods within easy reach, I think there should be high walls around our gardens, and that we lose a great deal in not making them entirely separate from the highway,—as much as we should lose in making the walls of our

parlors and dining-rooms of glass, and building the house as close to the street as possible.

But to go back to the little front yards: we are sorry to miss them, and their tangle or orderliness of roses and larkspur and honeysuckle, Canterbury bells and London pride, lilacs and peonies. These may all bloom better than ever in the new beds that are cut in the turf; but with the side fences that used to come from the corners of the house to the front fence, other barriers, as I have said here over and over, have been taken away, and the old-fashioned village life is already out of date. People do not know what they lose when they make way with the reserve, the separateness, the sanctity, of the front yard of their grandmothers. It is like writing down the family secrets for any one to read; it is like having everybody call you by your first name, and sitting in any pew in church, and like having your house in the middle of a road, to take away the fence which, slight as it may be, is a fortification round your home. More things than one may come in without being asked. We Americans had better build more fences than take any away from our lives. There should be gates for charity to go out and in, and kindness and sympathy, too; but his life and his house are together each man's stronghold and castle, to be kept and defended.

I was much amused, once, at thinking that the fine old solid paneled doors were being unhinged faster than ever nowadays, since so many front gates have disappeared, and the click of the latch can no longer give notice of the approach of a guest. Now the knocker sounds or the bell rings without note or warning, and the village housekeeper cannot see who is coming in until they have already reached the door. Once the guests could be seen on their way up the walk. It must be a satisfaction to look through the clear spots of the

figured ground-glass in the new doors, and I believe, if there is a covering inside, few doors will be found unprovided with a peep-hole. It was better to hear the gate open and shut; and if it caught and dragged, as front gates are very apt to do, you could have time always for a good look out of the window at the approaching friend.

There are few of us who cannot remember a front-yard garden, which seemed to us a very paradise in childhood. It was like a miracle when the yellow and white daffies came into bloom in the spring; and there was a time when the tiger-lilies and the taller rose-bushes were taller than we were, and we could not look over their heads as we do now. There were always a good many lady's-delights that grew under the bushes, and came up anywhere in the chinks of the walk or the door-step; and there was a little green sprig called ambrosia that was a famous stray-away. Outside the fence one was not unlikely to see a company of French pinks, which were forbidden standing-room inside, as if they were tiresome poor relations of the other flowers. I always felt a sympathy for French pinks; they have a fresh, sweet look, as if they resigned themselves to their lot in life and made the best of it, and remembered that they had the sunshine and rain, and could see what was going on in the world, if they were out-laws.

I like to remember being sent on errands, and being asked to wait while the mistress of the house picked some flowers to send back to my mother. They were almost always prim, flat bouquets in those days; the larger flowers were picked first, and stood at the back and looked over the heads of those that were shorter of stem and stature, and the givers always sent a message that they had not stopped to arrange them. I remember that I had even then a great dislike to lemon verbena, and that I would have waited patiently out-

side a gate all the afternoon if I knew that some one would kindly give me a sprig of lavender in the evening. And lilies did not seem to me overdressed, but it was easy for me to believe that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a great yellow marigold, or even the dear little single ones that were yellow and brown, and bloomed until the snow came.

I wish that I had lived for a little while in those days when lilacs were a novelty, and it was a great distinction to have some growing in a front yard. It always seems as if lilacs and poplars belonged to the same generation with a certain kind of New English gentlemen and ladies, who were ascetic and severe in some of their fashions, while in others they were more given to pleasuring and mild revelry than either their ancestors or the people who have lived in their houses since. Fifty years ago there appears to have been a last tidal wave of Puritanism, which swept over the country, and drowned for a time the sober feasting and dancing which before had been considered no impropriety in the larger villages. Whist-playing was clung to only by the most worldly citizens, and as for dancing, it was made a sin in itself and a reproach, as if every step was taken willfully in seven-leagued boots toward a place which is to be the final destination of all the wicked.

A single poplar may have a severe and uncharitable look, but a row of them suggests the antique and pleasing pomp and ceremony of their early days, before the sideboard cupboards were used only to keep the boxes of strings, and nails, and the duster, and the best decanters were put on a high shelf, while the plain ones were used for vinegar in the kitchen closet. There is far less social visiting from house to house than there used to be. People in the smaller towns have more acquaintances who live at a distance than was the case before the days of railroads, and there

are more guests who come from out of town to pay visits, which has something to do with making tea-parties and the entertainment of one's neighbors less frequent than in former times. But most of the New England towns have changed their characters in the last twenty years, since the manufactories have come in and brought together large numbers either of foreigners or of a different class of people from those who used to make the most of the population. A certain class of families is rapidly becoming extinct. There will be found in the older villages very few persons left who belong to this class, which was once far more important and powerful. The oldest churches are apt to be most thinly attended, simply because a different sort of ideas, even of heavenly things, attract the newer residents. I suppose that elderly people have said, ever since the time of Shem, Ham, and Japhet's wives in the ark, that society is nothing to what it used to be, and we may expect to be always told what unworthy successors we are of our grandmothers. But the fact remains that a certain element of American society is fast dying out, giving place to the new; and with all our glory and pride in modern progress and success, we cling to the old associations regretfully. There is nothing to take the place of the pleasure we have in going to see our old friends in the parlors which have changed little since our childhood. No matter how advanced in years we seem to ourselves, we are children still to the gracious hostess. Thank Heaven for the friends who have always known us! They may think us unreliable and young still; they may not understand that we have become busy and more or less important people to ourselves and to the world, — we are pretty sure to be without honor in our own country; but they will never forget us, and we belong to each other, and always shall.

I have received many kindnesses at

my friends' hands, but I do not know that I have ever felt myself to be a more fortunate or honored guest than when I sometimes went, years ago, to call upon an elderly friend of my mother, who lived in most pleasant and stately fashion. I used to put on my very best manner, and I have no doubt that my thoughts were well ordered, and my conversation as proper as I knew how to make it. I can remember that I used to sit on a tall ottoman, with nothing to lean against, and my feet were off soundings, I was so high above the floor. We used to discuss the weather, and I said that I went to school (sometimes), or that it was then vacation, as the case might be, and we tried to make ourselves agreeable to each other. Presently my lady would take her keys out of her pocket, and sometimes a maid would come to serve me, or else she herself would bring me a silver tray with some pound-cakes baked in hearts and rounds, and a small glass of wine; and I proudly felt that I was a guest, — though I was such a little thing, an attention was being paid me, — and a thrill of satisfaction used to go over me at the thought of my consequence and importance. A handful of sugar-plums would have seemed nothing beside this entertainment. I used to be careful not to crumble the cake, and I used to eat it with my gloves on, and a pleasant fragrance would cling for some time afterward to the ends of the short Lisle-thread fingers. I have no doubt that my manners as I took leave were almost as distinguished as those of my hostess, though I might have been wild and shy all the rest of the week. It was not many years ago that I went to my old friend's funeral, and saw them carry her down the long, wide walk, between the tall box borders which were her pride; and all the air was heavy and sweet with the perfume of the early summer blossoms; the white lilacs and the flowering currants were still in bloom, and the rows of her dear

Dutch tulips stood dismayed in their flaunting colors and watched her go away.

My sketch of the already out-of-date or fast-vanishing village fashions perhaps should be ended here, but I cannot resist a wish to add another bit of autobiography, of which I have been again and again reminded in writing these pages. The front yard I knew best belonged to my grandfather's house. My grandmother was a proud and solemn woman, and she hated my mischief, and rightly thought my elder sister a much better child than I. I used to be afraid of her when I was in the house, but I shook off even her authority, and forgot I was under anybody's rule, when I was out-of-doors. I was first cousin to a caterpillar if they called me to come in, and I was own sister to a giddy-minded bobolink when I ran away across the fields, as I used to do very often. But when I was a very little child indeed my world was bounded by the fences that were around my home: there were wide green yards, and tall elm-trees to shade them; there was a long line of barns and sheds, and one of these had a large room in its upper story, with an old ship's foresail spread over the floor, and made a capital play-room in wet weather. Here fruit was spread in the fall, and there were some old chests and pieces of furniture that had been discarded; it was like the garret, only much pleasanter. The children in the village now cannot possibly be so happy as I was then. I used to mount the fence next the street, and watch the people go in and out of the quaint-roofed village shops that stood in a row on the other side, and looked as if they belonged to a Dutch or old English town. They were burnt down long ago, but they were charmingly picturesque; the upper stories sometimes projected over the lower, and the chimneys were sometimes clustered together, and built of bright red bricks.

And I was too happy when I could smuggle myself into the front yard, with its four lilac bushes and its white fences to shut it in from the rest of the world, beside other railings that went from the porch down each side of the brick walk, which was laid in a pattern, and had H. C., 1818, cut deep into one of the bricks near the door-step. The H. C. was for Henry Currier, the mason, who had signed this choice bit of work as if it were a picture; and he had been dead so many years that I used to think of his initials as if the corner brick were a little grave-stone for him. The knocker used to be so bright that it shone at you, and caught your eye bewilderingly, as you came in from the street on a sunshiny day. There were very few flowers, for my grandmother was old and feeble when I knew her, and could not take care of them; but I remember that there were blush roses and white roses and cinnamon roses all in a tangle in one corner, and I used to pick the crumpled petals of those to make myself a delicious coddle with ground cinnamon and damp brown sugar. In the spring I always found the first green grass there, for it was warm and sunny, and I used to pick the little French pinks when they dared show their heads in the crevices of the flag-stones that were laid around the house. There were small shoots of lilac, too, and their leaves were brown and had a faint, sweet fragrance, and a little later the dandelions came into bloom; the largest ones I knew grew there, and they have always been to this day my favorite flowers.

I had my trials and sorrows in this paradise, however: I lost a cent there one day, which I have never found yet! And one morning there suddenly appeared in one corner a beautiful dark-blue fleur-de-lis, and I joyfully broke its neck and carried it into the house; but everybody had seen it, and wondered that I could not have left it alone. Besides this, it befell me later to sin more

gravely still. My grandmother had kept some plants through the winter on a three-cornered green stand, built like a flight of steps, and when the warm spring weather came this was put out-of-doors. She had a cherished tea-rose bush, and what should I find but a bud on it! It was opened just enough to give a hint of its color. I was very pleased. I snapped it off at once, for I had heard so many times that it was hard to make roses bloom; and I ran in through the hall and up the stairs, where I met my grandmother on the square landing. She sat down in the window-seat, and I showed her proudly what was crumpled in my warm little fist. I can see it now! — it had no stem at all, and for many days afterward I was bowed down with a sense of my guilt and shame, for I was made to understand it was an awful thing to have blighted and broken a treasured flower like that.

It must have been the very next winter that my grandmother died. She had a long illness, which I do not remember much about; but the night she died might have been yesterday night, it is all so fresh and clear in my mind. I did not live with her in the old house then, but in a new house close by, across the yard. All the family were at the great house, and I could see that lights were carried hurriedly from one room to another. A servant came to fetch me, but I would not go with her. My grand-

mother was dying, whatever that might be, and she was taking leave of every one, — she was ceremonious even then. I did not dare to go with the rest; I had an intense curiosity to see what dying might be like, but I was afraid to be there with her, and I was afraid to stay at home alone. I was only five years old. It was in December, and the house seemed to grow darker and darker, until I went out at last to sit on a door-step and cry softly to myself; while I was there some one came to another door next the street, and rang the bell loudly again and again. I suppose I was afraid to answer the summons, — indeed, I do not know that I thought of it; all the world had been still before, and the bell sounded loud and awful through the empty house. It seemed as if the messenger from an unknown world had come to the wrong house to call my poor grandmother away; and that loud ringing is curiously linked in my mind with the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*. I never can think of one without the other, though there was no fierce Lady *Macbeth* to bid me not be lost so poorly in my thoughts; for when they all came back, awed and tearful, and found me waiting in the cold, alone, and afraid more of this world than the next, they were very good to me. But as for the funeral, it gave me vast entertainment; it was the first grand public occasion in which I had taken any share.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A FLORENTINE FAMILY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

DETAILS of personal traits and domestic life have an inexpressible charm for all readers of average human sympathies. We turn with more relief than we are willing to confess from the brilliant generalizations of the historian to the pages of the humble chronicler or

diarist; and what the French modestly call "*mémoires pour servir*" are indeed often of more real use as well as entertainment to posterity than the works by which in their own time they were overshadowed.

In all that has been written of the

public and social life of the Italians, we find few details of their family habits. One reason of this is, of course, that the social life of the Latin races does not centre in the *home*, as does that of those nations whom necessities of climate — quite as much, perhaps, as nobler reasons — have driven to domesticity. The Italian does not bring the stranger, to whom he wishes to be courteous, home with him; he takes his friend to the theatre, dines with him at the *café*, or strolls with him in the park. If he does introduce him, as a rare favor, within his domestic precincts, it is only after due preparation, and in such a manner that the spontaneousness of hospitality has had time to congeal into the solemnity of a public occasion. He does, indeed, invite the chance visitor at the hour of a repast, to “favor him” by remaining to partake of it; but he does so when the visitor is already at the door, and would be as much surprised at his assent as would the Spaniard by the acceptance of the possessions which he lays at your feet. We of the North smile at these gracious insincerities; but the Southerner wonders no less at the blunt, unsmiling positiveness which he calls rudeness; at the want of general sympathy which shuts up all our demonstrativeness within closed doors; at the solemn faces with which we go about both our work and our recreation.

Those who are curious to know something of domestic life in Italy in the fifteenth century, especially the life of the female members of the household, will find much of interest in the Letters of Alessandra Macinghi, the widow of Matteo Strozzi, to her exiled sons, and it is to them that I am principally indebted for the materials used in the following sketch. These Letters were compiled and published by Cesare Guasti in 1877, but, so far as I know, they have never been translated. The writer was the mother of that Filippo Strozzi who founded the grand old palace, in the Via

Tornabuoni, which is the admiration of every visitor to Florence. His bust, by Benedetto da Majano, adorns one of its dim, vast *salons*; but I have sought there in vain for any memorial of the mother to whom he owed so much, and for whom he always manifested a tender affection. She died long before he had thought of building a house for his posterity; and her best record is in these simple letters to her sons. At the time when they begin, Alessandra Strozzi had been twelve years a widow. Her husband, who was a man of much culture and studious habits, had mixed somewhat extensively in politics, and shown more good faith than astuteness during the exile of Cosimo de' Medici. When the latter was recalled, Matteo Strozzi, with many others of the principal families in Florence, suffered the penalty of exile. He went to Pesaro, and died there in less than a year.

It was a time of tribulation in many a Florentine household, from which the husband and father was torn away, while the wife was obliged to remain to guard her children's inheritance. Most touching is the picture which the biographer of Alessandra de' Bardi gives of her husband's going forth into exile, to which his father and hers had previously been condemned. “I am left,” cries out the desolate wife, “without a helper; and I must go to and fro wearily, beseeching this one and that one of the authorities for the preservation of our goods.” But these women were equal to the occasion. Vespasiano da Bisticci cannot praise Alessandra de' Bardi enough for her courage, prudence, and fortitude in the most trying circumstances; and though Alessandra Strozzi had no biographer, the simple story of her life as shown in this correspondence gives evidence of what she endured and accomplished. She was only twenty-nine at the time of her husband's death, and had borne him seven children. Alessandra had accompanied her husband

to Pesaro, being more fortunate than many of her friends in that she was able to do so; but the comparative happiness which the exiled family might have thus enjoyed was of short duration. In the course of a few months her husband and three of her children died, — as it would appear, all of a pestilential disease then raging; and the afflicted widow hastened to return with her surviving children to Florence, where she soon gave birth to a son, who was, she says, the “very image” of her lost husband, and was called by his name. Her eldest remaining son, Filippo, had been sent, while quite young, to serve an apprenticeship in mercantile affairs with an old friend of his father’s at Palermo; whence he went to a cousin of his father’s at Naples, who was doing a prosperous business, and who showed much interest in the welfare of the orphaned family. Lorenzo, the second son, was at Avignon; and Alessandra’s letters are addressed to these absent children. The first one, dated August 4, 1447, brings the family before us at an interesting moment. The eldest daughter, Caterina, is about to be married to “a good and virtuous youth, twenty-five years old, a silk merchant,” and of honorable position. The mother congratulates herself that she is well disposed of, for “she is sixteen years of age, and it is high time she was married”! Though by giving a larger dowry a more noble husband might have been procured, still, in the circumstances, it seemed to Alessandra better to marry her at once, with the thousand florins which were at her disposition, than to wait till she could accumulate four or five hundred more. Nor had she reason to regret her choice. Marco Parenti proved to be a loving husband and a man of consideration in the community. He arrived at the dignity of podestà, or mayor, of Colle, in the district of Florence, and his letters show him to have been a wise and kindly man.

Caterina was, in her mother’s opinion, “the prettiest girl in Florence;” nevertheless, she had a girl’s desire to enhance her attractions; and her mother begs, in her name, that if Filippo can send her a certain kind of soap, or a wash, “or any other beautifier,” he will do it. She enlarges on the gifts of the bridegroom, who was indeed most liberal. He was a methodical man, and to this trait we owe a list of his gifts, which he noted down in a new memorandum book, dedicated in the following words: “In the name of God, and his virgin mother, holy Mary; and of St. Michael, angel and archangel; and St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, and St. Paul, and St. Peter, and St. Mark, and St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Catherine, and all the apostles and evangelists and saints of God: and may the beginning and continuation and end of this book be to their glory; and of their mercy may they give me grace that what I shall write in it may be for good to my soul, and body, and estate.”

Among the gifts we may notice only a few, as indicative of the fashions of the period: A dress of white damask, trimmed with marten fur; a dress of light blue stuff, with sleeves of Alexandrian velvet; seventeen embroidered chemises; ten towels; thirty handkerchiefs; one baccio of white damask; a prayer-book; two strings of large coral; six silk caps; three needle cases; two ivory combs; an embroidered handkerchief; three pairs of red hose; a dress of crimson satin and velvet brocade, trimmed with white fur; an overdress of the same, with trimmings of gold and pearls; a garland of peacock tails, mounted in silver, with pearls, gilt leaves, and enameled flowers; a girdle of crimson shot with gold, with clasps of silver gilt; a gold shoulder ornament, with two sapphires and three pearls; a collar of pearls.

Such gifts must have satisfied even the beautiful and beauty-loving Cate-

rina. And doubtless the *trousseau* was proportionately elegant. Its value was counted as a part of the dowry, and it had been preparing under the diligent care of the mother ever since the bride was an infant. An Italian woman's marriage portion of household linen, as well as of under-clothing, is usually sufficient to last her for life.

Luxury in dress, which had been severely repressed by sumptuary laws in 1330, was on the increase at this time, though it did not reach its highest point until the reign of Lorenzo de' Medici. The costume of Florentine women at this period was a robe of silk or woollen stuff extending to the ground, and trimmed with fringe; the waist long, and the sleeves usually of the same material as the dress. The hair was worn in curls, and over it a veil of white silk reaching to the shoulders; the "baccio of white damask," in the above list, being for this purpose. The garland, or diadem, was of course for state occasions.

Marco Parenti and Caterina, as was the custom, had been formally betrothed in church, a few months before the time fixed for the marriage. When the arrangements for the latter were completed, the "giving of the ring," as the marriage ceremony was called, took place, also in church, and on the following day the bride was conducted by her friends to the house of the bridegroom, where the wedding feast was eaten, which in Marco's case was splendid and abundant. During this repast there was music of trumpets, harps, fifes, and flutes.

But the mother's rejoicing at her daughter's settlement in life was shadowed by the fear of an approaching separation from her youngest son, Matteo, who was peculiarly dear to her. Filippo and his employer had been urging her to send him to them at Naples, and she seems to have felt that it was an opening for him not to be neglected; but, she writes, "I cannot send him just yet;

though he is young, he is great company for me, and I do not know how to spare him. He has learned to read, and begins to write, and I shall put him to learning accounts this winter; then we will see what is to be done with him, and may God give him the wisdom he needs." Filippo, as the head of the family, was already beginning to be ambitious for its advantage, and to have much influence with his mother. She yielded at last to his wishes, and prepared to send Matteo to him. She arranged with loving care his wardrobe, and enumerates with a mother's fondness its items. He has a mantle of the Naples fashion, a robe and a waistcoat of violet color, fine slippers, shirts, silver-handled knives, etc. But when he is all ready to set out she is deterred by her fears and the advice of friends. "I am continually told that I ought not to let him go now in this heat, and with the pestilence which is prevailing everywhere. . . . I am sure he would not get to Naples without being ill, for I know his constitution; and if anything should happen to him you would be disappointed, and I should never be happy again." But the next winter she had no longer an excuse for keeping him, and with much sorrow she let him depart. Such good accounts of him come to her from his employers that she is half consoled; but her maternal heart still yearns over him, and she begs Filippo, if he needs correction, "on no account to strike him, but to reprove him with gentleness." Was there a presentiment in Alessandra's mind that the precocious and beloved boy would soon be taken from life? If so, she seems to have forgotten it in his successes, and she playfully chides him for his forgetfulness to write her when he was already lying upon his death-bed. In July, 1459, he was seized with a fever which was epidemic in Naples, and died after a few weeks' illness. A letter of Marco Parenti to Filippo shows us the heart-stricken mother in the midst of

friends and relations who have gradually broken to her the sad news. There are "Francesco and Battista degli Strozzi, and Madonna Caterina, and Madonna Nannina de' Neri, and other women, who have told her the sorrowful tidings in the gentlest way they could." When the first bitterness of her grief was passed, Alessandra writes a most touching letter to Filippo. "We are reduced to a small number," she says, "but I pacify myself, considering that God may do worse to me; and if, in his grace and mercy, he preserves to me you my remaining sons, I will not complain. All my anxiety is that you should profit by this affliction. I know well that it has grieved you, but do not let it make you ill; for we have nothing to reproach ourselves with in regard to the care taken of Matteo, and it was the will of God that he should escape from the troubles of this sorrowful world." Then, again, her grief overcomes her, and she cries out, "I would that I had not asked anybody's counsel, but had done what I was inclined to do! For then I might have been in time to see and touch my sweet son while he was yet alive; and it would have been a comfort to me, and to you, and to him. I will believe that all was for the best." She gives him advice how to take care of his health, and begs him not to overwork to gain worldly goods. "For, see! we must leave them all. Do you think I want to hear that you are laying up wealth, and wearing yourself out for it, by so much toil and anxiety?"

We have anticipated, in following to its end the story of Matteo's short life. In 1451 Madonna Alessandra married her younger daughter, Alessandra, to Giovanni Bonsi; but this time, though the dowry was equal in value to Caterina's, there is nothing said about the wedding or the gifts. Bonsi was twenty years older than his bride, and in family and fortune inferior to the husband of Caterina, but the mother calls

him "a virtuous and good man." In the only letter of his which is given, he begs his brother-in-law not to address him in the third person, because he does not merit that mark of respect, but especially because it would make his wife think that Filippo considered him too old for her.

Lorenzo, the second son of Madonna Alessandra, was the black sheep of the family. He possessed neither the ambition and prudence of Filippo nor the sweet disposition of Matteo, and was a spendthrift and a gambler. In 1452 he is in his uncle's bank in Bruges, and his mother is very much distressed at the accounts she receives of him, and writes to him with what is, for her, unusual severity. He was at this time twenty years old, and had been away from home seven years. "From what I hear about you," says Madonna Alessandra, "I gather that you are more ready to throw away money than to save it, which is the contrary of what ought to be. And I see that you are bringing harm and shame both upon yourself and upon us; that your habits are not good, and that you do not heed reproof, which is a bad sign, and makes me repent of all my confidence in you. I do not know how you can persist in your willful ways, knowing, first, that they displease God, and also me; for it is a great trial to me to hear of your failures in duty, and the injury and shame which come of it I leave you to consider; and you also give great offense to your uncle Jacob. If you had but just begun there would be some hope, but now for years you have been going on in ways that are not good, and you have been borne with for my sake. But I think, if you do not change your behavior, my entreaties for you will no longer avail. Let this warning suffice. Be wise, for it is your duty and for your advantage. . . . Remember, and do not cast my reproofs behind your back, for they are given with love and tears, and

I pray God that he may incline you to do what I desire."

Whether or not these admonitions had effect, we have no means of knowing, for there is an interval of five years between this and the next letter which has been preserved. We find that in 1458 Lorenzo had a severe illness at Bruges, and as soon as he was able he came to Florence for a brief visit. A few months after his return to Bruges, a law was passed which condemned the sons of exiles to twenty-five years' banishment from Florence, forbidding them to approach within fifty miles of its territory, or to write letters on other than private affairs. This was a terrible blow to Madonna Alessandra, whose life was bound up in her sons; and also to Filippo, whose thoughts and hopes constantly reverted to the home of his fathers. He begs his mother to come and live with her sons (there being a plan to put Lorenzo under Filippo's care), "which would be a great comfort to all." She was strongly tempted to consent; but after reflection, the consideration that she could further their advantage by remaining at Florence to care for their affairs, and the hope, which never left her, that sooner or later they would be permitted to return thither, decided her not to "change her country," as she phrases it, in the old Italian manner. "Many things are brought about by time," was her favorite maxim, proved by the changes she had already witnessed.

Whether she was a partisan of the Medici or not, she does not openly say; indeed, when all letters were likely to be inspected, it was not prudent to write of one's political preferences, and for much of the correspondence, even about private affairs, she felt obliged to have recourse to cipher. Probably, as Professor Guasti observes, she would have preferred that government which would give her back her sons. She was far-seeing enough to perceive that the Me-

dici were likely to increase in power, and one of the few allusions to this is in these words to Lorenzo: "Remember that the adherents of the Medici have uniformly prospered, and the contrary has happened to those of the Pazzi, who have always been undone. Be advised." Her sons acquiesced in the wisdom of her decision, and kept up, by rare meetings outside the forbidden limits, and by constant letters and messages by friends, as much intercourse as was possible in those days, when the *procaccia*, or carrier, took two weeks for the journey from Florence to Naples.

Lorenzo, under the watchful care of his elder brother, seems to have laid aside his youthful follies and vices; at any rate, there are no more reproofs or regrets expressed in regard to him in his mother's letters. Her great anxiety is to see Filippo well married, and she charges herself with finding a wife for him. As early as 1450 she had written to him about it: "If God prolongs my life a few years, and your sister Alessandra is out of the way, I will furnish the house with linen, so that you will be well supplied; for, in truth, while there are daughters in the house, one can do nothing but for them; but when she is out of it, I shall be free to work for you, my sons. When I shall have got the household stuff in a little better order, I hope you will make up your mind to come home; for it is now so that you would not be ashamed of it, and could honorably entertain a friend who might happen to come to you; but in two or three years it will be much better furnished. And I do want to give you a wife; for you are now of an age to know how to govern a family, and it will be a consolation to me; I have no other from whom to hope for it but you children: therefore, may God of his mercy grant me the favor I long for."

Filippo does not enter enthusiastically into his mother's matrimonial plans for him. He makes an excuse of his

being an exile, and again of being well enough off as he is; his mother returns to the subject again and again, sometimes with raillery, and sometimes with pleading. Her friends have suggested several damsels, but the exacting mother is not entirely satisfied with them. She thinks she can do better, and "it is not an affair in which we should take the first thing that comes to hand." In time Filippo gives his consent to her search, though still without any wish to hasten the matter, and he appears to have been quite willing to leave the choice of a wife altogether to Madonna Alessandra. She is much inclined to the daughter of Messer Francesco Tanagli, as "it would be a good alliance, and of all that have been offered she seems to have the best qualities." "The one from Vernio pleased me, but she is awkward and countrified, they say." "I have heard that a daughter of the Alberti is very beautiful; and I will try to see her during these festival days, and find out whether her father would give her to us." "We will have a number of them on hand, so that when the time comes we can pick out the best one. May God show us the right one." "I write to let you know that Sunday morning, when I went to Santa Reparata [the Duomo] for the early mass, as I have gone several mornings, to try and get a look at Adimari's daughter, who is in the habit of attending that mass, by chance I found Tanagli's daughter, there. Not knowing who she was, I placed myself near her, and considered her well. She seemed to me to be beautiful and well made; as large as Caterina, or larger; of good complexion, — none of these pale ones, but as if she was in health. Her face is rather long, and her features are not particularly delicate, but not at all ordinary; and by her walk and her whole appearance one could see that she is not by any means dull [*addormentata*]. In fact, it seemed to me that if her other qualities are satisfactory she would not be a

bad bargain, but an honorable one. I followed her out of church, and learned that she was a Tanagli. As to the Adimari girl, I never have been able to see her, . . . for she has not been out as usual; and while I was looking for her, behold, this one came along, who does not generally go to mass at this hour. I believe God brought her before me in order that I should look at her, since I had no expectation of seeing her there." Afterwards, however, when she does get a look at the daughter of Messer Adimari, this indication of Providence seems to have been forgotten, as it was she who ultimately became Filippo's bride. Still another young and lovely creature attracts attention, as she is saying her prayers; but becoming aware of Madonna Alessandra's scrutiny, and probably divining the reason of it, as soon as the service is over she "rushes out of church like the wind."

One may see the same scenes enacted in the same place to-day; nor, in the families who preserve the old aristocratic traditions, do the young people have much more voice in their own marriage arrangements than they did in Madonna Alessandra's day. If the alliance is desirable to both families, and the bride's dowry is satisfactory, the thing is settled by the elders, and rarely opposed by the youth or the maiden. If they fall in love with each other, so much the better; if not, unless there is open repugnance on the part of one or the other, it is not of great consequence. This is not parental tyranny, but custom; and nowhere is custom more honored than in Italy. The girl of sixteen comes home from her convent school, and is presented to her future husband; dazzled by the new world opening before her, — the social life, the gifts, the trousseau, — she is a married woman before she has had time to accustom herself to the change from her former monotonous childhood. When her heart awakes, she is already in bonds. But better is even

an unhappy marriage, in this traditional acceptance, than single life for a woman; and indeed the conventionalities which forbid the unmarried woman, until she is forty or more, to go out alone, or to lead an independent existence in any way, make her case very different from that of her sisters in England and America, and drive her not unfrequently to a conventual life as preferable to that which she would lead at home.

It seems to have been in the times of which we are speaking as in those which Machiavelli depicts in his *Belphegor*, — “there were many noble citizens who had plenty of daughters and but little money,” — and Madonna Alessandra complains that “those who have other recommendations are not beautiful.” “As for me,” she says, “I don’t want to have these frights in my sight, for it is little pleasure one gets from having them in the house!” With all her wisdom, she had a keen appreciation of externals; and she was anxious that Filippo, on his part, should do all possible honor to his future bride. She wants his *corbeille* to be worthy of his name and his means; and she inclines to what is costly and durable in the way of dress and ornaments. “If the affair turns out well, as I trust it will, it will be necessary for us to do things proportionably well, for I should be proud to see your bride beautiful and beautifully adorned. And I would not have her poorer than others as to jewels. Jewels are things which you can afford to give her, and I know that you can be well supplied with them at Naples, so that you need not be parsimonious about them. If clothes are not trimmed with pearls, they must have some other trimming which costs just as much, and is money thrown away. So if you spend money for what is useful, I shall encourage you.”

Still Filippo delays to show any active interest in the matter, and at last his mother gets quite out of patience with him. “It seems to me you are

very much afraid to take a wife, and I must say that you show little steadfastness of purpose; for since you resolved to marry, a hundred doubts appear to have come into your mind.” “You will see that the thing is not so bad as it looks. You ask if I do not think you might wait a year or two longer. I tell you, frankly, no.”

It is much to be regretted that from 1465 to 1468 we have no letters, for these must have been three of the most important and joyful years of Madonna Alessandra’s life. In them her two chief desires were fulfilled, the return of her sons from exile, and the marriage of Filippo. The sentence of banishment was annulled after the downfall of Luca Pitti and his party. Filippo came to Florence in 1466, and almost immediately married the beautiful and good Fiammetta degli Adimari. She was of one of the best families in Florence, and brought her husband a large dowry. In the first letter that is extant after this interval, Filippo has returned to Naples for a time, and Fiammetta is with her mother-in-law. She has already two children, and the old house is enlivened, for the grandmother, by their presence. “You say,” she writes to her son, “that you need not recommend Fiammetta to my care, and you say truly; for I do for her even more than I would for an own child. And I also take care of little Alfonso as much as I can. But he is a terrible child; he is always falling into rages; and he is very thin, but nevertheless strong. Lucrezia [the infant] is a fine child, and resembles Fiammetta: she is fair, like her, and similarly made, and is bigger than Alfonso was at her age. May God give her a long life.” “When Madonna Antonia comes back, we will try to have her stay with us, and pay her all the honors we can; for Fiammetta will then be up again. It would be no trouble to me to do anything, if I were stronger; but I am no longer as I was last winter, when you

told me I had taken a new lease of life. I was ill all Holy Week and over Easter; then I took medicine, but it did not do me much good. I am old, and when I think I shall be better I grow worse; and so it will go on to the end. If I have not written you as often as I wished, it has been because, first, I have not felt well, and then I have had a great deal to do. Fiammetta's baby was born, people were always running in and out, and everything came upon me. If I had no other hindrance than Alfonso, that would be enough; but it is a pleasant one. He is always running after me, like the chicken after the hen."

The mother is growing old, but she still keeps the guidance of family affairs in her hands, even with her married children, after the Italian fashion unto this day. Fiammetta is invited to the marriage of Lorenzo de' Medici with Clarice Orsini. She does not care to go, being still feeble, and having, like her modern sisters upon similar occasions, "nothing to wear." Madonna Alessandra thinks she is right, "for if she went it would cost some hundreds of florins. They are going to wear dresses of brocade, and she would be obliged to have the same; besides, she is ill supplied with jewels." "She asks me to tell you that she wants a new serge dress before the feast of San Giovanni, and begs you will get it of Lorenzo for her, for she is really in need of it."

The seventy-second and last letter of Madonna Alessandra is dated the 14th of April, 1470. It is chiefly occupied with business details, which show that she was as actively employed as ever. She has bought a supply of grain, for which she has had to give a high price; "it always happens that we have to buy when things are dear." She has had improvements made in the stables, and she hopes that Filippo will tell her exactly what day he may be expected, so that she can put everything in order. There is some public news, too, that is rather

exciting: the Podesta has hanged fourteen men concerned in a tumult at Prato; and there has been a great earthquake. "Between one dreadful thing and another, I am half beside myself. I think the world is coming to an end; so that it is well to have our minds prepared for it, and to be ready." The writer died eleven months later. In her last days she had the comfort of seeing her son Lorenzo married, but he continued to live at Naples. On the 11th of March, 1471, Filippo makes this entry in his diary: "This morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, Madonna Alessandra passed peacefully away from this life, with all the sacraments." She was buried honorably in the church of Santa Maria Novella, and due masses were said for the repose of her soul. All her clothing, in accordance with her expressed wish, was given to the poor.

Eighteen years later Filippo Strozzi laid the foundations of the palace in the Via Tornabuoni. Of his father's family, only his sister Alessandra was living to witness the height of prosperity which he had reached. Lorenzo had died in 1479, and Caterina, the wife of Marco Parenti, of whose bridal we have heard so much, passed away in 1481, deeply lamented by her husband, who had found his life with her "most joyful and happy." The beautiful Fiammetta, too, was gone. She lived only till 1476, and Filippo had married Selvaggia Gianfigliuzzi, by whom he already had two sons.

Filippo's son Lorenzo, in his biography of his father, gives the following account of the preparations for building the palace, which well accord with the prudent and shrewd disposition of the builder: "Filippo, therefore, having a large family, and being more eager for fame than for riches, not knowing any surer way to leave a memorial of himself, and having a natural inclination for architecture and not a little knowledge of it, conceived the idea of building a

habitation which should do honor to himself and all of his name in Italy and abroad. But this was attended with no little difficulty, it being possible that he who had the supreme power [Lorenzo de' Medici] might imagine that such splendor was likely to obscure his own; and Filippo feared thus to awaken envy. Therefore he began to give out that, having a numerous offspring and so small a house, it was necessary that he who had brought children into the world should also provide a place for them to dwell; and that this could be done by him much better than by them after his death. Thus in a quiet way he consulted masons and architects, and sometimes would seem about to begin to build; and then, again, he would appear irresolute, and loath to spend in a short time what it had taken him so many years of toil to accumulate, — cunningly dissimulating only in order to attain his end more easily; asserting always that all he wanted was a citizen's house, commodious and convenient, but not ostentatious. But the masons and architects, as their manner is, exceeded all his plans, which really was agreeable to Filippo, however much he might pretend the contrary, saying that they forced him to what he would not and could not afford. Besides this, he who ruled over Florence was desirous that the city should be beautified in every possible way, . . . and began to interest himself in Filippo's project, asking to see the designs; and when he had examined them, besides many other expensive additions, he suggested a façade of unhewn stones. Filippo, in proportion as he was encouraged, appeared to draw back, declaring that he could not have such a façade, it being too expensive for the house of a plain citizen; that he was building for use, and not for show; that he intended to use the ground-floor for shops, which would bring in a good rent to his children. This was vehemently opposed, on account of ugliness and inconven-

ience, and the trouble it would cause the occupants of the house. Filippo still feigned to object, often complaining to his friends that he had begun an undertaking of which God only could tell whether the result would be satisfactory, and that, rather than to find himself so involved, he wished he had never thought of building." Having thus appeased the vanity and neutralized the envy of Lorenzo, he went on vigorously with his preparations, and records that "on the 16th of August, 1489, as the sun rose over the mountains," he laid the first stone of his house, "in the name of God, and as a good foundation for me and my descendants." He also had masses sung at several churches and convents which had been endowed by him, and he gave alms and gifts, and invited the architect and master builder, with some of his friends, to dine with him that day. We get a curious picture of those times as we read the whole account in the pages of Lorenzo's *Life of Filippo*. Besides his prayers to God, Filippo had been careful to consult a distinguished astrologer, to make sure that the influences of the stars were favorable. On the 16th of August, Cor Leonis, "a most fortunate star," was in the ascendant, and the sun was in the Lion, "which signifies that the posterity of the founder shall continue to dwell in that house unto the end of their line."

His posterity still dwell there, but he himself lived to see the massive walls rise but a little above their foundations. Only two courses of the ponderous blocks of stone had been laid when, in 1491, he was carried to sleep with his fathers in Santa Maria Novella.

We cannot follow the fortunes of the family further. At this point their history is taken up by T. A. Trollope, in his *Life of Filippo Strozzi, the Younger*, whose career was as different from his father's as a drama is different from a quiet fireside story.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

THE FORESTRY WORK OF THE TENTH CENSUS.

UP to the present time there has been but a vague conception of the extent and value of one of the most important sources of the prosperity of the United States. It seems the more strange when it is considered that this great item in the nation's assets is not buried in the earth, like its mineral wealth, but stands proudly upon the surface, like a mighty host, seen of all men. The entire welfare of a country is more identified with the forests that cover it than with any other feature of the earth's surface. The trees are the kindest friends of the soil; they are the guardians of its fertility; they protect the fields from devastating floods, and cherish the springs that feed the streams. Without them a land becomes an arid desert, and its people are debased to barbarism and poverty. Great desolated tracts in Asia, Africa, and along the Eastern Mediterranean were once blooming and garden-like; but when the trees were cut away the dryads avenged themselves. Therefore it is fitting that in the grand taking account of stock in the national storehouse that occurs every decade, the forest wealth of the country should at last be accorded its proper place.

Although the statistics concerning the forests of most of the European countries are generally full and accurate, the institution of the forestry division of the tenth census of the United States forms the first attempt to obtain such information by means of the census work of any country. In laying out the work of his bureau, General Francis A. Walker, the superintendent of the census, decided to undertake an investigation into the extent of the forest covering of the country as related to agriculture; into the forest wealth as related to manufactures, to railway transportation, and to the domestic supply of fuel; and into

the operations of the lumbering industry as pursued in the principal districts of cutting and export. The scope of the investigation comprises the chief characteristics of the forest flora of each section of the country, an account of the various woods in their adaptation to industrial and domestic uses, and the methods in vogue in the various parts of the country for the protection or restoration of the forest growth. General Walker rightly felt that he could not confide the work to more competent hands than those of Professor Charles S. Sargent, the professor of arboriculture at Harvard University and director of the Arnold Arboretum.

Professor Sargent at once began his work with systematic vigor. He divided the country into eight districts, placing each in charge of a special agent; his large professional acquaintance enabling him to select the most competent scientific experts for the work. This work did not cover the settled regions, the facts concerning these being gathered by the regular census enumerators. Only the more strictly forest regions, or those parts of the country about which little or nothing could be learned through the regular machinery of the census, were included in these districts. The first district comprised Northern New England and Northern New York; the second, the mountains of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and the Southern Alleghanies; the third, Georgia and Eastern and Southern Florida; the fourth, the Gulf States, or Western Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Southern Louisiana, and Eastern Texas; the fifth, the Northwestern lumber region, or Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota; the sixth, the tier of States west of the Mississippi, or Missouri, Arkansas, the eastern part of the Indian Terri-

tory, Western Louisiana, and Northern Texas; the seventh, Montana, Idaho, and those portions of Oregon and Washington Territory east of the Cascade Mountains; and the eighth, the Pacific slope, or the western part of Washington Territory, Western Oregon, California, and Arizona. The last two of these, being the least known with reference to their forest covering, were the most important. Professor Sargent took charge of the latter himself, and intrusted the former to Mr. Sereno Watson of Cambridge, the co-laborer of Professor Asa Gray in the great work on the flora of North America. Beside these, various local inquiries were undertaken by special assistants in many parts of the country.

The investigations in these districts were classified under three heads: (1) tree covering; (2) forest wealth; (3) the lumbering industry. Under the head of tree covering was to be estimated the area covered by arborescent growths; more especially the heavy blocks of timber still remaining untouched in many regions, these constituting the future timber supply. As before stated, so far as the thickly settled portions of the country were concerned, the reports of the census enumerators were depended upon. The study of the large timber areas was regarded as more important, and to obtain an idea of their extent and quality was the first consideration for the special agents, who were directed to form, as far as possible, an estimate of the quantity of certain kinds of timber standing in their districts, the various kinds being specified according to the forest character of the respective regions. Thus, for instance, the agent in charge of the district comprising the tier of States west of the Mississippi was directed to pay particular regard to yellow pine, white oak, black walnut, white ash, blue ash, and osage orange, they being the most valuable timber trees in that region. The attention of this agent

was especially called to the importance of obtaining information in regard to the amount and nature of the timber available for the supply of the treeless prairie States. Each district had some special features which were thus emphasized, and in the letters of instruction issued to the agents, all uniform in general outline, these differing local characteristics were dwelt upon in detail.

Since it is proposed to show in the report, by means of maps, not only the natural range of the most important timber trees, but also the area and position of the great timber belts as at present limited, the agents were requested to gather the fullest information for the purpose by making journeys over their territory, with that end specially in view, studying closely all heavily timbered tracts. They were expected to make use of every opportunity of communication with lumber experts, timberland and saw-mill owners, and all others interested in the subject. From such persons a vast amount of knowledge regarding the quantity and position of standing lumber is naturally to be gathered. In Maine and other Eastern lumbering States there are experts in timber lands who are able to give very close estimates of the amount of standing pine and other valuable timber in any given region. In the newly settled States it is more difficult to get such accurate information at second hand, although in some sections experts in timber lands are to be found. Whenever there was any tree of special value in a given district, it was demanded that its amount and position should be investigated, and it was desired to obtain an accurate calculation of the number of thousand feet which could be cut from an acre.

Under the head of forest wealth was embraced the distribution of species, and their economic properties and uses; the rotation of forest crops, and the causes and extent of forest fires. Each agent

was furnished with a printed catalogue of North American forest trees. In this special attention was called to the nature of the information required in regard to species. Copies of this catalogue were also sent to all botanists and others interested in trees throughout the country, with the request that any intelligence in regard to American trees might be added, and the catalogue then returned to Professor Sargent. In this way a fund of valuable knowledge has been accumulated. The *sylva* of North America has been increased by several important species, while a vast amount of new information about the geographical distribution, habit, size, and character of nearly every species has been gathered. What has already been learned about the distribution of North American species, through this investigation, proves of very great importance and interest, and must greatly change preconceived views on the subject. Material of this nature will be contained in a new edition of the catalogue, which will form a part of Professor Sargent's final report.

In connection with forest wealth, information was also required concerning the nature and the cause of certain varieties in timber produced by different specimens of the same species, varieties recognized and acknowledged by lumbermen, without yet having been clearly defined by science. Attention was particularly directed to this subject. The question of the rotation of forest was emphasized as of great importance, from the fact that the future forest wealth of the country largely depends upon it. The agents were therefore urged to make careful observation as to the kinds of trees springing up after the clearing of the original forest in the regions visited, and to notice, if possible, the causes which regulate the changes of tree covering. The origin of forest fires in different regions has been specially investigated, with the view of obtaining suffi-

cient knowledge on which legislation to prevent or diminish their occurrence might be based. Every opportunity was to be availed of to obtain facts concerning the annual extent of such fires and the amount of damage caused by them, in the original forests, in those partially cut over, and on "sprout-land," so called.

This is considered at once the most important and the most difficult of the subjects embraced in the study of our forests. It is now generally conceded by those most familiar with the matter that a larger area of forest is annually destroyed by fire in the United States than by all other causes combined. Nor is the immediate destruction of forest covering the only or the greatest loss occasioned by these fires. Fire changes the character of the soil, and often renders it unfit to produce the valuable species which it did before; so that the effect of a forest fire may extend through generations, causing inestimable loss. As railroads run further and further into forest-covered regions, and as hunters and prospectors penetrate further and further into the wilds of the Western mountains, forest fires increase. How rapidly they are multiplying, or what is the value, immediate and prospective, of property destroyed in this way, can probably never be accurately determined. But until some general idea of the annual extent of such fires can be gained, correct estimates of the future supply of American forest products will be impossible. This subject of forest fires, which should be considered one of the most important of the economic subjects with which we have to deal, will receive special attention in this investigation, with a view of determining not only the extent of the damage, but also the causes which produce the fires.

In connection with forest wealth, particular attention was called to the minor products of the forest, such as charcoal, tannin, potash, paper-pulp, turpen-

tine, nuts, etc. Statistics and facts of all kinds were to be collected about these matters.

The report will probably contain an account of the lumbering industry of the United States. To collect information on this subject, the agents were instructed to visit the principal lumbering centres of their respective regions, to obtain an idea of its growth or decline in importance.

Each agent, while traveling, kept a diary, for the entering of all items of interest. It was a rule that this should be written up daily, that nothing might be left to memory. These diaries contained the itinerary, the nature of the country passed through, the extent and nature of the forests, a record of the remarkable trees, the addresses of persons of intelligence interviewed (these as a directory for future investigations), and notes on the information given by them. These diaries were to serve as a basis for the drawing-up of the reports, and therefore had to be made as complete as possible in every particular. On the finishing of the field work they were either returned to the writers for condensation, or worked up in the office at head-quarters into the final report, as might be most expedient. The agents were provided with field maps, on which to record observations on the distribution of timber. These, together with the diaries, were to enable the making-up of maps, showing with an approach to accuracy the present timbered areas of the respective regions.

The expedition of Mr. Sereno Watson was one of the most important undertaken in connection with the work; it was also peculiarly arduous, and accompanied by considerable hazard and adventurous experience. As far as forests were concerned, he was to journey through an unknown land. Science knew but little of the flora of the region, and nothing of the forests. Mr. Watson left the Union Pacific Railroad at Og-

den, in Utah, early in the summer, and went along the line of the Utah Northern Railroad into Montana; then, traversing the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains to the British boundary, he proceeded along the spur-range connecting the Rockies with the Cascade range, and thence southward into Eastern Oregon. Part of the distance he went over postal routes, part over trails with pack-horses and attendants, and part entirely alone. At the outset it was taken for granted that it would be impossible to make any estimate of the territory covered with forest in that portion of the United States west of the one hundred and sixth degree of west longitude, except in the most general manner. Since, however, it can be laid down as a prevailing rule that in Western America forests exist only at certain elevations, — the lower limits of forest growth depending largely upon latitude, — by determining the elevations of the upper and lower limits of forest growth in different regions, it was expected that a forest map of that part of the country could be made, showing roughly, but truthfully, the forest areas and distribution in that section. Mr. Watson's attention was called particularly to the region east of the "great plains" of the Columbia River in Washington Territory. It was believed that the mountain ranges extend further westward, occupying a portion of what on existing maps is laid down as "plains" or "unexplored territory." On Professor Brewer's forest map, published in connection with the last census, the northern portions of Montana and Washington Territory are represented as much more heavily timbered than either the rain-fall or the topography would indicate as possible. Mr. Watson was therefore requested especially to study this region, the forests of which are of great economical value, because of the important railroad lines that are soon to traverse them. These railroad lines must

depend largely on local forests for their supplies, and it is of importance that the value and extent of these northern forests should be fully understood by the country at large.

Professor Sargent himself, having made a preliminary tour of observation through the forest regions of the Gulf States in the winter of 1880, devoted the most of the summer to the exploration of the forests of the Pacific slope, in company with Dr. Engelmann, the distinguished botanist, of St. Louis. This journey — which covered nearly fifteen thousand miles, and extended from British Columbia, through the mountain ranges of Washington Territory, Oregon, and California, to the Mexican boundary in Southeastern Arizona — is rich in observations of great scientific and economical interest, and is the most comprehensive and important study of the forests of Western America, and of the species of which they are composed, which has ever been undertaken.

It is expected to receive much valuable material by means of various inquiries through circulars and similar agencies. Letters were sent to county surveyors and like officers in every county throughout the United States, inclosing a schedule to be filled out with the answers of fourteen questions about the forests in their districts, and also a section of a map covering their respective counties, upon which the wooded regions might be traced. The knowledge gained in this manner served as a check on the returns of the enumerators and the special agents of the department. A circular was sent to the agencies of the Indian and military reservations, asking about the amount and distribution of timber on the reservation, the use of wood by the Indians, the depredations on the forests by whites, the amount of timber annually cut, and the ravages of forest fires. Schedules addressed to all railroad companies contained questions as to the use of timber for manifold rail-

road purposes: the number of cross-ties and fence posts annually used, the kind of wood, the cost, the average life, and whether procured on the line of the railroad, or elsewhere. It was asked whether any trees had been planted by the company during the past ten years: their number, kind, and amount of each kind, and their present condition. Inquiries were made as to the use of processes for preserving timber, and the success met with in particular methods. Details were also requested about the use of wood as fuel for locomotives.

To all manufacturers using unsawed lumber, questioning circulars were also sent. The principal industries were the manufacture of cooperage stocks, wooden ware, matches, "excelsior" filling, wood-pulp for paper, gunpowder, implement handles, shoe-pegs, telephone and telegraph poles, oars, dyestuffs, and tannin extracts. Facts about the various forest products, such as nuts, etc., were gained by inquiries of wholesale dealers in the great cities.

One of the most important features of this great investigation, if not the most important from a scientific standpoint, is the testing of all North American woods. These tests are intended to demonstrate the comparative value of all the various woods for different purposes in construction and for fuel. The comparative value of different species will thus be ascertained, and also that of the wood of the same species when produced under different conditions of climate and soil.

These tests have been made by Mr. S. P. Sharples, state assayer of Massachusetts, under the direction of Professor Sargent. In all, several thousand specimens were tested. The collection of the different woods, many of them from trees heretofore but little known, and often growing in the most remote and inaccessible Western regions, has cost an immense amount of labor. The collection could not have been made with

out the cordial coöperation of botanists all over the country, and of many lumbermen, railway corporations, and others who appreciate the importance of the work. The wood was sent to Boston in the rough, and was carefully dressed to the proper shape and size. A portion of it was thoroughly seasoned by driving out every particle of moisture. This process is the most thorough test of the quality of a wood in relation to "checking," as the cracking and splitting of wood while seasoning is technically called. A wood that does not check under these circumstances will probably never check under any other. To ascertain the specific gravity, a piece of each specimen of wood is made into a block one decimeter long by thirty-five millimeters square. Duplicate sets of these blocks are made, one of them to be placed in the National Museum at Washington, while the other will probably be acquired for the Arnold Arboretum. These blocks, when arranged together in a collection, give a fine idea of the beauty of the respective woods, displayed as they are in contrasting and checkered variety, with their smooth finish, and often exquisite hues and tints, showing colors the existence of which in plain native woods is a revelation to the casual beholder. Before the specific gravity is obtained, each block is measured with the minutest accuracy. Seasoned pieces of each kind of wood are also weighed carefully, and then burned in a close oven; the ashes thus made are weighed, and carefully preserved in vials. These ashes are of curiously varying colors. These two processes — measuring the specific gravity and burning — give the value of the wood for fuel. Tests of strength were made with the great testing-machine at the United States arsenal in Watertown. Each kind of wood, seasoned naturally, but with the greatest care, is submitted to three tests. Its capacity to resist a strain is ascertained by the force re-

quired to pull it apart longitudinally; its sustaining capacity by the power of a piece, supported at each end, to hold up weights suspended from the centre; and its resistance to pressure by the power demanded to crush it. These tests, which give the value of the respective woods for purposes of construction, are made upon strips generally forty-eight inches long by two and one half inches square.

Many years ago the value of a few of the principal Eastern woods was roughly determined by Bull, and published in the Transactions of the Philadelphia Philosophical Society. In most countries of Europe, and in Australia, various tests of the worth of woods for different purposes have been undertaken. Most of the results thus obtained are unsatisfactory. Not having been made under the direction of a botanist, there is always doubt as to the right determination of the species tested. In the experiments heretofore made to ascertain the specific gravity of wood, specimens seasoned in the ordinary way have been taken, so that in the uncertainty of exact conditions comparative estimates of values are impossible.

This is the first time that all the woods of a great continent have ever been comprehensively studied, and, under the direction of a single individual, brought under one set of scientific tests. The report will make known to the world at large the nature and value of the products of American forests. From the arboricultural point of view, also, the outcome of these experiments will be of great importance. For, in the case of the leading timber trees of wide distribution, they will show what part of the country and what soil may be expected to produce the best results. This, when the time for replanting our forests arrives, will be of the greatest economical value.

The work of the investigation is carried on in the laboratory of the Arnold

Arboretum. It will naturally take much time and labor to digest the enormous amount of material acquired; especially, since this is the first time that a work of the sort has been undertaken. Some time must elapse before the final report

can be made public. The work will be published as a monograph, with maps, charts, and diagrams, in the author's name, and should command the attention of all interested in our forests or their products.

Sylvester Barter.

GOETHE'S LIMITATIONS AS MAN AND POET.

IN reading Grimm's *Life and Times of Goethe*¹ we have wondered anew at that defect of the great man's nature which renders him, to us, an almost incomprehensible, half-human being, — we mean the absolute coldness of heart which seems to have served to advance his giant intellectual growth, while it kept him morally dwarfed. It is hard to conceive of a man born without a heart, but on close inspection one is forced to look on Goethe as a being as really destitute of the normal human affections as though he had actually come into the world unfurnished with the genuine flesh-and-blood organ, but with some subtly-working mechanism in its place, which nature put there for once by way of an experiment. Our minds do not readily take in such a singular conception of a man, and at first we interpret his speech and actions as meaning what they would mean in any ordinary mortal. But the delusion discovers itself after a time. As students of human character we know the difference between sentiments and affections proper, and we discern that this man, so abundantly supplied with the former, was yet a very pauper in his lack of those feelings which enrich the commonest of mankind. He never felt his poverty; was never conscious of wanting that which most men value as among the

most precious things of life. The joy springing from the interchange of affection, like all things most worth having, must be paid for with a price, — the possibility of exquisite suffering; and if Goethe lost the satisfactions of true and enduring love, he also escaped its corresponding pangs. His coldness was the antiseptic that kept him from decay: it does not astonish us to learn that at eighty-three, with his marvelous faculties still alert and his body comparatively unworn, his enjoyment of mere living was full and fresh as it had ever been. Neither his own losses, nor the pains of sympathy for others, — for his friends, or for mankind at large, — had ever bruised or scarred his soul. It may be said, indeed, that losses of his own he never had. From the beginning the world gave him all that he most craved. One estranged friend he could always replace with another. His so-called friendships were either comfortable intimacies or profitable intellectual companionships; even his relation with Schiller was rather one of this latter sort than a giving of heart for heart. Schiller took the place of Herder, from whom, after an intercourse of long years, Goethe "silently turned away." The difference of character between Schiller and Goethe in this respect is shown in a sentence of Grimm's: "As critics [useful literary companions] he could henceforth wholly dispense with Körner and Humboldt, but they

¹ *Life and Times of Goethe.* By HERMAN GRIMM. Translated by SARAH HOLLAND ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

remained ever dear to Schiller's heart." After a ten years' intimacy with Frau von Stein, during which she had been "made the arbitress of his fate and of his intellectual achievements; with unvarying fidelity surrounded by no end of flattering proofs of his care; all her best faculties developed by him; raised to be the envied participator in his mental life,—of all this she sees herself, wholly unprepared, and without apparent fault of her own, suddenly deprived, and cast down from her exalted position into a gloomy void which she could never fill by any effort of her own." Goethe had simply had enough of her, and after a short period of constrained intercourse, most painful and inexplicable to her, Frau von Stein hastened from Weimar and Goethe, who sent after her a farewell letter, in which she "felt that she was dismissed." The man's personal fascination must have been great indeed which could make a woman forgive such conduct, and receive him in later years into her society again.

At the time when Schiller, ardently desirous of Goethe's friendship, was making such advances toward it as were consistent with self-respect, only to be repulsed by Goethe's frigid indifference, his hurt feelings led him to write of Goethe thus: "He never overflows, even to his nearest friends, and is never to be caught unaware. I truly believe he is an egoist to an unusual degree. . . . He makes his presence felt beneficently, but only like a god, — *without giving himself*. This conduct seems to me consistent and systematic, and calculated to insure the highest enjoyment of self-love. But of such a character men should not make an idol. To me he is hateful in this regard, although I love his genius with my whole heart, and have an exalted idea of him." Outside the magic circle of Goethe's present influence Schiller could judge the genius thus accurately; yet he too yield-

ed to the spell, when at last it was brought to work on him.

Goethe's connection with Christiane Vulpius, the woman who afterwards became his wife, may be an exception to the rule of his relationships. Men often marry without affection, simply because they have arrived at an age when the comforts of a home and a faithful attendant seem necessary to them. Goethe's marriage may have been no more than this, and his grief at her death and the consequent breaking up of his domesticity proves nothing; still, we are willing to believe that somewhere, deep within, a spark of the fire of a disinterested love kept the vital warmth alive in him.

In all this, what a pointed contrast to Goethe is presented by his contemporary, Madame de Staël! In reading her biography nothing strikes one more than the number and the depth of her attachments, the fervor and the fidelity with which she gave herself to her friends. It was this capacity for loving quite as much as her intellectual gifts and social brilliance that drew men and women to her. If, to us, her expressions of affection seem somewhat exaggerated, and we wonder at the overflowing warmth of her regard for so many different persons, it is partly because manners have changed since her time, and we should nowadays distrust the reality of feelings that manifested themselves with such abandon. But there can be no doubt that hers were entirely sincere. Her friendships were the solace and joy of her troublous life, as her ardent, zealous, self-sacrificing affection made the happiness of those to whom it was given. Madame Récamier's constancy to her friend, which brought her under the displeasure of Napoleon, reflects equal lustre on the characters of both women; the friend must have been worth much for whom the other was ready to endure exile. Although in her Paris *salon* and her Coppet home Madame de Staël

reigned like a queen among her circle of distinguished guests, the self-love of no one was wounded; all met with consideration, and, exuberant talker as the hostess was, she knew how to listen as well. The list of her close relationships with men and women is a long one; her friends were of characters and tastes the most diverse, but with her in their midst they learned how to live together in pleasant harmony. At her death there were men, — Sismondi, Constant, and others, — who knew not how to live without her who had been the pivot of their existence. A friend once made she seems never to have lost.

In considering Goethe's entire life, Grimm remarks "two fundamental facts: The first was that, so far as we know, he never experienced anything which wholly took him out of himself; and that even when most passionately excited he still retained the power to criticise himself. The second was that Goethe does not mention any living man or any contemporary book that fully meets the wants of his nature; no man who could excite in him the feeling, 'Such I would like to have been!' and no book over which he might have thought, 'This is what I would have written, but it is better than I could have written it.'" Again: "He met men with fresh curiosity, loved them while new, but repulsed them unmercifully when the hour for criticism had arrived." In the latter part of his life he "gave up all idea of friendship, and welcomed to his companionship only those from whom he expected furtherance in his aims. All mankind became transformed into the most deserving object of study."

Is it surprising, then, that while his old age seemed the perfection of a serenely declining day, yet it lacked in reality its evening glow, its supreme consecration?

The impression made by the biography by G. H. Lewes (who is reluctant to admit a fault in his hero) is confirmed

by Grimm's Life, although he nowhere makes direct accusation of heartlessness against his great countryman, and is apparently concerned to give facts, not opinions or judgments of his own. The portrait of Goethe given in Grimm's volume answers remarkably to the conception of his character here put forth. The handsome, cold face, with its clear, all-seeing eyes and mouth of exquisite fineness, seems some artist's ideal of pure intellect, enriched with imaginative sensibility, and untouched with any color of merely human feeling.

Thackeray's Fairy Blackstick bestows upon the baby prince, as her best gift, "a little misfortune." One cannot but pity the famous Goethe, so constantly attended by good fortune. If only he could have been visited by some of those manifold merciful afflictions that come into the lives of most men, like angels in disguise!

Grimm characterizes Faust as the "greatest work of the greatest poet of all nations and all times." That is a German's estimate of a home product. Faust is undoubtedly the greatest work of a great poet. The dictum of Grimm suggests the question whether Goethe would not have been a greater poet, as well as a nobler man, if he had not been so deeply tainted with the vice of egotism. It appears at first as if his independence of others, his perfect self-poise, greatly aided his free mental development: it kept him unperturbed by loves and hates, undistracted by conflicting influences, able to follow an idea or aim with calm, fixed gaze as far as it might lead. Yet, considering more closely, the truth seems to be that the advantage of this concentration of force was counterbalanced by a corresponding disability. His self-centred calm was really a hindrance or limitation to the fullest expansion of his intellect, at least on the side of the imagination. In the work of the creative imagination the greatest poet of all nations and all times

must surely have power to wander unfettered through the whole range of human passion. Grimm's idea — and in this he appears to be correct — of the working of Goethe's creative faculty is that it always needed for its labor the material given by experience; it was in that he always wrought, and the experience which he chose, as supplying him with the most rich and abundant material, was his own. His own nature was of absorbing interest to him, and it was the study of his life. Since it was in reality a many-sided one, it follows that its analysis was not easily exhausted, and his self-portraiture was fresh and various. Yet there are instincts and emotions to the comprehension of which his own

nature was no clue, nor could he have had that intuition of the feelings of other men which a genuine sympathy gives. It would sound absurd to us to say that Shakespeare, truly the greatest poet of all times, found it needful to search experience, his own or that of others, before his imagination could begin its play. He did not combine in himself the elements of Othello and Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth, nor had he ever beheld their fleshly prototypes. And criticism has plainly shown that, whatever suggestions for his characters he found in the works of earlier authors, they were but the merest hints, hardly the faint outlines, for his breathing realities.

RUNNING-WATER NOTES.

I DOUBT if it were a magic bird, as told in the legend, that sang Saint Felix out of the memory of his generation: it is quite as likely that, having traced some river or small stream to its headwaters, he lingered listening to the drop that wears away the stone, and so fell into a half-century reverie. Running water is the only true flowing philosopher, — the smoothest arguer of the perpetual flux and transition of all created things, saying, —

"All things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow as a stream."

It is itself a current paradox. It is now here at your feet, gossiping over sand and pebble; it is there, slipping softly around a rushy cape; and it is yonder, just blending with the crisp spray of the last wave on the beach of the lake. Its form and color are but circumstances: the one due to marginal accident and the momentary caprice of the wind; the other, to the complexion of the sky or to overhanging umbrage. Who can say

but that its beginning and its ending are one, — the water-drop in the bosom of the cloud?

We readily consent that the Muses had their birth and rearing in the neighborhood of certain springs and streams. This was a wise provision for their subsequent musical education, since it was intended, no doubt, that they should gather the rudiments from such congenial sources. The Greeks left us no account (as they well might have done) of the technical drill pursued by the nine sisters. However, we may suppose that they wrote off their scores from the fluent dictation of their favorite cascades and streams, and that they scanned, or "sang," all such exercises by the laws of liquid quantity and accent. Perhaps at the same time, the better to measure the feet and mark the caesural pauses, they danced, as they sang, over the rippled surface of the stream. Nor did the Muses alone love springs and running water, but it would seem that the

philharmonic societies of their descendants have had their haunts in like localities: or was it mere chance that Homer should have lived by the river Meles (hence Melesigenes); that Plato should have had his retirement

"where Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream;"

or that Shakespeare, to all time, should be "the Sweet Swan of Avon"?

Consider the vocality and vocabulary of the water: it has its open vowels, its mutes, labials, and sub-vocals, and, if one listen attentively, its little repetend of favorite syllables and alliterations. Like Demosthenes, it knows the use and advantage of pebbles, and has, by this simple experiment, so purified its utterance that nowhere else is Nature's idiom spoken so finely. What a list of onomatopoeic words we have caught from its talkative lips! *Babbling, purling, murmuring, gurgling*, are some of the adjectives borrowed from this vernacular; and some have even heard the "chuckling brooks," — an expression which well describes a certain confidential, *sotto voce* gayety and self-content I have often heard in the parley of the water.

From time to time, musical virtuosos and composers, fancying they had discovered the key-note of Niagara, have given us symphonious snatches of its eternal organ harmonies. Some time, it may be that all these scattered arias, with many more which have never been published, will be collected and edited as the complete opera of the great cataract! Less ambitious, I have often tried to unravel the melodious vagaries of a summer stream; to classify its sounds, and report their sequence and recurrence. I shall not forget how once, when I was thus occupied, a small bird flew far out on a branch overhanging the water, turned its arch eye on me, then on the dancing notes of my music lesson, and poured out a rippling similitude of song that was plainly meant as an æolian rendition of the theme,

or motive, running through the water. I was under double obligation to the little musician, since, in addition to its sweet and clever charity, it put me in possession of the discovery that all of Nature's minstrels are under the same orchestra drill, and capable, at pleasure, of exchanging parts. There was once a naiad (own daughter of celestial Aquarius), who, as often as the rain fell and the eave-spouts frothed and overran, used to come and dance under a poet's roof. It was a part of her pretty jugglery to imitate the liquid warble of the wood-thrush, bobolink, and other pleasing wild-bird notes. No matter how far inland, any one who lives by the "great deep" of a dense wood may hear the roar of the sea when the tide of the wind sweeps in on his coast. Shutting my eyes, I could always readily hear, in the crackling of a brush fire in the garden, the quick and sharp accentuation of rain on the roof.

There are certain English and Old English appellatives of running water which one would fain transplant to local usage on this side the Atlantic. How suitable that a swift, boiling stream, surcharged with spring rain, should be called a *brawl*, or a fine sunlit thread of a rill embroidering green meadows a *floss*, or any other small, unconsidered stream a *beck*! In New England you shall hear only of the *brook*, and past an indeterminate meridian westward, only of the *creek* (colloquially deformed into "crick"). Indian Creek is a sort of John Smith in the nomenclature of Western streams. Rocky Rivers and Rocky Runs are also frequent enough.

Where streams abound, there, for the most part, will be found sylvan amenity and kindly, cultivated soil. The Nile alone saves Egypt from being an extension of Sahara. Without some water-power at hand, cities may not be built, nor industries and arts be pushed forward: yet I should say no site is hopelessly inland if there runs past it a

stream of sufficient current to carry a raft. There is maritime promise in the smallest rivulet: trust it; in time it will bear your wares and commodities to the sea and the highways of commerce. The course of a river, or of a river tributary, suggests a journey of pleasure. Notice how it selects the choicest neighborhoods in its course, the richest fields, the suavest parts of the woods. If it winds about a country village, with picturesque white spire and houses hid to the roof in greenery, it seems to have made this deflection out of its own affable and social spirit. The dam and the mill-wheel it understands as a challenge of its speed and agility, and so leaps and caracoles nimbly over them. All bridges which it passes under it takes as wickets set up in sport.

The motion of water, whether of the ocean billow or of the brook's ripple, is only an endless prolongation or reproduction of the line of beauty. There are no right angles in the profile of the sea-coast or river margin; no rectangular pebbles on the beach or in the bed of a stream. The hollow chamber in which the oyster is lodged might have been formed by the union of two waves, magically hardened at the moment of contact; colored without like the ooze of the earth, within like the deep sea pearl. The fish conforms in shape and symmetry to its living element, and is, in this respect, scarcely more than a wave, or combination of waves. It moves in curves and ripples, in little whirls and eddies, faithfully repeating all the inflections of the water. Even in the least detail it is homogeneous; else, why should the scale of the fish be scalloped rather than serrate? As to color, has it not the vanishing tints of the rainbow; or might it not be thought the thinnest lamina pared away from a pearl, a transparent rose petal, the finger-nail of a Venus?

It is not improbable that the fish furnished the first shipwright with some

excellent suggestions about nautical architecture. This shipwright, who was both idealist and utilitarian, had observed the length and slenderness of the fish; its curved sides and tapering extremities, corresponding with the stern and prow of his subsequent invention; also, the fins, which he at first reproduced in rough-hewn paddles, prototypical of genuine oars. Then, perhaps, a paradoxical notion dawning upon his mind that aerial swimming and aquatic flying were much the same things, he added to his floating craft the wings of the bird as well as the fins of the fish; and soon thereafter began to take the winds into account, to venture out on the broad seas; and finally discovered

"India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane."

The scaly appearance of a sheet of water wrinkled by the wind has already been noticed by another. It needed only this slight suggestion to point out to me the glistening broadside of an old gray dragon sunning himself between the banks. Do dolphins inhabit fresh water? Just under the surface, at the bend of the creek, I see a quivering opalescent or iridescent mass, which I take to be a specimen of this rare fish, unless, indeed, it should prove only a large flat stone, veined and mottled by sunbeams shot through the thin veil of hurrying waters. Equally suggestive are those luminous reflections of ripples cast on that smooth clay bank. Narrow shimmering lines in constant wavy motion, they seem the web which some spider is vainly trying to pin to the bank. They are, properly, "netted sunbeams." Water oozing from between two obstructing stones, and slowly spreading out into the current, has the appearance of a tress of some colorless water-grass floating under the surface. I was once pleased to see how a drift of soft brown sand gently sloping to the water's edge, with its reflection directly beneath, presented the perfect figure of a tight-shut

clam-shell, — a design peculiarly suited to the locality.

In cooler and deeper retirement, on languid summer afternoons, this flowing philosopher sometimes geometrizes. It is always of circles, — circles intersecting, tangent, or inclusive. A fish darting to the surface affords the central starting-point of a circle whose radius and circumference are incalculable, since the eye fails to detect where it fades into nothingness. Multiplied intersections there may be, but without one curve marring the smooth expansion of another. There are hints of infinity to be gathered from this transient water ring, as well as from the orb of the horizon at sea.

Sometimes I bait the fish, but without rod or hook, and merely to coax them together in small inquisitive schools, that I may study their behavior and their medium of communication. In this way I enjoy the same opportunities for reverie and speculation as the angler, without indulging in his cruelty or forerelish of the table. I discover that the amusements of the minnows and those of the small birds are quite similar, with only this difference: that the former, in darting and girding at one another, make their retreats behind stones and under little sand bars, instead of hiding among the bushes and tilting over thistle tops. It would seem that fish are no less quick in the senses of hearing and seeing than the birds themselves. They start at your shadow thrown over the bank, at your voice, or at the slightest agitation of the water.

"If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there again."

When they first came up in the spring, I thought they looked unusually lean and shadowy, as though having struggled through a hungry hibernation. They were readily voracious of anything I might throw to them.

There were fish taken under my ob-

servation, though not by line or net. I did not fish, yet I felt warranted in sharing the triumphs of the sport when, for the space of ten minutes or more, I had maintained most cautious silence, while that accomplished angler, the kingfisher, perched on a slightly elm branch over the water, was patiently waiting the chance of an eligible haul. I had, meanwhile, a good opportunity for observing this to me wholly wild and unrelated adventurous bird. Its great head and mobile crest, like a helmet of feathers, its dark-blue glossy coat and white neck-cloth, make it a sufficiently striking individual anywhere. No wonder the kingfisher is specially honored by poetic legend. I must admit that whenever I chanced to see this bird about the stream it was faultless, halcyon weather. I occasionally saw a sandpiper (familiarly, "walk-up-the-creek") hunting a solitary meal along the margin. I had good reason, also, to suspect that even the blackbird now and then helped himself to a *bonne bouche* from the water. Then, did I not see the fish, acting on the "law of talons," come to the surface, and take their prey from the life of the air? This was the fate in store for many a luxurious water-fly skimming about the sunshiny pools, like a drop or bead of animated quicksilver. The insect races born of the water, and leading a hovering existence above it, had always a curious interest for me. What, for instance, can be more piquing to a speculative eye than to watch the ceaseless shiftings or pourings of a swarm of gnats? Is there any rallying point or centre in this filmy system? Apparently there are no odds between the attraction and repulsion governing the movements of the midget nebula, and I could never be satisfied as to whether unanimity or dissent were implied. Nor could I quite justify by my ear the verse which says,

"Then, in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows,"

since, although I could vouch for the vocal powers of a single gnat humming with unpleasant familiarity, I have never detected any proof of concerted musical sound among a swarm of these notes. Yet I doubt not the *poet* is right.

There is a larger species of mosquito (not the common pest), which I should think might some time have enjoyed religious honors, since, when it drinks, it falls upon its knees! A flight of these gauzy-winged creatures through a shaft of sunlight might conjure up for any fanciful eye the vision of "pert fairies and dapper elves." Of the dragon-fly (which might be the inlaid phantasm of some insect that flourished summers ago), I know of no description so delicately apt as the following:—

"A wind-born blossom, blown about,
Drops quiveringly down as though to die;
Then lifts and wavers on, as if in doubt
Whether to fan its wings or fly without."

Where is the stream so hunted down by civilization that it cannot afford hospitality to at least one hermit musk-rat? The only water animal extant of the wild fauna that was here in the red man's day, he will eventually have to follow in the oblivious wake of the beaver and otter. It is no small satisfaction that I am occasionally favored with a glimpse of this now rare "oldest inhabitant." Swimming leisurely with the current, and carrying in his mouth a ted of grass for thatching purposes, or a bunch of greens for dinner, he disappears under the bank. So unwieldy are his motions, and so lazily does the water draw after him, that I am half inclined to believe him a pygmean copy of some long extinct river mammoth. Oftener at night I hear him splashing about in the dark and cool stream, safe from discovery and molestation.

Hot, white days of drought there were in the middle of the summer, when, in places, the bed of the creek was as dry as the highway; vacant, except for a ghostly semblance of ripples running

above its yellow clay and stones. The fountain of this stream was in the sun and heated air. Walking along the abandoned water-road, I speculated idly about the fate of the minnows and trout. Had they been able, in season, to take a short cut to the lake or to deeper streams, as is related, in a pretty but apocryphal story, of a species of fish in China, fitted by nature to take short overland journeys?

Much might justly be said in praise of the willow. Its graceful, undulating lines show that it has not in vain been associated with the stream. It practices and poses over its glass as though it hoped some time to become a water nymph. Summer heat cannot impair its fresh and vivid green,—only the sharp edge of the frost can do that; and even when the leaves have fallen away there remains a beautiful anatomy of stems and branches, whose warm brown affords a pleasing relief to November grayness.

At intervals I met the genius of decorative art (a fine, mincing lady) hunting about the weedy margin for botanical patterns suitable for reproduction in æsthetic fabrics and paper hangings. She chose willow catkins, cat-tail flag; the flowers and feathery after-bloom of the clematis, golden-rod, and aster, and showed great anxiety to procure some lily pads and buds that grew in a sluggish cove; but for some reason, unknown to me as well as to the *genii loci*, she slighted a host of plants as suggestive for ornate designs as any she accepted. She took no notice of the jewel weed (which the stream was not ashamed to reflect, in its velvet, leopard-like magnificence); nor had she any eyes for the roving intricacies of the green-brier and wild-balsam apple. She also left untouched whole families of curious beaked grasses and sedges, with spindles full of flax or silk unwinding to the breeze.

It is nothing strange that the earlier

races of men should have believed in
 loreleis and undines, nixies and kelpies.
 I cannot say that I have not, myself,
 had glimpses of all these water-spirits.
 But the watered green silk in which the
 lorelei and the undine were dressed was
 almost indistinguishable in color and
 texture from the willow's reflection;
 and the nixie was so often hidden under
 a crumbling bank and net-work of black
 roots that I could not be sure whether
 I caught the gleam of his malicious eye,
 or whether it was only a fleck of sun-
 shine I saw exploring the watery shade.
 About the kelpie I am more positive.
 When the creek was high and wrathful
 under the scourge of the "line storm,"
 it could have been nothing else than the
 kelpie's wild, shaggy mane that I saw;
 nothing else that I heard but his hoarse,
 ill-boding roar.

In this season of the year, I became
 aware that our stream, like the Nile,
 had its mysterious floating islands, lux-
 uriant plots set with grass and fern
 and mint (instead of lotus and papyrus),
 and lodged upon pieces of drift washed
 down by the spring floods. All sum-
 mer securely moored in the shallow

water, they were now rent up by the
 roots, and swept out of all geographical
 account. Snow-like accumulations of
 whipped-up foam gathered in lee-side
 nooks where the current ran less strong,
 remaining there for many hours together,
 like some fairy fleet riding at anchor.
 When the stream had fallen, I often
 found this accumulation deposited on the
 sand in a grayish-white drift, dry and
 volatile as ashes, dispersing at the slight-
 est gust. It suggested that some strange,
 unwitnessed rite of incineration had been
 performed there.

When the winter had come in all
 power, and had driven nature down
 into her garrison of clods, and had laid
 siege thereto with frost-fire and sword,
 the philosopher of whom I have spoken
 could still, at times, be heard in the drear
 silence of snowy fields and snowy air.
 He had nothing to say that could not
 fitly have been said in the ear of sum-
 mer. Moreover, there was nearly al-
 ways one clear crystal window of his
 dwelling open sunward, looking through
 which I could see his bright and mobile
 countenance, unperplexed by weather
 changes.

Edith M. Thomas.

THREE NEW THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

THE late Professor Diman, in his
 posthumous work *The Theistic Argu-
 ment as Affected by Recent Theories*,¹
 handles an old theme and reaches the
 old conclusion, but by no means in the
 old way. The book fulfills the prom-
 ise of its title-page. The argument is
 throughout conducted with honest and
 appreciative reference to the facts and
 theories of modern scientific and specu-
 lative thought, especially as represented

by such writers as Mill, Spencer, Hux-
 ley, and Tyndall. Whether the reason-
 ing be absolutely flawless or not, we
 know of no book that within the same
 compass furnishes an equally complete,
 calm, intelligible, and candid survey of
 the issues now in debate between the
 representatives of religion and physical
 science, respectively. As such, it must
 prove of inestimable value to many
 thoughtful readers of both classes, very
 few of whom have as clear an apprehen-
 sion of each other's attitudes and po-
 sitions as might be desired. The book

¹ *The Theistic Argument as Affected by Recent
 Theories.* By J. LEWIS DIMAN, D. D. Boston:
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

is especially to be commended to the young theologians of the day, who find themselves in the thick of a conflict begun before their entrance on the field of action, of which, for that very reason, it is difficult for them to master the bearing and significance.

It is of course impossible to condense in a few lines the thought of a book of nearly four hundred pages, which, though written for oral delivery (as lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston), is singularly compact in style and expression. Its salient points, however, may be indicated. After a statement of the present aspects of the theistic problem, the legitimacy of the inquiry, as falling within the limits of human thought, is discussed with reference to the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, which, so far from excluding, is shown logically to involve, the affirmation of absolute existence. The right to a standing in the dialectic form being thus vindicated, the scope of the argument is limited by the rejection of all *a priori* methods as practically obsolete and logically indefensible. The first onward step toward the theistic conclusion is based on the notion of a first cause. The idea of cause, no matter how obtained, is never satisfied short of a first cause, itself uncaused. Hence, the objection that it only leads to an endless succession of causes falls to the ground. The scientific objection, founded on the theory of the indestructibility of matter and the persistence of force, really concedes what is essential in the old doctrine of a first cause. For the theory "is after all but a method of accounting for change. And in accounting for change, it not only concedes that every change in nature had a cause, but that back of all change lies something persistent and unchangeable." "The most refined conception of the universe that science has yet reached is a conception that leads us back to an absolute and eternal source of all the phenomena

of existence." And this conception "is not a result of experience, or of any scientific experiment, but a purely abstract and metaphysical conception," — as truly so as the old idea of a first cause.

But "in the bare idea of a first cause we do not have the idea of God." The nature of this first cause must next be inquired into. From the order and harmony pervading the universe, the author infers that it must have had its origin in mind; and from the manifold adjustments in organic structures, he claims the right to clothe this originating mind with the attributes of purpose and finality. These arguments are not only strongly stated, but are defended against objections, both old and new, with great acuteness. Of special interest and value in this respect is the consideration of the bearing of the theory of evolution on the idea of final cause. One entire lecture of the twelve is devoted to this topic; and the conclusion at which the author arrives is that the theory of evolution, instead of detracting from the force of the teleological argument, "really supplies it with a more complex and elaborate basis." Another lecture, scarcely less interesting, on Immanent Finality, completes the justification of the argument from design by defending it against the pantheistic philosophy of Spinoza and his followers, on the one hand, and certain scientific theories which more or less obliterate the distinction between mind and matter, on the other; and thus the conclusion is reached "that the finality shown in nature is the operation of a conscious intelligence distinct from and above nature." Two more steps end the argument, so far as it bases itself on the accepted facts of external nature and human consciousness. The first infers a moral order from the phenomena of conscience, the second a moral purpose from the facts of history; and both are held to indicate that the first cause

has the attributes of a moral as well as intelligent being. All this, however, the author admits, does not prove the existence of a being answering to our idea of God. None of these arguments, nor all together, prove the first cause to be infinite, eternal, and absolute in being and perfection. He proceeds, therefore, to connect this first cause with our intuitive conviction of the infinite. "We have intuitions," says the author, "which are the very frame-work of all our thought of infinity and eternity." "We irresistibly connect these intuitions with the first cause. The author of the universe must be the being of whom these are predicable." Thus the argument has reached its goal. The lecture that follows, on *Alternative Theories*, simply supplies strengthening buttresses, while the closing one, on *Inferences from Theism*, presents an impressive and very suggestive statement of how natural religion finds its fuller development in Christianity.

The weak point of the book, considered as a chain of reasoning, lies, it strikes us, in the use made of the intuitional idea of the infinite to raise the conception of an intelligent and moral first cause to the height of the idea of God. To say that we "irresistibly" connect these conceptions, and that the first "must" be predicable of the second, is certainly not convincing, so long at least as the intuition of the infinite has not been shown to include the personality of the infinite. It seems, after all, a matter of doubt whether the grand theistic conclusion can be logically reached without a larger use of intuition — though not necessarily of intuition direct and immediate, prior to all knowledge and reflection — than the author is willing to admit. And of this he himself appears conscious when the exigencies of logic are for the moment in abeyance. For while he expressly disallows the reasoning of those who hold that belief in the existence of

God is "a primary instinct of the soul, which we can neither justify nor go behind," he nevertheless concedes that, historically, "belief in God is a great fact in human nature, — a fact which individual consciousness establishes, and to which the experience of the whole race bears witness. It is older and deeper than any arguments about it."

Dr. Mulford's work, *The Republic of God*,¹ is beyond all question one of the most remarkable of recent publications. Yet it is quite as likely to form the subject of confidential discourse and familiar letters between friends as to figure largely in public reviews and discussions. The thought is fresh and suggestive, but the style, or rather the linking of the thought, is more or less obscure. Many will learn from him, but few will dare to assert that they thoroughly understand him. The work is, in fact, as nearly as possible a series of dogmatic definitions or statements: sometimes hinting at, sometimes silently passing over, but rarely distinctly stating, the previous logical processes on which they rest. Moreover, it unconsciously assumes a knowledge of philosophical thought and language, and demands throughout a philosophical habit of mind, such as in many cases its readers will not be able to bring to it. Nevertheless the book is instinct with light and life throughout. Its very obscurities sparkle and glow, and whole pages are filled with an impassioned and yet perfectly sober eloquence, of which we can cite no parallel instance in modern theological literature. It is a book to grow up to, to keep on the library table, to read again and again, to brood over and reason out for one's self.

The sub-title, an *Institute of Theology*, is likely to give a very erroneous conception of the book to persons reminded thereby of Calvin's *Institutes*,

¹ *The Republic of God: An Institute of Theology*. By ELISHA MULFORD, LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

or other less famous works, of similar structure and method. The material which it has in common with such works is arranged under new and few rubrics (the whole book contains only ten brief chapters); and many topics usually treated of in dogmatic systems—for example, creation, angelology, decrees, the Adamic fall—are wholly passed over. The omissions may in most cases be readily supplied from the thought taken as a whole; but their occurrence is the natural consequence of the author's purpose, which is evidently to give an Institute of what may be properly called Catholic theology. The Nicene-Constantinopolitan Creed, which occupies the last page of the book, is not only the expression of the author's personal faith, but has also given method and direction to his thinking. Indeed, the work is to be regarded as Dr. Mulford's justification to thought of that ancient symbol.

But the great significance of the book, that which bids fair to give it wide and far-reaching influence in English theological literature, is the point of view from which it approaches the subject to be dealt with. The older theology suffered from a mechanical conception of the relations of God to the world and human history. It placed God and the universe so far apart that nothing but the most immediately supernatural could bridge the gulf. It avoided pantheism, that vice of noble minds, but always carried in it the seeds of the dreariest deism. And although this conception has been rendered more and more untenable by every advance of historical criticism and scientific discovery, it still dominates current theology to a large extent, and gives rise to such ecclesiastical prosecutions as that lately instituted against Professor Robertson Smith, of Scotland. Mr. Mulford stands on wholly different ground. To him, God is not only the transcendent, but also the immanent, One. Revelation, according-

ly, is not only *to* man, but also *in* man; it is not only supernatural, but also historical, and subject to the laws of historical life and growth. It is not uttered in speech alone, but preëminently in *acts* of divine self-manifestation. This of course involves a great modification of the old idea of inspiration and of the relation of the sacred books to Christian thought. These books are still authority; but they are this as the historical records of revelation, not as primarily designed to convey doctrinal instruction. One of the author's fundamental conceptions is that the revelation of Christ is not a religion, as Buddhism or Mohammedanism is a religion, that is, a system of doctrine or a cultus, but a life,—the life of the spirit. The greater part of the third chapter is devoted to a powerful setting forth of this thesis. Now, a religion can be laid down in the forms of logic, and hence can be gathered from books; but a life can be known only from its manifestations. Hence, Dr. Mulford, if we have not entirely failed to understand him, would find the grounds of natural theology—confessedly the logical substratum of any system of revelational theology—in the religious consciousness of man as man; and those of the specifically Christian doctrines in the attested history of revelation, of which the Bible presents the record, and in the consciousness of man as the subject of redemption, of which, again, the Bible, especially the New Testament, furnishes the clearest and most universal representation.

The book is an honest, earnest, and able endeavor to construct a system of Christian dogmatics in consonance with the best and surest results of modern thought. As such it is full of cheer and promise. It is a pledge that the crisis of the danger to religious life from the wide breach between the old views of the universe and the new will be safely passed. How far its endeavor is successful and self-consistent at all

points, each one must judge for himself. The work no doubt has faults. We cannot but think, for instance, that in its citation of Scripture it sometimes neglects the just requirements of historical interpretation. But the sun itself has dark spots. It would be an evil omen, portentous of a coming day of wrath to the churches of America, if such a book should fail of grateful welcome and serious consideration.

Dr. Whiton, in his *Gospel of the Resurrection*,¹ proposes to replace the hitherto current doctrine of the Christian church concerning the resurrection of the dead by conceptions more tenable by the modern mind. The view presented is simple, clear, and rational: the resurrection of the dead does not take place simultaneously, nor is it to be looked for in an indefinitely distant future; each individual "rises"—that is, is rehabilitated with a spiritual body—immediately after death. The resurrection has nothing to do with the body that is buried, which decomposes and is left behind forever, but is a process of evolution, by which a new body is produced. The effective force in this evolution is the spirit, in which, because of its life, there inheres, as in all life, a body-building power. But the kind of body thus built up, whether glorious and fit for unending life, in the pregnant sense of that term, or only endowed with mere existence, the mean and empty semblance of life,—to name only the extremes, between which there lie many intermediate gradations,—depends upon the kind of life that evolves it, whether it be life in Christ or apart from him. This is the substance of the book; but necessarily connected with it is the incidental discussion, first, of the second coming of Christ, which, according to our author, "took place in the destruction of Jerusalem (A. D. 70), the demo-

lition of the temple, the extinction of the luminaries—sun, moon, and stars—of the Jewish firmament, the sweeping away of the nation;" and, secondly, of the "last judgment," which we are to think of "not as an event, limited to a specific 'day,' but as a process which runs its course throughout the whole existence of the responsible subjects of law."

That the church doctrine on this subject no longer enjoys full and cordial assent, even on the part of many earnest believers in Christianity, cannot be denied. The purpose of the book, therefore, is a timely one. But many readers will find it easier to accept the conclusions above outlined than to approve the exegesis by which they are defended. The author apparently starts with an ultra-orthodox view of inspiration. In reply to the position "that the language of the sacred books should be used in its own sense, the sense which it is manifestly designed to convey," he says, "Yes, but by *whom* intended,—by the human seer, or by the spirit from whom the human seer derived his message? The limitation of the teaching of the spirit of prophecy by the conceptions of the prophet . . . is as absurd as to limit the ideas of a statesman by the ideas of the school-boy who declaims the statesman's oration." (Page 21.) The natural inference from this language is that the author holds what is justly called the mechanical theory of inspiration; and this inference is justified by many instances of otherwise motiveless forced interpretation. At the same time, however, he does not, on occasion, hesitate to impute "Jewish notions" to the apostles. Sometimes these Jewish notions only color the language, but do not extend to the thought; at other times, as when St. Peter supposed David to be still in Sheol, they amount to ignorance. (Page 221.) All this suggests, and should have suggested to the author, the great difficulty of distinguishing

¹ *The Gospel of the Resurrection*. By JAMES MORRIS WHITON, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1881.

between the "teaching of the spirit of prophecy" and the "conceptions of the prophet," — between "the facts which a prophet [like St. Paul] reports to us" and "his views of them or opinions about them." In fact, here lies the capital defect of the work, which deprives it of any claim to scientific value; it rests on no well-defined and consistently-held theory of the nature of revelation, and of the Bible as related to revelation. This leads, on the one hand, to fanciful interpretations, violently disavowing the text in hand from contemporary opinions, and to absurd literalism, forcing the letter beyond all bounds; and, on the other, to a freedom in treating "inspired" words which would be refreshing to the most naturalistic of theologians. And meanwhile the argument of the book seems to hang in empty air.

The literary merits of the performance are not high. There is considerable repetition and redundancy of expression. Once or twice the author descends to phraseology and illustrations beneath the dignity of print, not to say of his subject, as when he speaks of "his doxy" and "any other doxy;" cites an anecdote from Mr. Murray's lecture on Deacons; and illustrates the different senses which literally equivalent combinations of words may have in different languages, by reference to the American who "electrified" a Sunday-school in France by asserting that in heaven there was "a pure river of *eau de vie*." It is but fair to add, however, that, as the preface intimates, the larger part of the book is made up of material originally prepared for the pulpit. It would have been well if the author had given these discourses a more careful revision.

THE ROMAN POETS OF THE REPUBLIC.¹

QUAINT old Dr. Popkin, Greek professor at Harvard in the last generation, was always sighing after the time when he should retire from active service and "read the authors." Such is always the pleasant longing of those who crave "the still air of delightful studies." Much, however, depends upon who "the authors" are. In the seventeenth century, the authors were the Greek and Latin fathers. Mr. Mullingar tells us that Cambridge University, in England, existed mainly for them; and Harvard College was founded for them chiefly, not for the classics. In the eighteenth century, the authors meant the Latin writers, as any one may see by turning over the essayists of Queen Anne's time;

the taste for the Greek classics has grown up later, or at least has greatly increased in proportion. Even among the different writers in each language the preference has greatly varied at different periods. The same applies to works of art. Forty years since, small plaster casts of the Venus de Medici were very common among us. What has become of them? The Venus of Milo now reigns alone; and if there is a change of taste in Venuses, why not in books?

Miss Mitford, describing an English country gentleman of sixty years ago, says that he "translated Horace and Virgil, as all gentlemen do." Now the man of leisure, in America or England,

¹ *The Roman Poets of the Republic.* By W. T. SELLAR, M. A., LL. D., Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, and formerly Fel-

low of Oriel College, Oxford. New edition, revised and enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

if he happens to have classical tastes, reads Lucretius as well as Virgil, and dabbles in Catullus as well as in Horace.

Why this change, or at any rate this greater comprehensiveness, of taste? Several reasons are obvious, and one cause, lying not quite so much on the surface, but which may still have weight, is possibly the growing republican feeling of the age, which finds something to like in the manly flavor of these poets of the Roman republic. The brilliancy and downfall of the last French empire have left an increased distrust in regard to all imperial and Augustan epochs, as offering a period of hot-house development, ending in a swift decay. The same influences that produced Virgil and Horace ended in a state of things which called for Juvenal and Persius. How much of this decline arose from imperial institutions, and how much of it from inherent defects in the character of the people, it is hard to say. What is certain is that there is just now a tendency to trace the Roman literature a little farther up the stream.

This should be especially the case in the United States, since there is much in common between our early literary development and that of Rome. The Roman race, like our own, was at first charged with being unpoetical, and with excelling only in the gifts which found a state, not in those which adorn it. Here, as there, the indigenous national product was in political oratory and statesmanship. In Rome, as here, literature was an after-thought, and was regarded with suspicion, when it came, as something exotic and even effeminate. Cicero wrote of Rome in language that might have been used by Fisher Ames: "Poets were tardily recognized or received among us, but we promptly embraced the orator; and that not chiefly

¹ "Sero igitur a nostris poetæ vel cogniti vel recepti. . . . At contra oratorem celeriter complexi sumus; nec eum primo eruditum, aptum tamen ad dicendum." (Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.*, I. 2, 3.)

for his learning, but for his gift of speech."¹ Cato spoke of poetry in the same deprecating way in which John Adams spoke of all art: "Poetry was not held in honor; if any one devoted himself to it, or went about to banquets, he was called a vagabond."² When poetry began to thrive in Rome, it had still a foreign flavor; it reflected Greece, as American poetry reflected Europe, yet with a certain vigor of its own. Falling under the influence of imperialism, it developed rapidly into hot-house perfection; then sank into satire, and died. *Absit omen!*

Roman poetry dates back to certain early hymns and festive verses, preserved only in fragments, and magnified by the imagination of Niebuhr into epics, and by that of Macaulay into ballads. First among the recognized poets of Rome stands Nævius, who may be said to survive in fame through a single phrase,—"Laudari a laudato viro,"—the learned equivalent of the familiar English phrase, originating with the dramatist Morton, and recognizing approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley as praise indeed. It is a curious illustration of that law of literary history which keeps the light things afloat, while the weighty sink, that after the tragedies and political satires of Nævius have almost wholly perished, his description of a coquette survives. It is worth quoting, in Sellar's version, to show how certain social phenomena were studied and observed more than twenty centuries before Cherbuliez and Howells were born:—

"Like one playing at ball in a ring, she tosses about from one to another, and is at home with all. To one she nods, to another winks. She makes love to one, clings to another. Her hand is busy here, her foot there. To one she gives a ring to look at, to another blows

² "Poeticæ artis honos non erat. Si qui in ea re studebat, aut sese ad convivia applicabat, grassetor vocabatur." (Aulus Gellius, XI. 2, 5.)

a kiss. With one she sings, with another corresponds by signs.”¹

Of the other early poet, Ennius, more solid fragments remain, preserved especially by that invaluable literary Dryasdust, Aulus Gellius. Ennius laid the foundations of Roman history by collecting the early traditions; he essayed, with rugged hand, to introduce and acclimate the Greek hexameter; his deep and thoughtful observations on nature prepared the way for Lucretius; and Virgil did not disdain to borrow his descriptive phrases, such as that applied to the starry sky, — “*stellis ardentibus aptum*.” In the days when no English political essay or speech was complete without its Latin quotation, there were no lines oftener cited than his sonorous and massive delineation of Quintus Fabius Maximus, surnamed Cunctator from his deliberation in war: —

“Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

Noenum rumores ponebat ante salutem.

Ergo plusque magisque viri nunc gloria claret.”

Dr. Sellar well says that “these lines leave on the mind the same impression of antique majesty as is produced by the unadorned record of character and work accomplished inscribed on the tomb of the Scipios.”²

The forms of this early poetry were taken chiefly from the Greek, but that was all. When we search deeper we are struck with the discovery that the mighty Roman character was born full-grown, and was as remote from the Greek type in the verse of Ennius as in that of Virgil, — perhaps remoter. It is useless to analyze that character; it has so stamped itself on the world that the word “Roman” is its own sufficient definition. Margaret Fuller Ossoli well says, in her fragment of autobi-

¹ “Quasi pila

In choro ludens dadatim dat se, et communem facit;
Alii adnutat, alii adnecat, alium amat, alium tenet;
Alibi manus est occupata, alii percellit pedem;
Alii spectandum dat annulum; a labris alium invocat;

Cum alio cantat, attamen dat alii digito literas.”

(Sellar's Roman Poets, etc., page 55.)

ography, “We are never better understood than when we speak of a ‘Roman virtue,’ a ‘Roman outline.’” To literature this temperament contributed a peculiar weight and dignity of tone, with a profound reverence for law and for the state. There was almost nothing of the idealism which pervaded the Greek tragedy, and as little of the riotous vivacity and the daring personalities of the older Greek comedy. In short, the poetical literature of the elder nation took to itself wings, while the younger walked on the earth, grave, strong, practical. All this difference in quality was shown even in the days of Nævius and Ennius; much more when Lucretius and Catullus became the two leading literary representatives of the republic.

The last-named two seem so far apart that it is hard to think of them as belonging to the same period. Yet Darwin and Swinburne are children of the same epoch in England; and Lucretius has been claimed as a more tuneful and poetic Darwin, while Catullus unites, like Swinburne, an exquisite sense of literary form with the love of liberty, and with a decided taste for the fleshly school. To consider these two ancient poets is, as Dr. Sellar justly points out, to view republican Rome in its full strength, so far as relates to literature.

The Roman quality of Lucretius does not lie especially in his historic references, nor yet in the direct utterance of national pride. But Dr. Sellar tells us admirably just where it is to be found, — in his moral temper.

“He is a truer type of the strong character and commanding genius of his country than either Virgil or Horace. He has the Roman conquering energy,

² Sellar's Roman Poets, page 105. Those who remember these lines from their own early readings in Cicero de Officiis (I. 24) may be daunted for a moment by the obsolete contraction *noenum* for *non enim*, which has been restored by the more recent editors of Ennius and Cicero.

the Roman reverence for the majesty of law, the Roman gift for introducing order into a confused world, the Roman power of impressing his authority upon the minds of men. In his fortitude, his superiority to human weakness, his seriousness of spirit, his dignity of bearing, he seems to embody the great Roman qualities '*constantia*' and '*gravitas*.'"¹

Mr. Froude says of the age when Lucretius lived that it was "saturated with cant;" and against this cant the whole work of Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, was a fresh and living protest. This gives it immortality, in spite of its long and heavy and unreadable passages. It is Greek and Roman at once: Greek on the speculative side, Roman on the practical. And whether speculative or practical, the poet aims at truth, and no admiration for what is great, or love of what is beautiful, leads him astray. Cicero in his highest philosophic words still gives us a slight sense of posing in an attitude. He is an Edward Everett of antiquity; we wonder at his varied and inexhaustible cultivation, yet he leaves us cold. Nobody said finer things than Virgil; there is not a stoic maxim in Diogenes Laertius that has in it more condensed heroism than such lines as

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis."²

It was a merit of the Latin language, a bequest of the Roman strength, that even on the lips of a courtier it could put on a dignity like this. But the moral bearing of Lucretius was a matter not of phrases, but of character. To be sure, he does away with all direct dependence on the gods, and sees in them only a race of painless and ethereal beings, with no concern for human life; he does away with the thought of immortality: yet all this is not for frivolity, but as a means to emancipation.

¹ Page 299.

² *Æn.* XII. 43-65.

³ Lucretius, II. 48-55. Sellars's translation.

He wishes to diminish the sum of human suffering; — just what Buddha sought by the "Wheel of the Law;" what Epictetus sought by substituting essentials for non-essentials. Lucretius seeks it by doing away with the fear of the gods and the fear of men; by teaching his readers to absorb themselves in higher studies, to love nature, to explore truth, and to look with pity on the proud. Epictetus might have written this passage, though he would have put it more tersely: —

"But there is no greater joy than to hold high aloft the tranquil abodes well bulwarked by the learning of the wise, whence thou mayest look down on other men, and see them wandering every way and lost in error, seeking the road of life; mayest mark the strife of genius, the rivalries of rank, the struggle night and day with surprising effort to reach the highest place and be master of the state."³

Like Epictetus, Lucretius does injustice to the active life of the world; but, unlike Epictetus, he recognizes human tenderness and the ties of love. No man has written more fervently of filial and conjugal affection, and in his theory of society he finds the first source of favorable influence under barbarism in the winning ways of young children toward their rugged parents. So he presents as the chief sadness of death the parting forever from the endearments of home: —

"Iam iam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangant."⁴

While Lucretius claims to be an epicurean, — Lord Bacon, by the way, oddly calls him an "epicure," — his philosophy is rather like a softened stoicism, fully recognizing human emotion, but regarding it as a thing to be held subordinate. The Persian Omar Khayyam

⁴ III. 894-6. "No more shall thy happy home receive thee, nor the best of wives and sweet children run a race to receive thy kisses and touch thy heart with a silent joy."

often comes near to the solemn strain of Lucretius, as when he writes, —

"Think, in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan, with his Pomp,
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way."

In like manner, Lucretius says, "Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, the terror of Carthage, gave his bones to the earth as if he were the meanest slave."¹ But when, to evade the evils of a world like this, Omar loves to fancy himself in the desert with his mistress, —

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness, —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!" —

we have something so alien to the Roman temperament that not even Catullus or Horace could match it; and it would seem as inappropriate to the strain of Lucretius as would a clog-dance in the Concord School of Philosophy.

Looking at Lucretius on the speculative side, we see at once why he has been so long under the shadow of reproach, in ways which Dr. Sellar does not mention. We perceive why, after Bacon had quoted and Spenser imitated him, Sir Thomas Browne cautioned his son against his poem, and said, "I do not much recommend the reading or studying of it, there being divers impieties in it, and 't is no credit to be punctually versed in it." We understand why the once famous John Smith, of Queen's College, the great platonic divine of his day, preached two sermons against Lucretius, belabored him with Plotinus and Aristotle, and charged him with an "overflushed and fiery fancy."² It is also plain why our modern evolutionists

revert to him. More than an Agnostic, he has his deities conveniently shelved where, as King James said of a man in iron armor, they can neither get harm nor do any.

"Apparet divum numen sedesque quietæ
Quas neque concutiant venti nec nubila nimbis
Aspergunt neque nix acri concreta prima
Cana cadens violat semperque innubilis æther
Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet,"³

The delicacy and beauty of this description of the world where snow falls not, and there are no clouds, is illustration enough of the really loving way with which Lucretius approaches nature; he loves it like Wordsworth, — not sentimentally, but with a grave and conscientious devotion. No poet has given a nobler picture of the sublime panorama of the heavens than is to be found in the passage where he describes the religious impression produced by their beauty upon the early inhabitants of the world, — a passage in whose swelling lines we recognize what Dr. Sellar calls the "organ tones" of Lucretius: —

"In cœloque deum sedes et templa locarunt,
Per cælum volvi quia nox et luna videtur,
Luna dies et nox et noctis signa severa
Noctivagæque faces cæli flammæque volantes,
Nubila sol imbres nix venti fulmina grando
Et rapidi fremitus et murmura magna minarum."⁴

Elsewhere he deplores that these great objects are left so unnoticed. Were they seen for the first time, he thinks, nothing else would be deemed so marvellous, but now that we are weary with seeing, no one looks: —

"Omnia quæ nunc si primum mortalibus essent,
Ex improviso si nunc obiecta repente,
Quid magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes?

¹ "Scipiadas, belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror,
Ossa dedit terræ proinde ac famul infimus esset."

The whole passage is singularly fine. (III. 1034-5.)

² Bacon, Essay on Unity in Religion. Spenser, Faerie Queene, Book IV. 10, 44. Sir T. Browne, Works, I. 209. John Smith, Select Discourses, 63.

³ Lucretius, III. 18-22.

⁴ V. 1188-93. "And they placed the dwelling-places and mansions of the gods in the heavens, because it is through the heavens that the night and the moon are seen to sweep: the moon, the day and night, and the stern constellations of night; the torches of heaven wandering through the night, and flying meteors; the clouds, the sun, the rains, the snow, the winds, lightning, hail, the rapid rattle, the threatening peals and murmurs of the thunders." (Dr. Sellar.)

Nil, ut opinor: ita hæc species miranda fuisset.
 Quam tibi iam nemo, fessus satiate videndi,
 Suspiciere in cæli dignetur lucida templa!"¹

There has already been a good deal of discussion as to the points of analogy between the philosophy of Lucretius and that of modern evolutionists. His theory of atoms, his pictures of primitive man and of man's development, his observations as to atavism, his explanation of language and of ethics, must all make him an absorbing object of study to those whose minds are now busy with just these themes. He paints the struggle for life among the lower tribes and the survival of the fittest in a way that places him by the side of Darwin, so far as he goes. He points out that all races which live must owe their life to some especial advantage:—

"Nam quæcumque vides vesci vitalibus auris
 Aut dolus aut virtus aut denique mobilitas est
 Ex ineunte ævo genus id tutata reservans;"²

and he shows that those without these advantages must perish. But here he stops. The discussion bears no further fruit in his hands, nor does he recognize the accumulation of favoring qualities by descent. After all, the noblest trait in Lucretius is his absolute faith in law. Not because his mind was unimagina-tive, but because it was strong and clear, did he put absolutely aside all mere marvels, all monstrosities, all that which the mental ingenuity of so many had been wasted in building up. He, the Roman, strong in the instincts of his race, could not attribute to the conduct of the universe any code less fixed and authoritative than his own. There was no place in this great realm, he held, for centaurs or chimeras; everything must grow after its proper manner, and all things must preserve their characteristics through the certain covenant of nature:—

"Res sic quæque suo ritu procedit et omnes
 Federe naturæ certo discrimine servant."

Nature, like Rome, was a treaty-mak-

ing power; she could no more violate it than Rome could break her pledge. The guarantee of the universe lay in that compact "*fœdere naturæ certo*."

What a change from this stern, heroic grandeur to the gay and laughing Catullus! But this young and passionate boy, having in him as unmistakable a strain of refined sensitiveness as Burns had, and proving himself as powerless as Burns to resist the lures of passion, had nevertheless as patriotic an impulse as ever inspired Burns's war-songs. I read yesterday for the hundredth time, in Harvard College library, the "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," in the poet's own handwriting, and admired anew the magnificent lyric instinct that led him, in the final revision, to drop out two syllables from the last line of each verse, like a soldier shortening his sword as he draws near the foe; and I was struck with the resemblance of the abbreviated stanzas to the Roman verse of Catullus, who did not hesitate to attack Julius Cæsar himself with the condensed vigor of the Sapphic rhythm, or the lighter javelins of the pure iambic. Catullus was, as Dr. Sellar remarks, "in every nerve and fibre the poet of a republic;" and his very coarseness has that vitality which is always hopeful, not the sickly pruriency which in certain current poetic schools usurps its place. Many of his poems are now unreadable, from their allusions; and yet he pauses to moderate the wild frolic of his epithalamia in deference to the innocence of the bride, for whom he can find no flower in the garden pure and sweet enough to serve as a symbol.

Catullus left but one hundred and sixteen poems, mostly short, and all secured to literature by the accidental preservation of a single manuscript, which is itself since lost. On the strength of this handful of productions he is placed by so great a critic as Niebuhr at the head of the Roman poets. It is certain that he had at once a stronger force and a

¹ II. 1033-9.

² V. 857-9.

more fresh and delicate sensibility than his more famous successor, Horace. His odes have less of smooth perfection than those of Horace, but they have an airier grace; they mount up as on wings. Compare, for instance, Horace's ode to Diana and Apollo¹ with the lovely ode to the goddess by Catullus, where youth and joy seem to palpitate through every line:—

“Dianæ sumus in fide,
Puellæ, et pueri integri;
Dianam pueri integri
Puellæque canamus.
O Latonia, maximi
Magna progenies Iovis,
Quam mater prope Deliam
Deposivit olivam;
Montium domina ut fores,
Silvarumque viventium,
Saltuumque reconditorum
Amniumque sonantum.”²

And again, in his epithalamium for his friend Manilius, how exquisite is his picture of the baby boy, who seems to dance before our eyes on the lap of his happy mother, stretching his little hands to his father, and smiling on him with half-parted lips!—

“Torquatus volo parvulus
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiantem labello.”

Sir Theodore Martin thus attempts the verse, though it is untranslatable:—

“Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half open on his father's smile.”

And in turning from this to the more offensive side of Catullus one can hardly wonder at the good Bishop Fénelon, who said of him that he was an author not to be named without shuddering, but that in simplicity of execution he was perfection itself.

We must not linger too long over these attractive themes. The old-fashioned title of “Professor of Humanity” well befits an author who can thus bring before us a whole epoch of history. If too little has here been said about Dr. Sellar, and too much about the poets of whom he writes, it is a compliment to him; it is because he makes his readers think of his subject, not of himself,—an excellent trait in a writer. Considered as an antidote to pedantry, this book is a model and a delight; it gives a means by which even dabblers in classical literature can recall its fine flavor, while those of more critical mood can compare notes with an equal critic. The whole work is simple, thorough, fresh, and graphic; it ought to be reprinted on this side of the Atlantic, and to find a thousand readers.

GARFIELD.

WHATEVER the future may witness of tragical and pathetic on the stage of public events, it can see nothing so impressively memorable as that which this generation has known in the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield. The men were alike in their typically American origin and character,—from the people, of the people, for the people; acquaint-

¹ Carm., I. 21.

² Carm., 34.

will make certain distinctions between them, but without disturbing the conception of their essential equality, and without affecting the parity of their humane ambition, or separating them in the perpetual remembrance of their common fate.

Which calamity was harder to bear, the sharp passion of grief for Lincoln's sudden death, or the long-drawn anguish for Garfield's lingering murder, none of us can refine upon his emotions sufficiently to say; but the shock of the one event had its supporting elements, while in the other the nation's endurance, hourly tried for twelve long weeks by fluctuating hopes and fears, seemed to fail with the slowly wasting strength of the sufferer. Those wonderful electrical nerves, which bind the world in an instant intelligence never known before, made all Christendom a watcher by one sick-bed. The calamity was domesticated at every hearth, and our very consciousness of the world's sympathy helped to intensify that anxiety, that deeply indwelling sorrow, which so possessed each of us that at any moment of that time we could have questioned the lurking shadow in our lives, and found it a personal grief for Garfield's suffering, a brooding fear of his death. This unselfish grief, privy and general at once, at last almost ignored the public effects which were dreaded when the news of the attempt came. At first there was trouble in the people's minds as to what his successor might do or undo; but it is a fact, which history will recognize, that when the life-and-death struggle began, this question wholly faded from the thoughts of men. Either the self-governing community remembered its own sufficiency to every emergency, or care for the future vanished in the tender solicitude which kept vigil in the hushed and darkened room where that dear friend of all lay dying. Against that darkness certain shapes of arrogance and misrule, which had long

vexed us, silently vanished. They may reappear; but with every hour of the President's suffering the popular conviction strengthened that his successor would do nothing unworthy of either; and the popular heart turned to him in regret for the misgivings which his differences with Garfield had prompted. He was included in the people's tenderness for Garfield, and every proof he gave of generous and manly condolence was welcomed with trusting affection, till, when the end came, it could be said that he succeeded to the place that death had vacated for him with the good will of the whole people, united as they had never been before. For in the regret for Garfield all hostile memories and warring interests were lost: there were neither sections, nor parties, nor factions; we all claimed an equal right to mourn him.

A no less extraordinary phenomenon of the situation was the entire abeyance into which question of the assassin fell, when the public interest became fixed upon his victim's wavering chances of life. One almost forgot the crime which had brought this anguish and trouble. Guiteau was recalled to mind only by an effort of resentment, when the thought of Garfield's prolonged sufferings became intolerable; and then he was recalled in contempt and incredulity that such a wretch should be, rather than with any desire to wreak vengeance upon him. Probably before this page comes to the reader, Guiteau's fate will have been decided; but no one doubts now that he will have a scrupulously fair trial, not only in the courts of law, but before the bar of public opinion in the nation which, in the history of the world, has first known how to forbear. His is no political crime, though its effects are of national importance; and but that each of us feels his conscience concerned that the assassin shall have neither more nor less than justice, it is probably at this moment a matter

of supreme indifference to nine tenths of the nation what becomes of Guiteau. Fool, or maniac, or simply devil, it is his fate to have bereaved a people who desire nothing more concerning him than that he shall hereafter be kept out of mischief in whatever way is best. They scornfully refuse to believe in a class of him, or to suppose that he forms a dangerous element or precedent.

The pity with which the nation regards the family of the murdered President is to be measured only by the general sense of his great and loving nature. By our own loss we can partly imagine theirs, and the affection of all our millions has followed them back from the White House, where such sorrow has befallen them, to the quiet village home, where they must dwell with it, and outlive it as they may. We can never forget that Garfield's orphans are now the nation's wards, with claims upon its tenderness and care which are sacred. In the presence of living courage like that of his wife, each of us has learned to feel how cheaply conventional is the attribution of the highest virtues to the past. Here is Roman fortitude, here is the martyr's patience, illustrated with such unconsciousness, with such simple self-forgetfulness, that even recognition of her heroic qualities seems intrusive. Before this true and good woman let the nation reverently uncover, and honor in her the character fostered by our democratic Christianity, which she was sadly but greatly privileged to exemplify.

In these twelve weeks past her home life has been shared by the whole people, to whom every intimate fact of that long and terrible ordeal, every symptom of the sickness, every detail of the treatment, has been made known, not only without loss of dignity, but with constant increase of affectionate sympathy. The like may happen again, but it never

has happened before; for the conditions that have made the world privy to these events are new, and it is impossible not to feel that they have greatly wrought for humanity. But whatever may happen hereafter, we may be sure that no future knowledge of suffering can include trials more nobly or more simply borne.

Where all words are poor and insufficient, these may stand as well as any for our sense of the sufferer's own constancy. Familiar as we are with his case, we shall never realize the tortures he silently endured, or fully appreciate the grandeur of the cheerfulness with which he bore pain, and saw hope fade, and saw death come. We have met with a great loss. No one conjectures now that public interests will suffer, or affairs will be thrown into disorder. But if this had happened, these were troubles temporary and reparable. What is lasting and not to be remedied is our loss in the man whose death has left the world poorer. That pang remains, and keeps us bereaved. Search among all our millions, and we shall hardly find another man so temperate and wise and just as James A. Garfield, with qualities so admirable for the chief magistrate of a free people. "God fulfills himself in many ways," but he accomplishes his work by means of men; and there were tokens that in this man the power that makes for righteousness had found an instrument apt to its hand. So it appears now, and it is no disloyalty to his successor to recognize that Garfield was incomparably the man for the place which shall know him no more. He, above any statesman living, knew the Americans, and rightly conceived of their destinies and duties; and all the Americans, willing to leave the question of other traits to history, mingle their tears in remembrance of his goodness and truth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SUCH symbols of mourning as darkened our towns and cities on the 26th of September were eminently proper, so far as they confined themselves to the single expression of that grief. But, in my wanderings through the streets and by-ways of a certain great metropolis, I was more than once struck by the double purpose of some of the shop-windows. Like the player-queen in the tragedy of Hamlet, they protested too much, and overdid the matter. Their style of decoration suggested an advertisement of the stock-in-trade rather than a tribute of respect to the nation's dead. The day was one on which the till and the yard-stick should have been forgotten. A French writer has said that there are moments when it is the height of immodesty to blush, though a blush is in itself commendable. There are moments when it is unalloyed bad taste for a man to parade his calling, however honest it may be. Certainly the hour in which the mortal part of our beloved chief ruler was laid at rest was not the proper time for a tradesman to make an exhibit of his wares. It is to the credit of humanity that there were only exceptional cases of this sort of offense. I recall two or three which were flagrant. One was a certain glove-store, whose show-windows were hung with long black and white kid gloves, arranged with hideous method. I made a memorandum in my mental note-book to the effect that I would henceforth never purchase the slightest article at that shop, — a shop with which I have had frequent dealing during the past ten years. I recorded a similar resolve touching the confectioner's, a few doors below. Here was a display of black and white candies heaped in ridiculous mounds and pyramids, the device of a person who could have had neither a

sense of propriety nor a sense of humor. Happily, these things, as I have said, were exceptional, and their indecorum was overlaid and smothered, so to speak, by the flowing draperies of the neighboring buildings. It is not likely that our generation will look upon so solemn a spectacle again. If certain features of it were grotesque, there were others of indescribable pathos, showing how one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. . . . The memorable incident of my walk that morning occurred in a part of the city where the funeral trappings were few and of a quality that denoted the poverty of the section. In a narrow, squalid by-street, through which there was little or no passing, I came upon a miserable tenement house, two of whose lower windows were clumsily and scantily draped with black and white cloth. It was probably the apartment of some poor laboring man; perhaps there was a lighter dinner this day on his table, because of those few yards of mourning. All the costly folds and festoons I had seen in the grand avenues seemed less significant to me than that pathetic handful of cheap cambric. At the open windows of houses opposite were knots of women and children looking with admiration on their neighbor's sombre hangings. There was not another sign of drapery in the whole street. As I stood there, a shabby photographer began setting up his camera in front of the decorations. They were to be immortalized! Presently a man leading a pale little girl by the hand appeared in the door-way, under the draped windows. I read his story at a glance: there was no wife, and the public woe had perhaps touched an old wound. If the neighbors opposite wondered why I uncovered my head as I passed that tenement house, I had my reasons.

— If the railroad traveler will take the pains to stroll into the telegraph office at any of the more important railway stations of New England, two or three minutes before twelve o'clock noon, he will find one of the telegraph instruments beating a measured beat two seconds long. If his watch happens to be exactly right he will notice that just before the end of the minute the instrument beats every second if it is New York time the instrument is giving, or it omits the fifty-eighth second if the instrument gives Boston time. These telegraph instruments are in fact repeating the pendulum swings of very accurately constructed clocks which are placed in the observatories of Yale and Harvard colleges respectively. These beats are transmitted with the speed of the electric current, and no derangement of the telegraph wires can interfere with their precision, if they can be heard at all. The clocks have taken the place of the telegraph operators, and they themselves break or make the electric current which causes the instrument to tick the clock-beats.

If you question the operator or ask the neighboring jewelers they will express to you, if they have long received these signals, unquestioned confidence in their precision. It may be safely said that the time of New England, so far as its business interests are concerned, is entirely dependent on these little instruments which repeat over the whole territory the beats of the two clocks at New Haven and Cambridge.

It is a wide-spread but erroneous idea that our time is derived from daily observations of the sun in the large observatories. It may be so derived owing to continued cloudy weather, which prevents the observation of stars, but, except in this contingency, the stars, rather than the sun, afford the means of determining the time which is transmitted over New England. At the two observatories undertaking this work, every

clear night or clear day furnishes the waiting observer with a series of stars whose places are accurately predicted in the various nautical almanacs or other star-ephemerides. Some of these stars are observed in order accurately to determine the position of the transit instrument, and the remainder furnish the error of the clock after the instrumental deviation has been allowed for.

In a public time-service it is necessary that the determination of the clock-errors should be as speedy as possible. It would not do, therefore, to have any elaborate computation occupy the observer after he has finished the observations necessary. It is customary to have special tables computed for each observatory, from which the observer can rapidly take the numbers necessary in computation of the clock-error. So rapidly can a skilled observer do this work that an hour will generally suffice for a complete determination of the clock-error, though the observer has computed all of the corrections arising from the impossibility of placing the transit instrument exactly in the meridian, or of making its horizontal axis truly level, or of precisely determining the middle line of the telescope across which the stars pass. The clock-error which he has determined does not, however, belong to the clock which distributes the time to the public. The observing clock keeps star time, which gains about four minutes per day on mean solar time, which is the one in common use. The observing or sidereal clock is seldom touched, but is allowed to run on slowly losing or gaining for months together. The clock which distributes the time is corrected whenever an error is found in it by comparison with the sidereal clock, due allowance being made for the errors of the latter. Thus, if it should be found that the standard mean time clock, which automatically distributes the Connecticut State time, should be twenty-four one hundredths of a second fast

at ten o'clock in the evening, a small weight, whose influence has been determined by experiment to be on that clock's pendulum just twenty-four one hundredths of a second per day, would be removed from the pendulum with the expectation that the succeeding night the observations would show the clock to be free from error. It seldom is found to be perfectly free. A change in the barometer, a variation in the temperature, a slight change in the resistance from thickening oil in the clock movement, or other more obscure causes will affect the error of the clock so that it needs constant correction. To be sure, these sources of error are very much less in the observatory standard clocks than in the time-pieces employed outside of such an institution. Changes in temperature are guarded against by inclosing the clocks bodily in heavily built, non-conducting cellar rooms. The greatest care is taken to keep the clocks in the most perfect condition. As a result of this protection and the constant scientific supervision which the clocks

receive, the errors of these clocks may generally be assumed to be within one fifth of a second, though at times, owing to cloudy weather, they reach a half second.

The distributing time clock being as free as possible from error, its beats are ready to be sent out. To accomplish this, there is connected with the clock movement a wheel whose teeth lift a small arm each alternate second. This arm at some point away from the clock movement breaks an electric circuit which works through a telegraphic relay having a number of repeating points. These points are in turn connected with city railroad-telegraph and telephone lines for accomplishing the further distribution of the clock-beats. There is also within the clock movement an arrangement by which the clock does not repeat the beats of a certain number of seconds preceding the commencement of each five minutes. For convenience, the differences existing between the Yale and Harvard services may be tabulated as follows :—

	HARVARD COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.	YALE COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.
1. Adopted meridian for which the time signals are true local mean time.	Boston State House.	New York City Hall.
2. Time signals distributed are Slow of Greenwich..... Fast of New York..... Fast of Washington.....	4 h. 44 m. 15.4 s..... 11 m. 46.3 s..... 23 m. 56.8 s.....	4 h. 56 m. 1.7 s. 0 m. 0.0 s. 12 m. 10.5 s.
3. The standard mean time clock-beats are sent out for }	0 s., 2 s., 4 s., and so on for every even second up to 56 s., when the 58 s. beat is omitted, to call attention to the next beat, which is the beginning of the minute.	0 s., 2 s., 4 s., and so on for every even second up to 56 s., when the 57th, 58th, 59th, and 60th are all given, to avoid possible confusion with the Harvard signals.
4. Each five minutes of the clock face is preceded by an interruption of }	26 seconds.....	20 seconds.

This whole subject is a new and interesting one to this country. In the Old World the matter of public time has received the attention of the governments of all the great powers, and the people, justly enough, look upon the decision of such questions as being as

much a governmental province as is the regulation of weights, measures, and coinage. With us it has not yet clearly appeared what action of the general government public opinion would sanction. It is not improbable that it may be inexpedient for the general govern-

ment to do anything at all in the matter for many years to come. So thoroughly are the different States imbued with a disinclination to allow interference with a matter about which local observatories are so much concerned, and in which considerable state pride has been manifested, that it appears as though the first step towards widely extended time-services will be founded upon the mutual agreement of neighboring state legislatures.

In New England a decided lead has been taken in this matter. The public time-services above referred to have steadily grown in public favor, and there are already indications that the public is ready for reducing the double standard of time, namely, Boston and New York, to one. The difference between these two standards, some twelve minutes, is considerably less than the variation from twelve o'clock of the time at which the sun comes to the meridian at different parts of the year. There could therefore be no objection to changing all that part of New England which is now governed by New York time to Boston time, or *vice versa*, so far as the inconvenience arising from the difference between the adopted and the true local time is concerned. We should consider other reasons in deciding which of these standards it is preferable for New England to use.

From the physical configuration of Western New England, and from the convenience of freight transportation from Boston to New York *via* the Sound, New York city has become the natural outlet of New England manufactures. The whole western part of New England may, in fact, be called tributary to New York, and it is not until the neighborhood of Springfield is reached in coming Eastward that the mercantile interests tend towards Boston. As a consequence of this all of the larger railroad, express, freight, and telegraph corporations have strong rea-

sons for the use of New York time rather than Boston. It is to business organizations of this nature that the public look for the decision of questions concerning the time to be used in the smaller towns and villages along their respective routes. It being impossible for these corporations to change their time at intermediate points, they have chosen the local time of either New York or Boston, as was most convenient, and the cities along their routes have followed suit. There is not a single company of this nature which leaves Boston and arrives at New York doing business on the same time. There is, consequently, some city on all of these lines at which there is a confusion in regard to the time employed.

A notable case of this kind, which was a proverbial public nuisance, existed for some years in Hartford, the capital of Connecticut. One influential railroad used Boston time, another used New York time, and two others used local time. The result was that different business interests in the city were governed by different times, travelers were always more or less uncertain of their railway connections, and there was a general want of agreement among the city time-pieces, demoralizing to the thrifty inhabitants of that worthy city. By the very simple arrangement of printing train arrivals and departures in the daily papers in New York time, and by substituting New York time for local time in those railroads not terminating in Boston, it has been possible to introduce the New York standard without disturbance, and to the great convenience of all concerned.

Massachusetts has a singular confusion in its times in its western part. The railroads connecting at Albany arrive on New York time. The influence of Vermont and Eastern New York, which use, respectively, Montreal and New York time, has been to divide the various towns into two classes, one us-

ing New York, or a time approximating to Montreal, time; and the other Boston time.

We may assume, therefore, that for reasons of convenience nearly one half of New England is already governed by New York time, or a time so slightly differing from it that it could easily be changed to this time. The transportation companies of the remainder of New England have excellent reasons for desiring that they too should be governed by this time. Now if the public sentiment of Boston and its neighboring cities could be efficiently directed to the consideration of how mutually convenient it would be for Eastern and Western New England to be governed by the same time, and that time the one in use by nearly eight millions of our people, it would seem as though the Massachusetts legislature would heartily unite with that of Connecticut in establishing the New York standard of time. Besides the argument of business expediency, there are other reasons for adopting the New York standard, or a practical equivalent counted from Greenwich, based upon the consideration of what is best for the whole country. There has been a steadily growing public opinion in favor of dividing the whole of the United States into five sections, such that the time of one section shall differ from that of the preceding or following section by a whole hour, so that the minutes of time shall be the same from Portland to San Francisco, and the local time in any case will not differ more than half an hour from the standard time adopted. This suggestion originated with the late Professor Peirce. By calling the different sectional times by easily remembered names, beginning with Newfoundland, and calling the time used over Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia Eastern time, we should then have Eastern, Atlantic, Valley, Mountain, and Pacific time, — this last comprising the Pacific slope, Brit-

ish Columbia, and Vancouver's Island. It would not always be convenient to draw an arbitrary meridian separating these sections, but a little judicious planning will arrange the various cities and States so that they can come into the arrangement with no greater inconvenience than would result to Boston and Eastern Massachusetts were they to lend their aid by taking the first step toward sectionalizing the time.

So too it might not be most expedient that the meridian of New York City Hall should be the meridian from which all New England time should be reckoned. By choosing a meridian exactly five hours west of Greenwich, the time would not differ from the present New York time signals but four minutes, a difference producing no inconvenience. The adoption of such a standard would free the matter from any objection based upon pride in keeping to a more local time, and would enable the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to have a common time for all business purposes, which in practice would not be inconveniently different from local time, and to obtain the considerable advantages of which the mutual concessions would be slight.

But whether the ultimate time standard for all of New England is to be New York time, or one which is exactly five hours slow of Greenwich, the solution of the question will be expedited by having Eastern New England unite with the large territory over which New York time is now used. Such action will reduce to one the times now used in New England, and the future shifting of the whole system the few minutes necessary to reduce it to the Greenwich plan will be a matter of future convention with the more southerly cities of the Atlantic seaboard.

— In Christina Rossetti's new volume of poems there are some very curious rhymes, — the kind of rhymes for which England's greatest poetess is usually

quoted as authority, though Mrs. Browning's art discarded them in her later days. I refer to such unhappy verbal matches as "islands" with "silence," and "robin" with "sobbing." I think it was not affectation, but an imperfect ear, that led Mrs. Browning into these errors. This explanation is not to be set up in defense of her successors, chiefly women. They seem to do consciously and deliberately what she did without reflection — and regretted. The slight peculiarity which we pardon in one person because it is innate becomes intolerable when assumed by another. I do Miss Rossetti the justice to believe that she knew better when she wrote this verse: —

"I sat beneath a willow tree,
Where water falls and calls;
While fancies upon fancies solaced me,
Some true, and some were false."

One wonders whether Miss Rossetti pronounces calls *calse*, or false *falls*.

— It is yet to be demonstrated that a publication devoted to the fine arts, well illustrated, and issued often enough to be timely, can be maintained in this country. The monthly art journals, of which there are several, are, with two or three exceptions, published abroad, and have special editions for the United States, that come up to date as near as they can by the insertion of news paragraphs and special articles written here. Unfortunately, the mechanical element in the publication of such journals is not under immediate control here, and what was news once often reads as if printed entirely as a matter of record. By reason of the same difficulty, special articles on art collections, etc., frequently appear late, when much of the interest is gone and the daily papers have occupied all the ground held in common. Not in every case, but in the majority, is this true of all monthly art journals which are originally published in this country, as well as those that are reprinted here from imported editions. If some of them suspend, this is likely

to be one of the first causes of the failure, — that they are not timely. In timeliness, as in many other regards, they may all look to *L'Art* for an illustrious example. In nearly every respect it has the advantage of an art journal procurable in the United States, chiefly because, by appearing twice a month, it is able to place before its readers articles relating to events then occurring. The experiment of establishing a bi-weekly art journal seems never to have been seriously thought of in this country, and it is by all means probable that the various contributing factors are worked to the fullest extent now, in issuing the monthlies.

The briefest study of the environment of *L'Art* will show what there is there protecting and prolonging its existence that may repeat itself here. Everything seems to be in its favor. There is a demand for it in France, England, and America, and it lives in the midst of all the conditions that could be of assistance to it. It frequently publishes etchings, by men who are well known, that are taken as examples here. The different processes for the reproduction of drawings are considerably in advance of anything that has been done here up to a late date, and they are evidently much more available than they are here. This is especially true in regard to cost and expedition in preparation, which make it possible to illustrate *L'Art* and other French art publications so liberally. Towards these important conditions of superiority American ingenuity is making rapid progress, but the initial efforts, the production of drawings adaptable to the processes, hardly keep pace. Artists who can use pen and ink excellently well, and will do so, are not numerous, particularly among figure painters. *L'Art*, however, has within reach perfected processes and artists who are adept with the pen and whose services can be procured. These conditions will, undoubtedly, soon appear

here. The mechanism is being developed steadily, and can in all probability do whatever is, within reason, demanded of it. Thanks to an interest in etchings, which came suddenly and is still persistent, and to the development of the processes (photo-engraving) that demand pen-and-ink work, artists in general are becoming more familiar with the material. The leading art exhibitions usually have illustrated catalogues now, and it is possible for the art editor to procure illustrations for his magazine with ease, compared with two years ago.

— Nomenclature among the Indians is apt to be exceedingly bewildering, both to themselves and everybody else, from the fact that one name, whether of a person or thing, never has the slightest distinct relation to another. The uncivilized have evidently never met with the necessity of permanently identifying members of the same family; and in permitting the young man, just warrior-grown, to choose a name for himself, or compelling him by persistency either to keep the one he received before he knew it, or to accept the cognomen chosen for him by his associates, they are certainly carrying their ideas of native freedom to the utmost limit. To one unacquainted with the customs which dictate these names, the ridiculous and often apparently meaningless titles seem absurd freaks of fancy. This they often are, to be sure, but as frequently they have a significance which honors the man, if it does not designate his family. Ordinarily, however, the appellation he receives is obtained at random, and is likely to be changed any time, either by the wearer or his friends. In fact, it is quite the thing for a warrior to change his name after each exploit, always adopting some descriptive and complimentary title; or perhaps, — unfortunately for him, — in case of failure in an expedition, cowardice, or some evidence of weakness, he has it changed for him by his friends. All In-

dians, even great chiefs, seem to possess a very remarkable fondness for nick-naming; and while the leading man in the tribe may insist on being called by his own choice title, nothing prevents his being known and designated by a very different, and perhaps uncomplimentary, name. As deformities, peculiarities of character, or accidents to limb or feature often suggest fit names, it is sometimes impossible to know by the appellation whether the warrior is in contempt or honor amongst his associates. Strangely enough, too, however far from flattering the title of a warrior, he is sure to accept it sooner or later. There is a single approach to general custom in the naming of sons by their fathers and daughters by their mothers. Daughters' names are never altered, and as married women do not take their husbands' names there is nothing in the appellation to indicate whether an Indian woman is married or single.

— He is gone. Yes, he is gone, but we have his obituary. He lived out toward the rear of a Western State, and there also he died. That is enough about him, — let us wave him aside; our fight is with the obituary. I think it contains rhetorical blemishes. Thus it begins: —

“While yet on the threshold of animated strife, and no unkind visions confronted him on life's journey, overtaken by the still voice of the tomb, he responded by enlisting in the great army of the unreturning past.”

I do not think these ingredients are mixed properly. If there was a fight, and the fight was in the house, “threshold” goes passably well with “animated strife,” but not otherwise. But I do not think there was a fight, at that time; he did not “enlist” until later, when he was on a journey and was overtaken by the still voice of the tomb. His mistake lay in “responding;” he could have let on that he did not hear, since it was a still voice.

"While yet the spring-time of youth blossomed on his locks, the cold touch of an untimely frost fell upon and nipped a life which was yet in bloom."

Now you see, there was no fight, after all; he froze to death.

"But thus it is; when the lamp of life shines brightest, its extinguishment produces thickest darkness."

He had his lantern with him; therefore he could have been nothing but a scout, sent out to hunt up the enemy. I think it possible that there was no fight.

"Life, at best, is but an exiled wandering pilgrim on a desert island, surrounded by the boundless and merciless sea of eternity, on whose barren coast inevitable death awaits on every side its victim unawares."

Starved to death on an island, and probably drowned, into the bargain, — "unawares." Life is full of troubles.

"Ere yet the fruits of manhood's laurel had ripened on his brow, he laid himself to rest in communion with the dead."

There is no reasonable fault to be found with his not waiting for the crop; for even if the laurel yielded a berry, — which it does not, — it would not ripen on a person's brow.

"Ere yet the shadows of disappointed hope darkened the horizon of a dawning future, he reclined on his lowly couch to mingle with the cold and forgotten dust."

I do not like this. A person does not travel with a couch and a lantern, too, in such a place as that. And why "cold" dust? Is the warm kind preferable? And did this man lie down and cover up and peter out in the natural way, after all? There are many perplexing difficulties about this history.

"During many long years, with that filial affection which makes a child loved by its parents, and respected by its

neighbors, he has proven a husband, father, son, and brother."

Filial affection does not "prove" anything. The official records of the county will show whether he was a father, mother, brother, and sister, or not, but filial affection is no sufficient evidence of mere abstract pretensions like these.

"For his folks he lived."

That is all right, — let that pass; the object of this inquiry is what he died for, — that, and which thing it was that killed him the most.

"But now that the thunderbolt of heaven has fallen upon the hearth-stone of their family circle" —

Why, good land, he was struck by lightning! Take it all around, this is one of the most checkered death-beds that has ever come under my observation. Destroyed in fight, frost-bitten, starved, drowned, squelched in the tranquil couch, splintered by the bolts of heaven! — it is little wonder that he faded from our view.

"It may not, perchance, have been given him to climb the dizzy heights of statesmanship, where Bacon and Burke were so often heard, or fathom deeply the bosom of science, where Huxley and Tyndall stroll with familiar step."

The nautical phrase is misplaced there; one does not fathom a bosom. Neither do any but the most reckless people go tramping around in such a place.

"But he is gone; he sleeps his long, last sleep, unconscious of the night winds that chant the requiem o'er his grave, or the vesper breezes that play among the lonesome pine, making music as though each bough played the strings of Apollo's golden harp."

Very well, that is all square and right. And all to his advantage, too, — but he missed his obituary.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The second volume of *L'Art* for 1881 (J. W. Bouton, New York) is a valuable edition. It is richer than many of the preceding volumes in full-page pictures, most of them etchings, and as usual the text is liberally illustrated with excellent reproductions of sketches, pen-and-ink and crayon drawings. A partial list of the etchers who are contributors to this volume is sufficient guarantee of the general excellence. The most prominent are: Leon Gaucherel, art director of the publication, Gautier, Salmon, Lalauze, Chauvel, Champillion, and Bulaud. Among the smaller drawings are sketches by Detaille, and a pen-and-ink drawing made by Fortuny in 1869. Several pages are occupied, most agreeably to the reader, by an article on the eminent French landscape artist, Daubigny. It is illustrated by a small sketch of the artist at his easel, brief memoranda of his paintings, and a full-page etching by himself. Drawings by Lhermitte and etchings after paintings by Jacquemart are especially worthy reproductions. A notable feature in the different numbers which combine to make up the volume is the appearance of notes upon topics of interest in American art circles. They are written by Felix Regamey, a well-known artist of New York. One of F. S. Church's drawings, Silence, was brought out in this department of one of the numbers. The magazine some time ago extended the limits of its plane sufficiently to include the dramatic and musical arts, and these departments are evidently as well conducted as any of the others. — The Magazine of Art for September (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris, and New York) has for its best features an article on Michael Munkasey, with two engravings; a third article on the Salon of 1881; Part II. of The Career and Works of Flaxman, with four engravings; Proportions of the Human Figure, by Charles Roberts; The Woman's Part in Domestic Decoration. — A new edition of William A. Emerson's Handbook of Wood Engraving (Lee & Shepard) has been found necessary. It is altogether a very interesting little volume, and a valuable one to whomever may wish to study engraving on wood. Evidently it was written with the intention that it should be of practical service in instructing the learner in the art, for, with the exception of about twenty pages given up to a history of the art, from the origin to the present time, — no less acceptable because it is brief, — the book is filled with descriptions of tools and apparatus, and explanations of the manner of engraving the different classes of work. Mr. Emerson is an engraver, and his instruction is all the more valuable on that account.

Educational. Professor Simon Newcomb's Elements of Geometry (Henry Holt & Co., New York) is a thorough work. It covers the same ground as all the standard geometries used in our colleges and high-grade schools. The author has

followed Euclid's ancient model in one important respect, that of beginning the work with clear definitions, — and founding the subject upon them. The first three books do not require any especial familiarity with algebra, and can therefore be used by younger classes if desired, but in the other books a knowledge of simple equations is sometimes necessary. The appendix contains notes on the fundamental principles of geometry, which furnish the basis for this work. These notes constitute a summary of conclusions arrived at by continued discussions upon fundamental axioms and definitions during recent years, and are a valuable accession to the text-book proper. — The original English edition of Prof. William R. McNab's Botany was in two volumes, Morphology and Physiology, and Classification of Plants, but by the interposition of Charles E. Bessey, professor of botany in the Iowa Agricultural College, the two volumes have been revised with great care, and reduced to one volume, for the use of American students. In the process of revision Professor Bessey has made only such changes as were necessary or very much desired. The text has been simplified by the elimination of the more technical expressions, wherever it could safely be done, and the substitution of others more familiar or more readily understood and remembered. The practical value of the book to American students is greatly enhanced by the substitution of American for European examples whenever necessary and possible. Illustrations are introduced as often as the text requires them. The book is especially adapted to the demands of the middle classes of schools, for which there appears to be no generally accepted work on this subject.

Fiction. Mr. James Otis pleasantly works out a capital idea in his Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus. (Harper & Bros.) Toby Tyler's experience with the living skeleton and the fat lady and the clowns and the monkeys of the traveling show is a thing that will go straight to the heart of every well-constructed boy. The gay cover of the little book is a promise that is handsomely fulfilled by the lively narrative and spirited pictures inside. — Harper & Bros. have added Mr. Black's That Beautiful Wretch to the 12mo cloth edition of this writer's novels. — School Girls, or Life at Montague Hall, by Annie Carey (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.), is a pleasantly written little story of English girl-life, — the last work, as we are informed by the preface, of an estimable lady, who did not live to see her book in print. — Mrs. Southworth's industry makes it difficult for the average novel-reader to keep pace with her, unless, indeed, he confine himself exclusively to her fictions. The latest work on our list is entitled The Bridal Eve, or Rose Elmer. (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) Whether it is a recent novel or a fresh edition of an old one is not made quite clear. — The Quartet, by W. O. Stoddard (Charles

Scribner's Sons), is a sequel to *Dab Kinzer*, and like that story belongs to the better class of juvenile fiction. — It often happens that it is the disciple who founds the school; so *Wild Work* may briefly be described as a novel of the *Tourgee* order, though the author, Mary E. Bryan, claims that her story of the *Red River* tragedy was published serially two years before the appearance of *A Fool's Errand*. Like Judge *Tourgee*, she deals with the *Ku-Klux* and the other machinery of Southern romance; but it is doubtful if she repeats the success of *A Fool's Errand*. Miss Bryan has more literary art than Judge *Tourgee*, though she has the Southern constitutional weakness for confusing her "shalls" and "wills." — Dr. Newell, in his historical romance of *Hawaii*, Kalani of Oahu, has opened up new ground. The deities of the Hawaiian mythology furnish Dr. Newell with an entirely fresh body of characters, and his romance is very interesting, save here and there where the author attempts to do some "fine writing," — with the usual result. We think if he had been less learned and less lavish of scientific words, the story would not have suffered. The work is published by the author. — The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library of novels are *Sceptre and King*, by B. H. Buxton; *The Black Speck*, by F. W. Robinson; *Reseda*, by Mrs. Randolph; *Warlock o' Glenwarlock*, by Geo. MacDonald; *With Costs*, by Mrs. Newman; *The Private Secretary*; and *The Cameronians*, by James Grant.

Miscellaneous. One would suppose that the last word had been said on Robert Burns; but Mr. William Jolly, of Inverness, has written a very fresh and interesting little volume about the peasant poet, his haunts and his friends, — Robert Burns at Mossiel, with *Reminiscences of the Poet by his Herd-Boy*. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1881.) While there is nothing absolutely new in Mr. Jolly's sketch, it throws fresh light on several obscure points, and brings us nearer to the daily life and surroundings of Burns than many a more pretentious biography has done. It is a charming little book in manner and kind. — *Our Familiar Songs, and Those Who Made Them* (Henry Holt & Co.) is the title of a sumptuous volume in which a delightful idea is very skillfully materialized. It was certainly a charming conception on the part of Helen Kendrick Johnson to gather into one beautiful volume several hundred popular English songs, with their piano accompaniments. To quote from the compiler's preface: "They need no introduction; they come with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends." It is a book to stir the memory: no one can turn over its pages without recalling some voice that once sung this or that. Here are all the dear old songs! The collection, which is admirably arranged, is rendered further valuable by Mrs. Johnson's brief and appreciative sketches of the authors and composers for whom she has performed so loving an office. The volume has a careful index, and is very tastefully printed and bound. (Pages 660.) — In *Among the Sioux* (D. Van Nostrand) Captain D. C. Poole, of the 22d

Infantry U. S. A., gives a well-written and interesting account of his eighteen months' experience as Indian agent on a Dakota reservation. Captain Poole is evidently a close and intelligent observer, and his book is to be recommended to those who wish a clear and impartial description of the red man and the white man as they exist on our far-away frontier. Several of the incidents related are exceedingly dramatic, — the more so, perhaps, because they are simply told, and with none of an amateur's fatal desire to do fine writing. — The visit of Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, and other chiefs to the Great Father at Washington is an episode which the author handles with shrewdness. — The *Mystery of Hamlet* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) is a brief Shakespearean study, in which Mr. Edward P. Vining vents the theory that the Prince of Denmark was a woman! — Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet, is the title of the latest accession to Appleton's Handy-Volume Series. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The book is creditable to Mr. A. H. Guernsey, whose name appears on the title-page, as a well-arranged compilation from the works of Mr. Emerson. The editor has introduced, occasionally, such extracts from prominent writers as are of peculiar interest and importance in this connection, and he has supplied the book with sufficient original matter to hold the selections together, and to make amends for passages which were too long to reprint. It is impossible that any book should contain such quotations and not have a real value, but in this case there is an additional worth contributed by the convenient grouping of the extracts under distinctive heads. It is, in short, the kind of introduction to the eminent philosopher which makes a closer acquaintance with him the less difficult and the more desirable. — Another collector has busied himself, or herself, with the writings and speeches of Benjamin Disraeli, and the result is a book called *Wit and Wisdom of the Earl of Beaconsfield*. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Whether or not there is any considerable demand for these compilations from the papers of eminent men it is impossible to say, but if there is it argues an extraordinary interest in even the commonest sayings of men in prominent positions, and attaches to them a new importance. In the absence of any proof of the popularity of such books, which, unfortunately, the frequency of their appearance does not afford, it is common to ascribe their publication to the ambition of the collector rather than to any demand. Often, as in this case, the selections are made in good taste and are well put together. — *Classical students* are offered a new translation of *The Two Orations on the Crown*, *Æschines* and *Demosthenes*, by George W. Biddle. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) So many translations into English are already in existence that a new one does not seem to be in active demand, but it is possible that the attempt made in this "to unite sufficient literal adherence to the original with what may be called the forensic tone of the occasion" may make it popular among scholars. It is in all respects convenient and attractive in form; is not loaded with an exhaustive introduc-

tion, nor encumbered with notes. Some introduction was necessary, however, and in it the translator, after giving the principal circumstances of the trial and a microscopic view of the political condition of Greece at that time, has briefly compared the two orations which the book gives in full. — Mr. Lawrence Barrett's study of Edwin Forrest, the initial volume of J. R. Osgood & Co.'s American Actor Series, reaches us too late for present comment. — Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their Philosophical Library Ludwig Feuerbach's *The Essence of Christianity*, translated from the second German edition by Marian Evans. George Eliot published this translation in 1854; it has long been out of print, and is now reissued in compliance with a demand by the admirers of the great novelist — E. Dentu, of Paris, has just published a careful French translation of Mr. Frank H. Mason's *Life of General Garfield*. The translation is made by Mr. B. F. Peixotto, our present consul at Lyons. The volume contains the best portrait we have ever seen of the late President. — Sir John Franklin, by A. H. Beesly, is the latest addition to Putnam's series of brief biographies, all the subjects of which have so far been selected with discretion. The most striking volumes published are this and the Haroun Alraschid of E. H. Palmer.

History. The Introduction to the Study of English History, by Professor Samuel R. Gardiner, of King's College, London, published some time ago, has been republished by the same firm (Henry Holt & Co., New York), with the addition of a critical and biographical account of authorities by J. Bass Mullinger, M. A., of St. John's, Cambridge. The object of the work is to provide help for those who wish to study some particular part or parts of English history, and the chief assistance rendered by Mr. Mullinger in the present volume is found in the indications of the books which such students will require. Part Second of the book is devoted to the study of English History in conjunction with that of the development of the English tongue. The introductory chapter furnishes a valuable list of works on the comparative study of language. — Professor Gardiner's small volume, *English History for Young Folks*, (Henry Holt & Co., New York), tells the story of England's history in a manner that insures its being attractive to the younger students. The absence of dates, except where they are of the greatest importance, as, for example, those of the kings'

reigns, is the removal of the great bugbear that invariably frightens children, and makes the study of history a disagreeable task and a drudge. To make a history pleasant reading for young people, as is done here, is to increase the probabilities that they will remember well what the history relates to them.

Poetry. A new edition of Holmes's poems is not so rare a thing as to require extended comment. The demand for his delightful lyrics has familiarized us with new editions; but the present collections in two compact 16mo volumes, containing all his latest verse and graced with an admirably engraved head by Closson, is especially exquisite. It will be difficult to find a neater Christmas or New Year's gift than these two little blue books, with their flexible covers and gilt edges. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Dante G. Rossetti and Christina C. Rossetti have each a new volume of poems (Roberts & Bros.): the first entitled *Rose Mary*, and the latter *A Pageant and Other Poems*. — Aside from these the poetry of the month is not remarkable. There are some pleasant, amiable rhymes in *Water Lilies*, by Clara B. Heath (published by the author), and in *The Three Vows* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. W. B. Green makes it plain that he has not the remotest idea of blank verse. The utter incorrectness of his rhythm is almost fascinating.

Criticism. We have received from Trübner & Co., London, *Occasional Papers on Shakespeare*, being the second part of *Shakespeare, the Man and the Book*, by C. M. Ingleby, M. A., LL. D. Dr. Ingleby discusses a variety of subjects with great scholarship and no lack of spirit, and disagrees with almost everything that anybody else has said about Shakespeare. An antagonistic attitude towards all other commentators, obsolete or contemporary, seems to be the prime condition of the true Shakespearean student. We suspect a latent dramatic critic in ourselves, we take so many strong exceptions to every edition of Shakespeare we ever saw. Dr. Ingleby gives a receipt for a beau-ideal edition. If he does not act upon his own hint, we trust that some one else will do so. Among the most notable chapters in the work are those on the English of the Elizabethan period and the spurious Burbadge elegy. Mr. F. G. Fleay contributes a paper entitled *Metrical Tests Applied to Shakespeare*, which is ingenious and possibly important, but much too recondite to interest the general reader.